

THE *C. 380. g.*  
ESSEX HARMONY:

Being a Choice

COLLECTION

Of the most Celebrated

SONGS and CATCHES,

FOR

TWO, THREE, FOUR, and FIVE VOICES:

From the WORKS of the most eminent MASTERS.

---

Principally published for the Use of all Musical Societies,  
Catch-Clubs, &c. both in Town and Country.

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The THIRD EDITION, with large ADDITIONS.

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By JOHN ARNOLD, Philo-Musicæ.  
Author of the COMPLEAT PSALMODIST,  
And CHURCH MUSIC REFORMED.

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LONDON:

Printed by ROBERT BROWN, and sold by L. HAWES, and Co. at the Red-  
Lion; J. BUCKLAND, at the Buck, and S. CROWDER, and Co. at the  
Looking-Glass, all in Paternoster-Row. MDCCLXVII.

[Price Bound Two Shillings and Six Pence.]



T H E

P R E F A C E.

**T**H E very great Number of Musical Societies, Catch-Clubs, &c. which are now established, both in Town and Country, plainly demonstrate that Part-Songs and Catches, never were so much in Vogue in England, as at present; the Practice of which (if rightly used) may be esteemed as very commendable, not only in its being an innocent Amusement, and a pleasant Evening's Recreation, after the burthensome Fatigues of the Day, for Persons to join in Singing of melodious Songs and Catches; but Peace and Tranquillity may thereby be introduced into a Neighbourhood, and social Harmony abound, where perhaps before did dwell the greatest Animosities. For

*MUSIC hath a pow'rful Charm,  
That can the fiercest Rage disarm:  
Calm Passions in a human Breast;  
And lull ev'n Jealousy to rest.  
So great is Music's Power.*

As very few Collections of this kind have hitherto appeared in the World, will, I hope, sufficiently apologize for the Publication of the following useful Work; especially since no Collection, already extant, contains half its Quantity and Variety in so small a Compass, and at so easy a Rate; which makes it not only come at a small Expence to the Purchaser, but also makes it less burthensome for the Pocket; which it is hoped,

# *The* P R E F A C E.

will occasion its meeting with a general, as well as candid Reception.

But how much soever I have consulted the Reader's Con-  
veniency in its Conciseness, and consequently moderate Ex-  
pence, he may, at the same Time depend upon finding here,  
as good a Collection of Songs and Catches for two, three, four,  
and five Voices as have perhaps ever seen the Light; several of  
which have been entirely new set to Music, and were never be-  
fore printed.

Indeed I have omitted the Thorough Basses, but this can-  
not be thought an unpardonable Omission, if it be considered  
that they are used but in few Country Places, and that, besides,  
there was no Room left for them in the narrow Limits of the  
present Undertaking. But however, the vocal Basses, may be  
played with a Bassoon, or Bass-Viol, and the Trebles, may  
likewise be played with Violins, German Flutes, &c. together  
with the Voices, which will greatly augment the Music.

Finally, I recommend the following Sheets to all Lovers of  
Harmony, heartily wishing that they may become generally  
useful, which was the End I proposed.

*Great-Warley, Essex,*  
*Jan. 28, 1767.*

J. A.

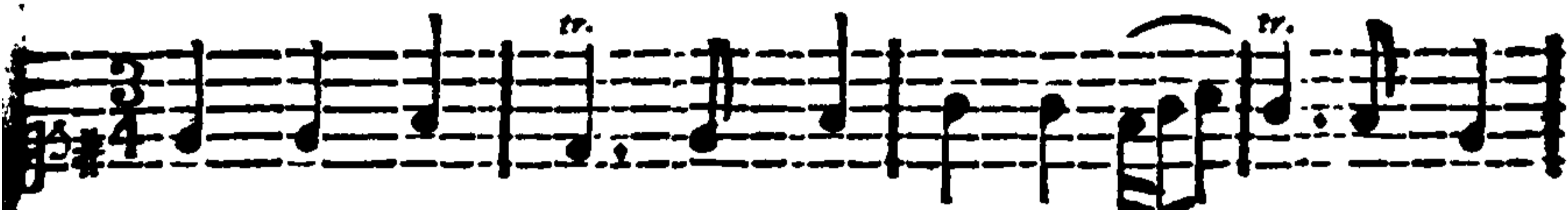


# SONGS, &c.

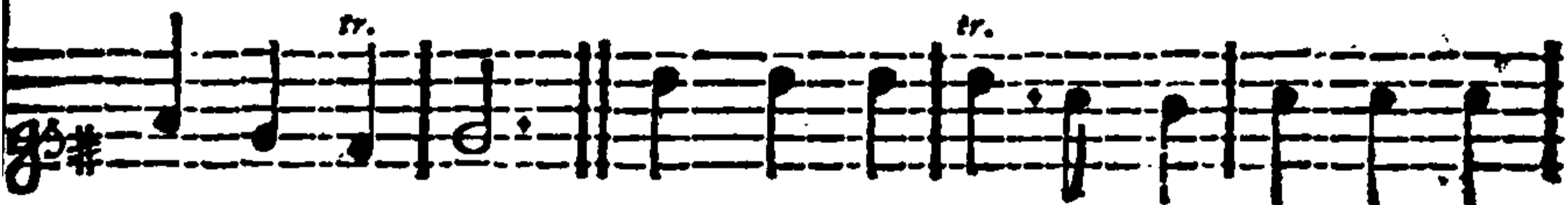
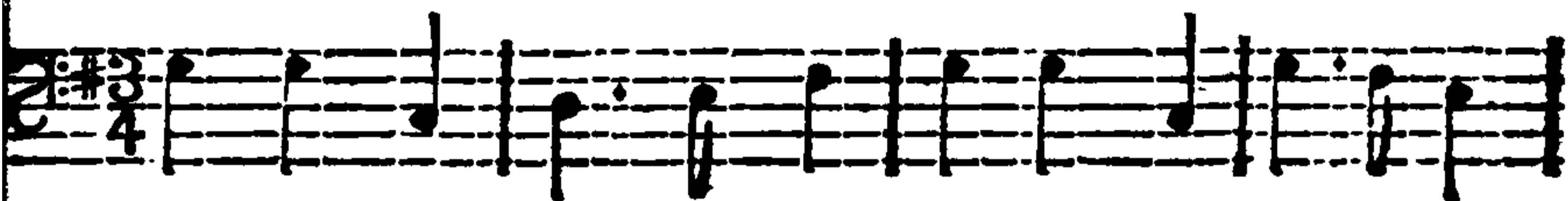
FOR

## TWO, THREE, and FOUR VOICES.

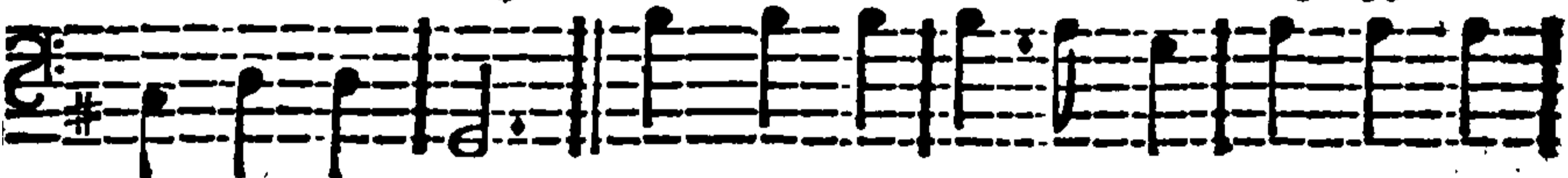
*A SONG for Two Voices.*



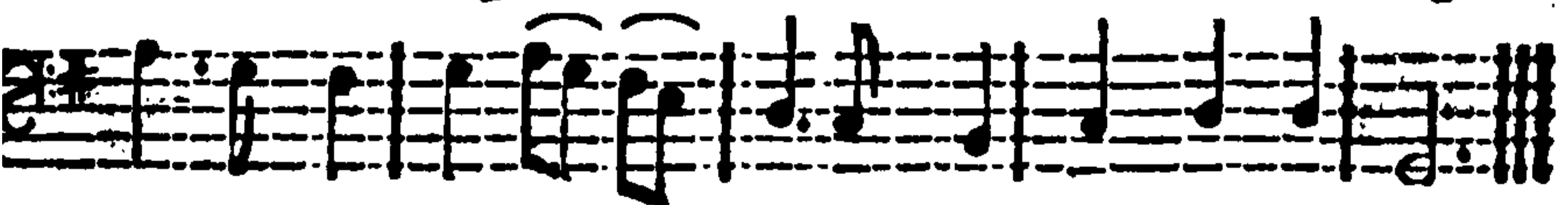
God save great George our King, long live our no-ble King;



God save the King; send him Vic-to-ri-ous, hap-py and



glo-ri-ous, long to reign e-ver us, God save the King.



O Lord, our God arise, scatter his Enemies, and make them fall;  
Confound their Politicks, frustrate their knavish Tricks,  
On Him our Hopes we fix, O! save us all.

Thy choicest Gifts in store, on him be pleas'd to pour, long may he reign  
May he defend our Laws, and ever give us cause,  
To say with Heart and Voice, God save the King.

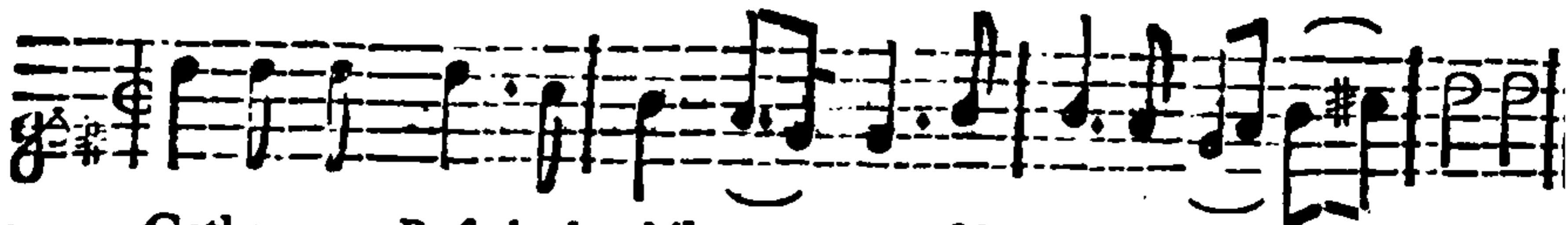
A SONG



# The ESSEX HARMONY.

A SONG for two Voices.

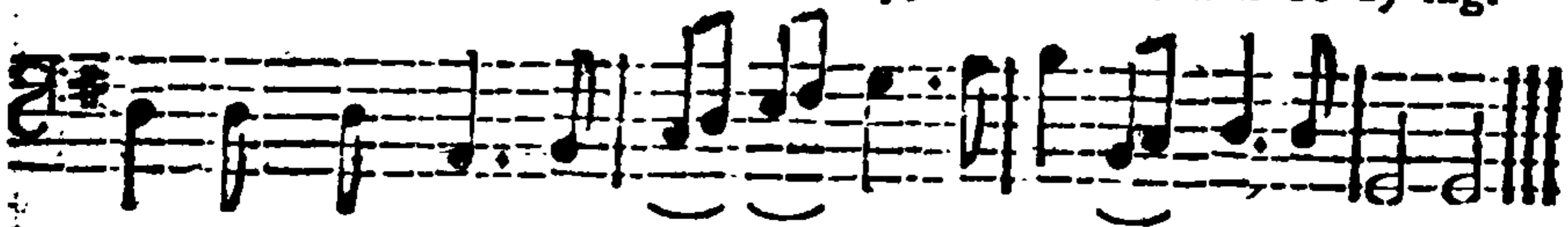
Set to Musick by Mr. William Laws.



Gather your Rose buds while you may, old Time is still a flying;



And that same Flow'r that smiles to Day, To-morrow will be dy-ing.



## II.

The glorious Lamp of Heav'n, the Sun,  
The higher he is getting;  
The sooner will his Race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

## III.

That Age is best, that is the first,  
While Youth and Blood are warmer;  
Expect not the last, and the worst;  
Time still succeeds the former.

## IV.

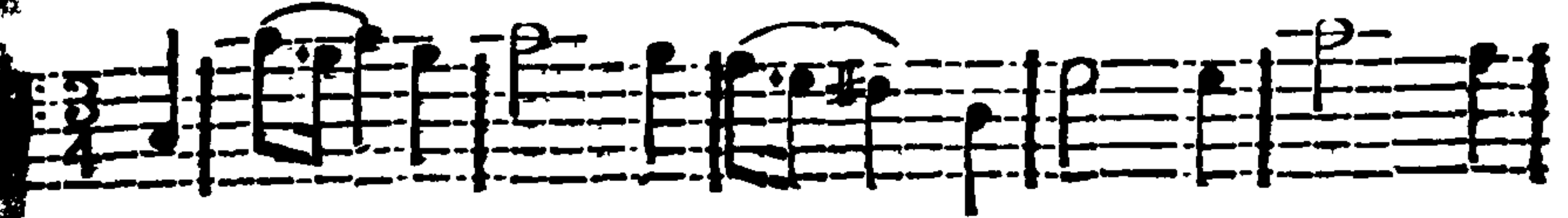
Then be not coy, but use your Time,  
While you may go to marry:  
For having once but lost your Prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

A S O N G

A SONG on a Bowl of Punch. For two Voices.



The joy-ly Bowl does glad my Soul, the flow-ing



Li-quer cheers my Heart; I'll re-vel free from all con-



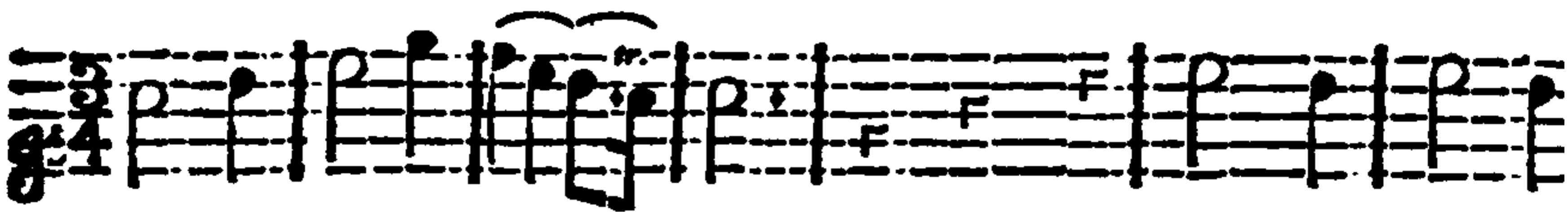
-troul, 'tis this that does im-prove all Art.



II.

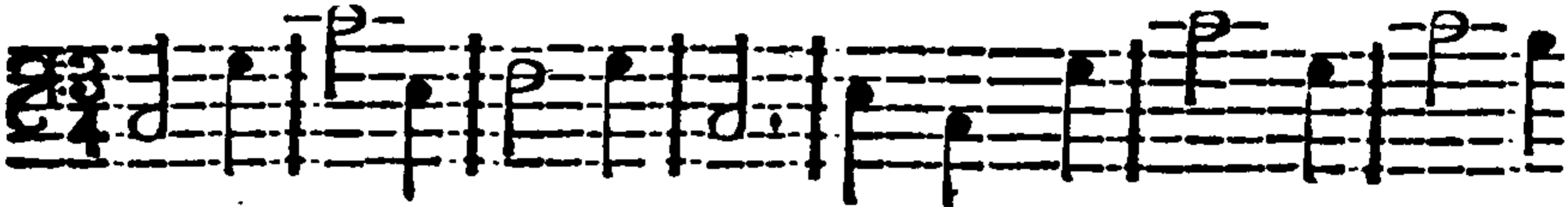
The Miser may be pleas'd with Gold,  
 The sporting Beau with pretty Lads :  
 But I'm best pleas'd when I behold  
 The Nectar sparkling in the Glass.

## A SONG for two Voices.

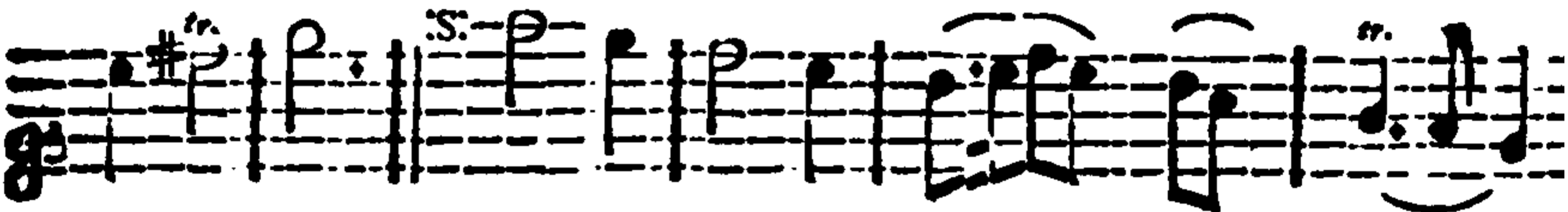


Let Am—bi—tion fire thy Mind ;

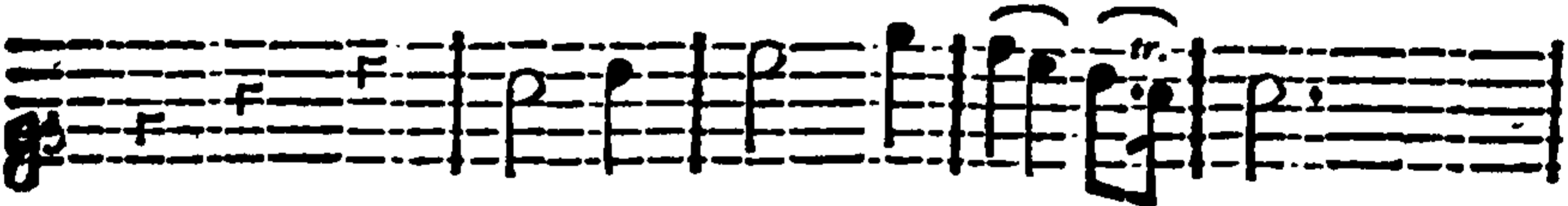
thou wer't born o'e



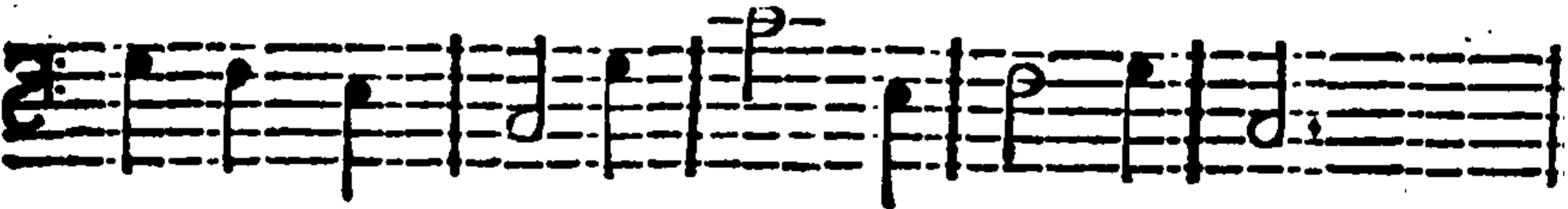
Let Am—bi—tion fire thy Mind ; thou wer't born, &c.



Men to reign : Not to fol—low Flocks de—sign'd,



scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.



scorn thy Crook,

## II.

Crowns I'll lay beneath thy Feet, thou on Necks of Kings shall tread ;  
Joys encircling, Joys shall meet, which way e'er thy Fancy leads.

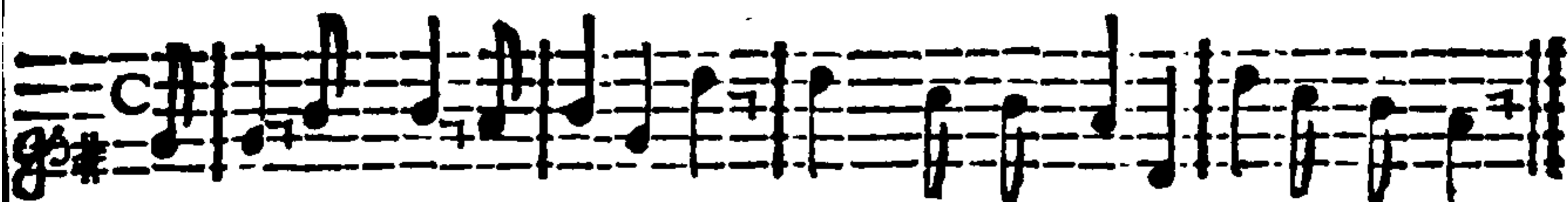
## III.

Let not Toils of Empire fright, Toils of Empire Pleasures are ;  
Thou shalt only know Delight, all the Joy and not the Care.

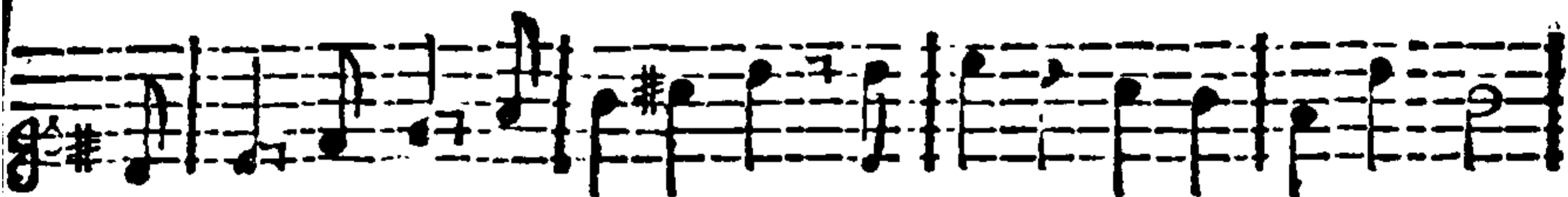
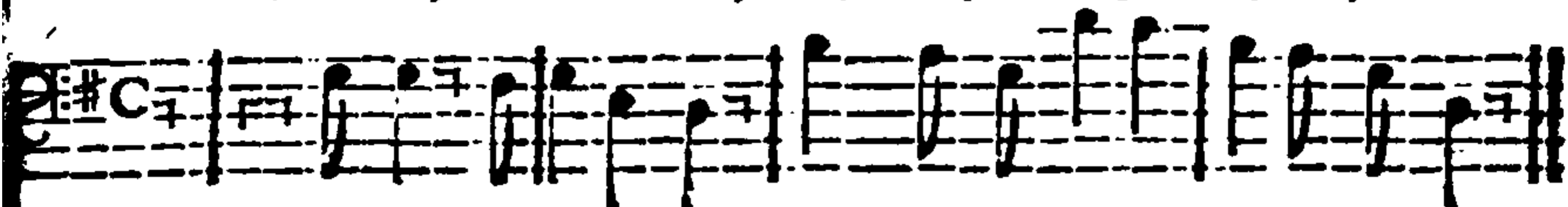
## IV.

Shepherd, if thou yield'st the Prize, for the Blessings I bestow,  
Joyful I'll attend the Sbics, happy shall thou reign below.

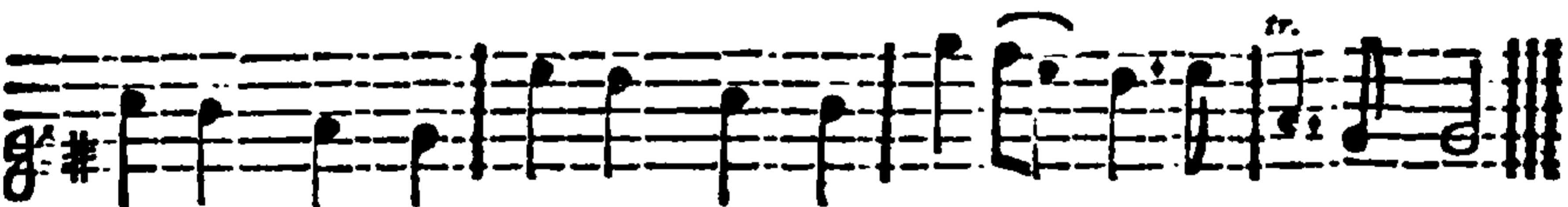
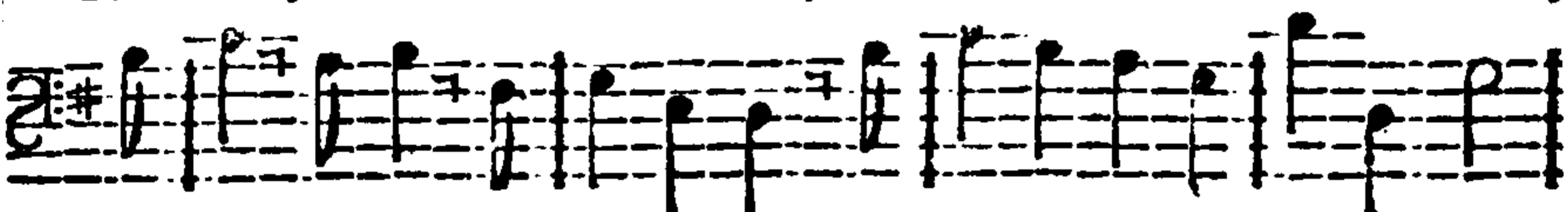
A SONG for two Voices.



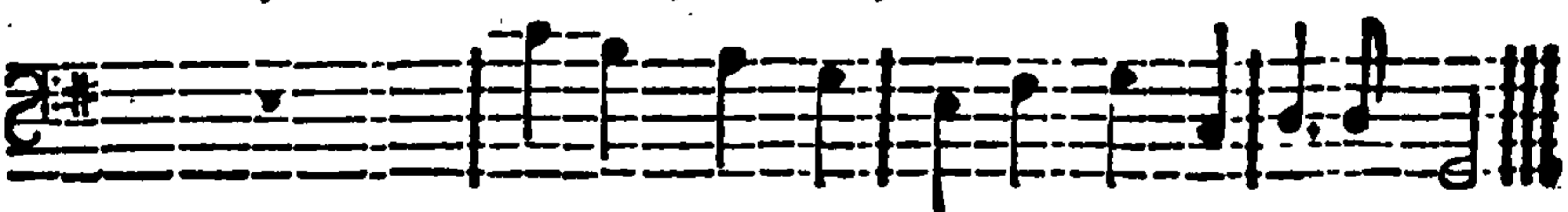
He comes, he comes, the He-ro comes; sound, sound your trumpets, beat, beat your drums:



From Port, to Port let Cannons roar, he's welcome to the Bri-tish Shore;



Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome to the Bri-tish Shore.



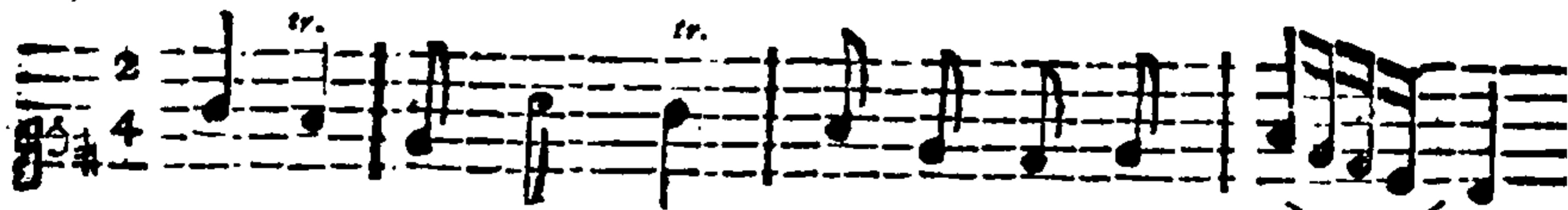
II.

Prepare, prepare your Songs, prepare;  
 Loud, loudly rend the echoing Air:  
 From Pole to Pole your Joys resound,  
 For Virtue is with Glory crown'd.  
 Virtue, Virtue, Virtue, Virtue,  
 Virtue is with Glory crown'd.



## The ESSEX HARMONY.

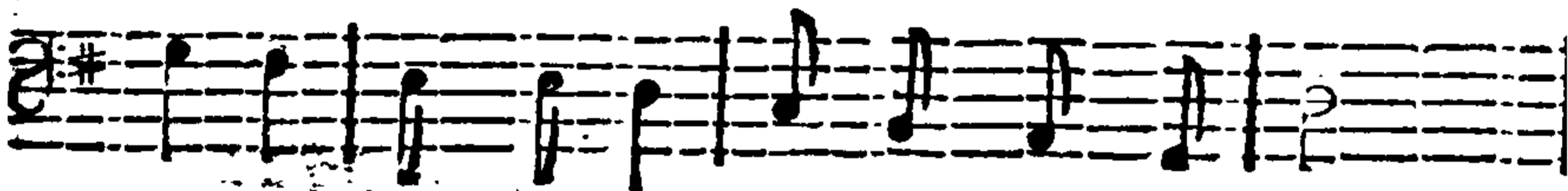
A SONG for two Voices.



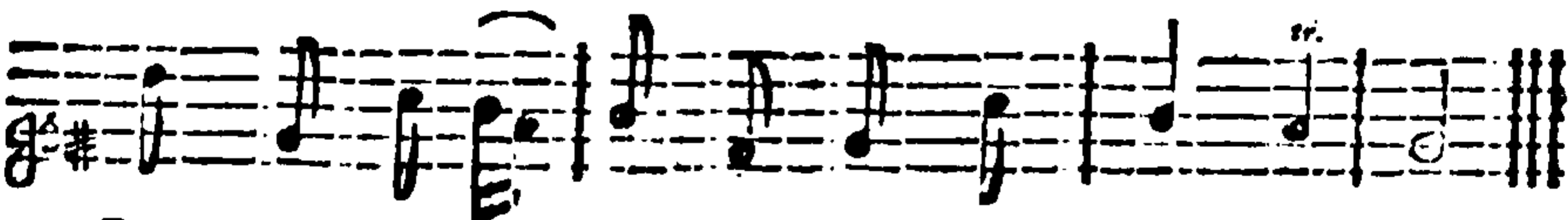
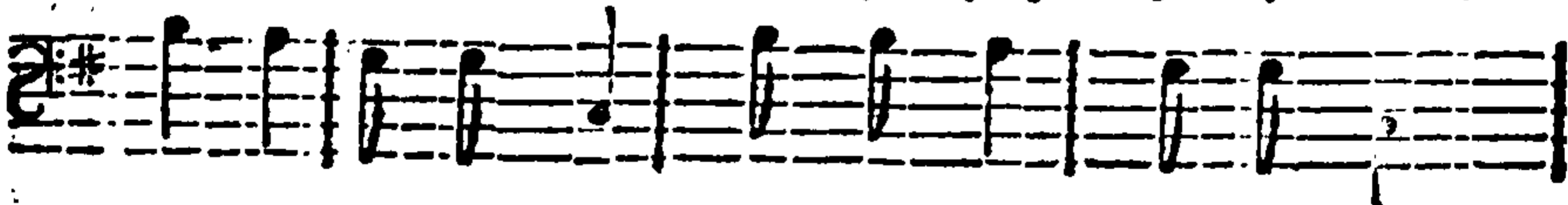
Fill, fill, fill the Glafs, brisk—ly put it roun—d,



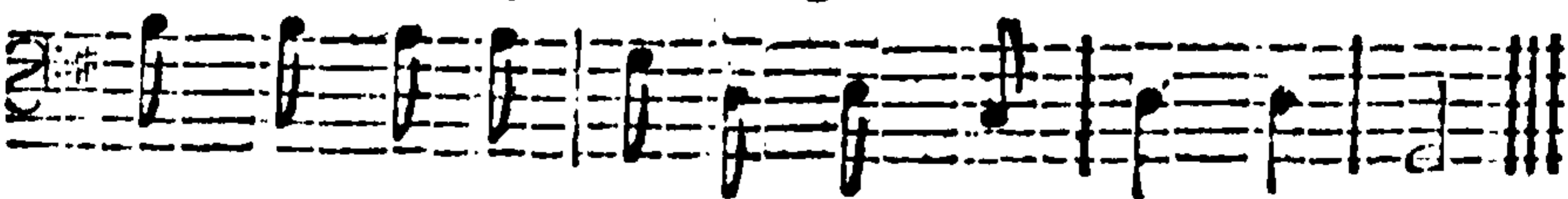
joy--ful News at laft, let the Trum—pet found;



joyn in lof—ty Strains, love—ly Nymphs, jol—ly Swains;



Peace and Plen—ty shall a—gain with Wealth be crown'd.



3 Come, come, come sweet Peace, thou most welcome Guest;  
 1 or all-Discord cease, Harmony abound,  
 Join, with, &c.

# The ESSEX HARMONY.

## A Favourite SONG for two Voices.

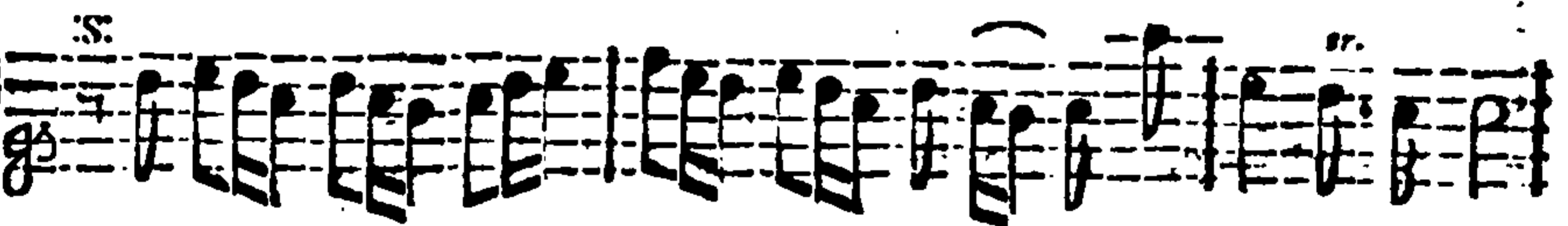
Moderato.



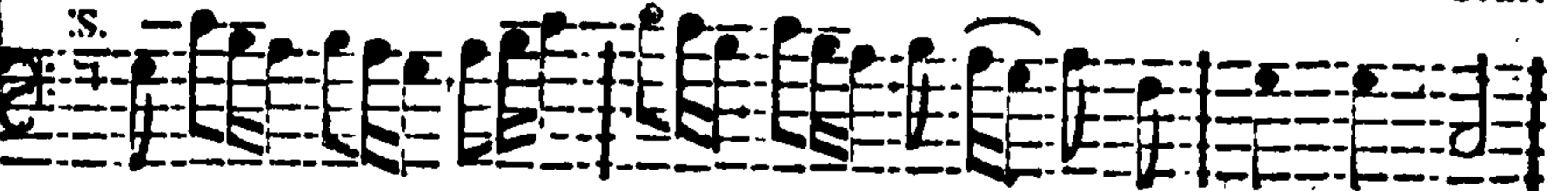
Smile, smile Bri--tannia smile, thy Genius comes again to guard the fruitful Isle, and Thunder



O-'er the Main, thy gallant Sons disdain the Ease, now crown the Mistress of the Seas;



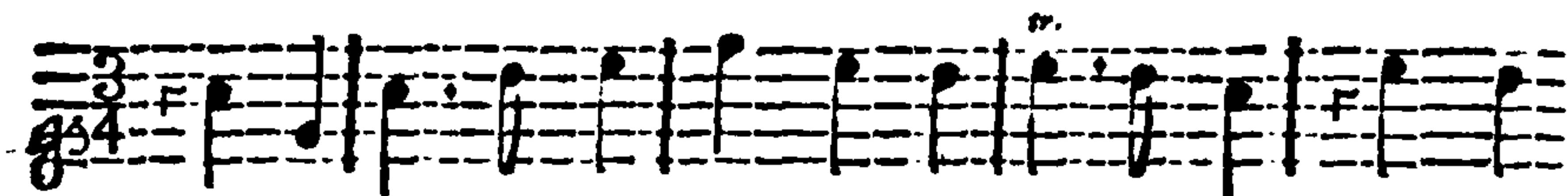
now cro ————— wn the Mistress of the Seas.



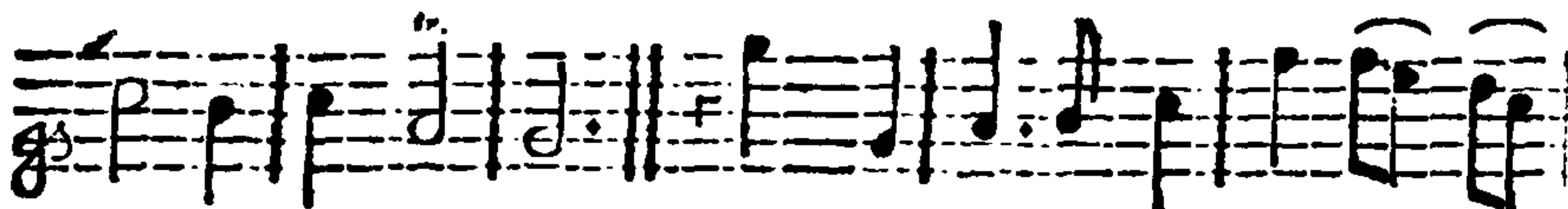
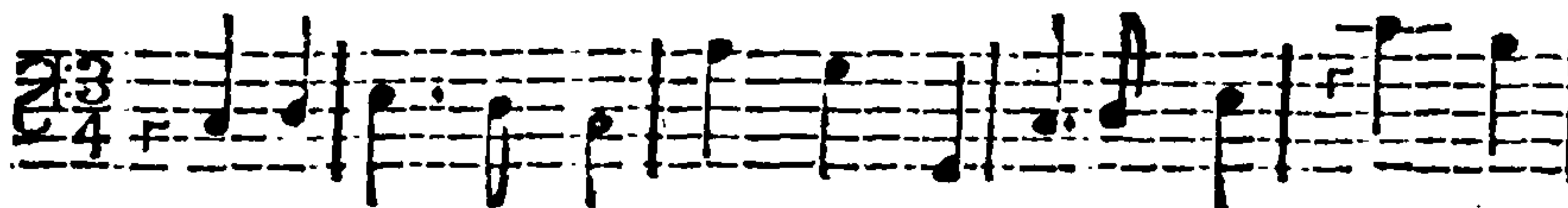
- 2 While dauntless they advance, and bid the Cannons roar,  
They'll scourge the Pride of France, and shake the Imperial Shore;  
Deriding Trumpets o'er the Waves, with Courage never known to Slaves.
- 3 The Deck all stain'd with Blood, the Bullets wing'd with Fate;  
The wide and restless Flood, cannot the Rage abate;  
In How and, in Boscawen, wake the Souls of Ruffel and of Blake.
- 4 Britons pursue the Blow, like Sons of Freedom fight;  
Convince the haughty Foe, that you'll maintain your Rights  
Defiance bid to France and Spain, assert your Empire o'er the Main.

# The ESSEX HARMONY.

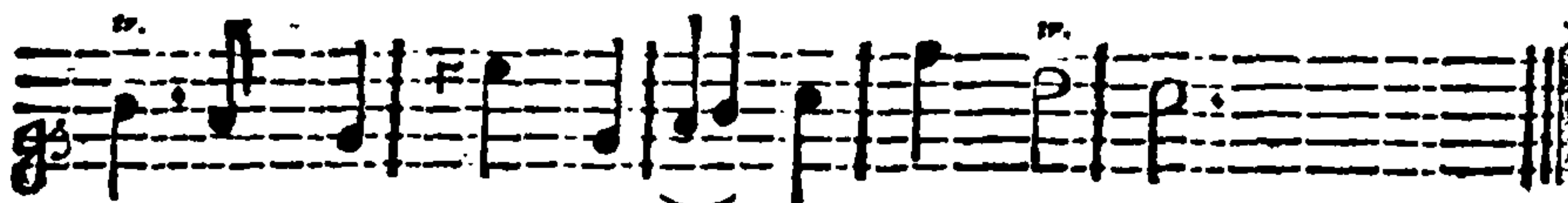
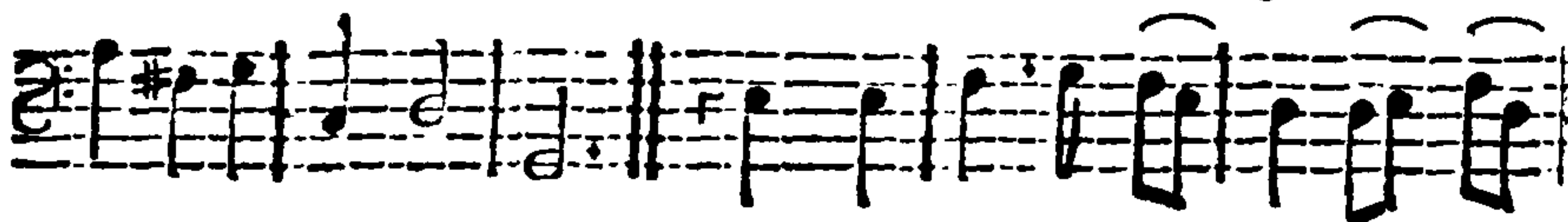
## A SONG for two Voices.



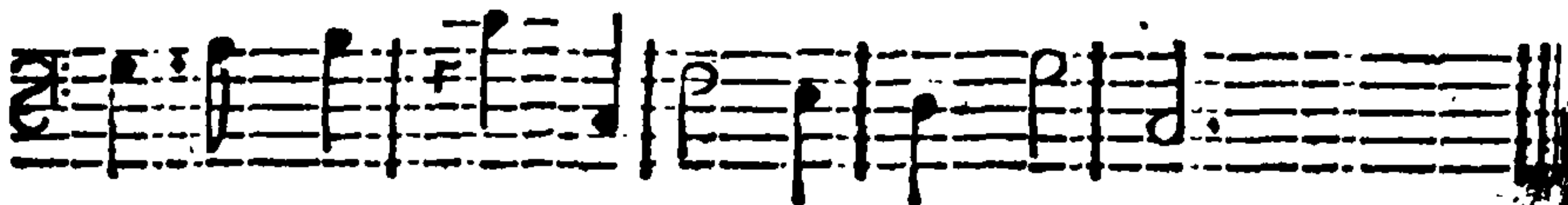
Britons where is your great Mag-na—ni—mi—ty, where's your



Boast-ed Cou-rage flown? Quite per-vert-ed to pu—si—la—



—ni—mi—ty, scarce to call your Souls your own.



2 What your Ancestors won so victoriously,  
Crown'd with Conquest in the Field;  
You'd relinquish, and O! most ingloriously;  
To Oppression, tamely yield.

3 Freedom now for her Flight makes preparitive;  
See her weeping, quit the Shore;  
Britain's Loss will then be past comparitive,  
Never to behold her more.

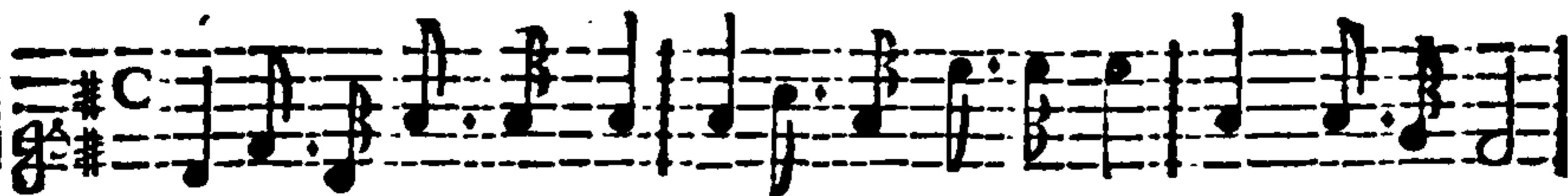
4 Gracious Gods assist to exergitate;  
Stretch forth thy vindictive Hand;  
Make Oppressors their Plunder regurgitate,  
And preserve a sinking Land.



# The ESSEX HARMONY.

9

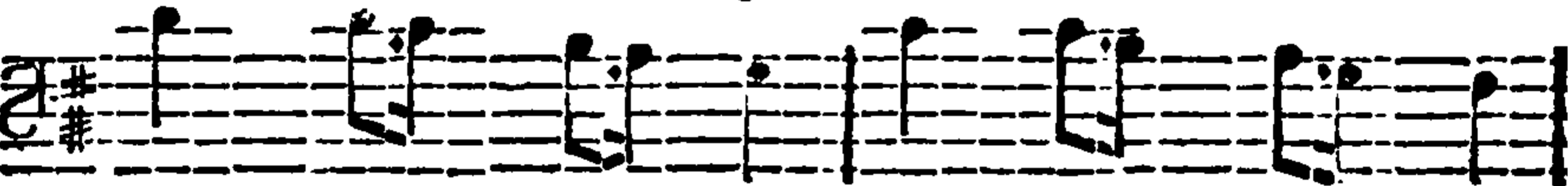
## A Loyal SONG for two Voices.



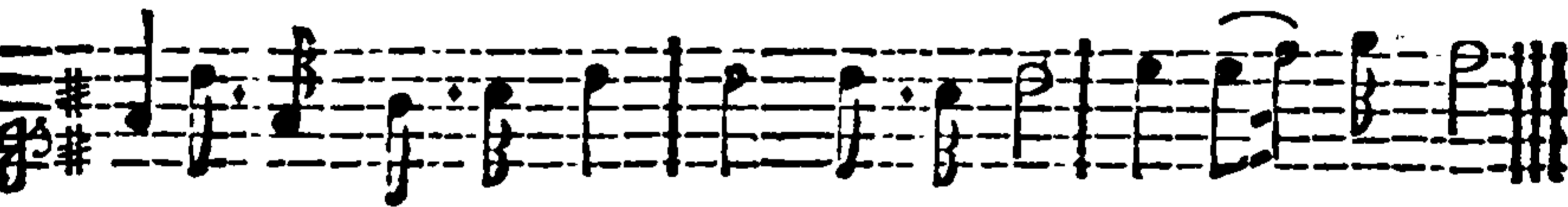
Fame let thy Trum-pet sound, tell all the World a-round, great George is King :



Tell Rome, and France, and Spain, Bri-tan-nia scorns their Chain,



Bri-tan-nia scorns their Chain ; great George is King, great George is King.



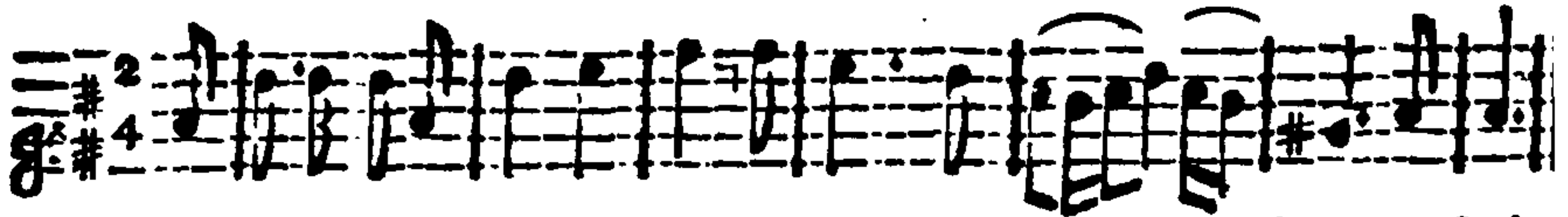
2 May Heav'n his Life defend,  
And make his Race exte-  
Wide as his Fame :  
The choicest Blessings shed,  
On his anointed Head,  
And teach his Foes to dread,  
Great George's Name.

3 He Peace and Plenty brings,  
While Rome deluded Kings  
Waste and destroy :  
Then let his People sing,  
Long live our gracious King,  
From whom all Blessings spring,  
Freedom and Joy.

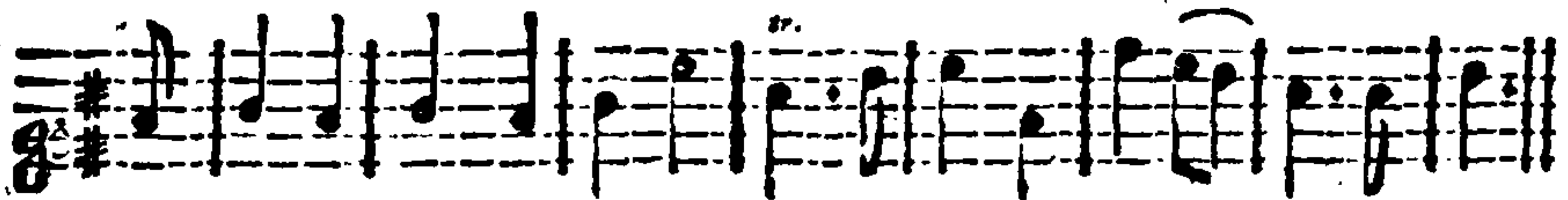
4 God save our noble King,  
Long live our gracious King,  
God save the King ;  
Mark how the Vallies ring,  
Long live our gracious King,  
From whom all Blessings spring,  
God save the King.



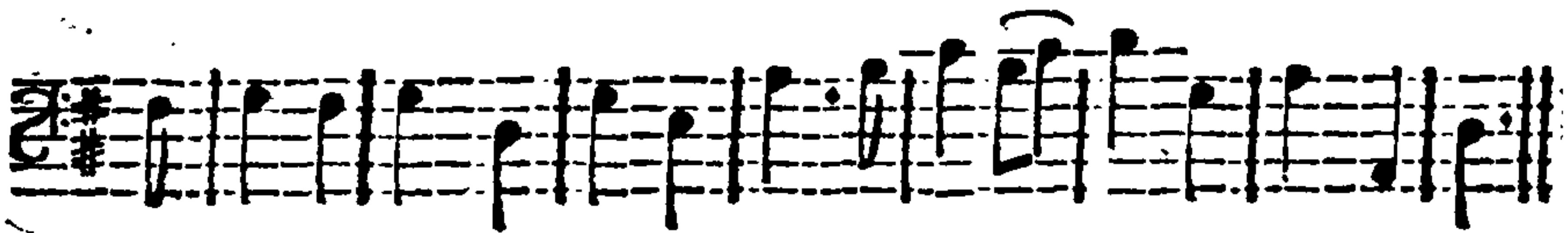
## A SONG on Masonry, for two Voices.



'Tis Mason-ry u—nites Man-kind, to gen'—rous Pas—sions forms the Soul;



In friendly Con-verse all conjoin'd, one Spi-rit a--ni-mates the whole.



## II.

Where e'er aspiring Domes arise, where ever sacred Altars stand;  
Those Altars blaze unto the Skies, those Domes proclaim the Mason's Hand.

## III.

As Passions rough the Soul disguise, 'till Science cultivates the Mind;  
So the rude Stone unshapen lies, 'till by the Mason's Art refin'd.

## IV.

Tho' still our chief Concern and Care, be to deserve a Brother's Name;  
Yet ever mindful of the Fair, their kindest Influence we claim.

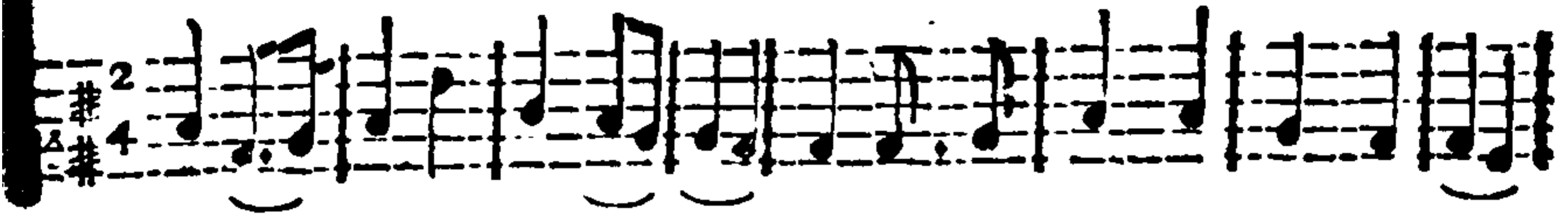
## V.

Let Wretches at our Manhood rail, but they who once our Order prove,  
Will own that we who build so well, with equal Energy can love.

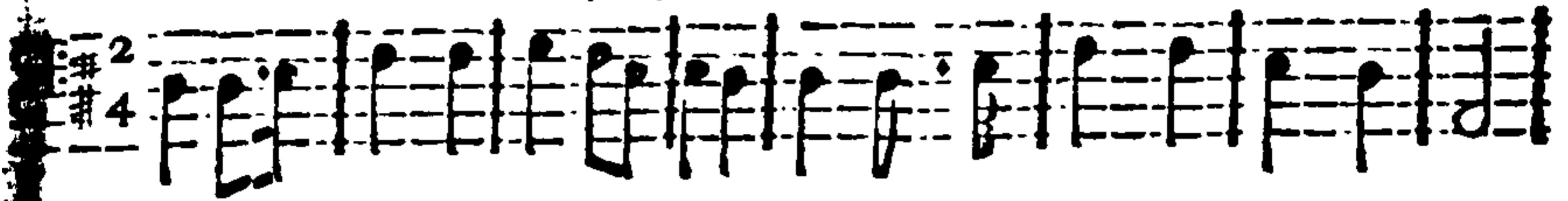
## VI.

Sing Brethren then the Craft divine, best Band of social Joy and Mirth;  
With choral Sound, and cheerful Wine, proclaim its Vertue's o'er the Earth.

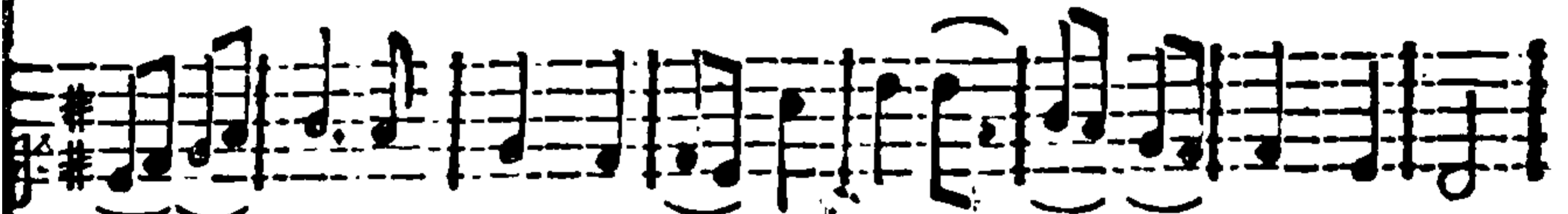
A SONG for two Voices.



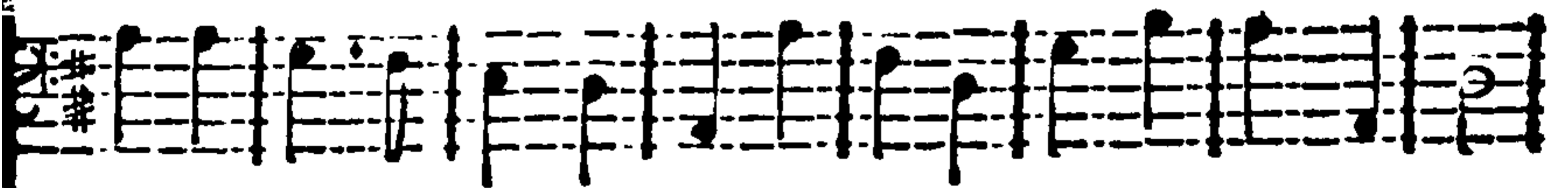
Hap—py is a Coun—try Life, blest with Con—tent, good Health and Ease,



Free from facti—ous Noise, or Strife, we on—ly plot our—selves to please,



Peace of Mind the Days de—light, and love our wel—come Dream at Night.



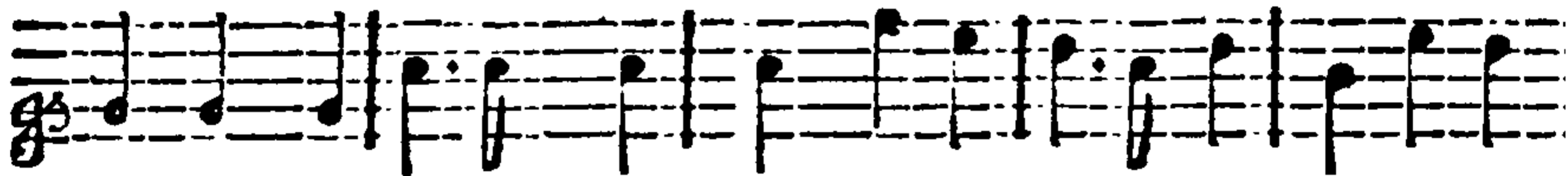
Hail green Fields, and shady Woods,  
 Hail Springs and Streams that still run pure,  
 Natures uncorrupted Goods,  
 Where Virtue only is secure :  
 Free from Vice, here free from Care,  
 Age is no Pain, and Youth no Snare.

A SONG

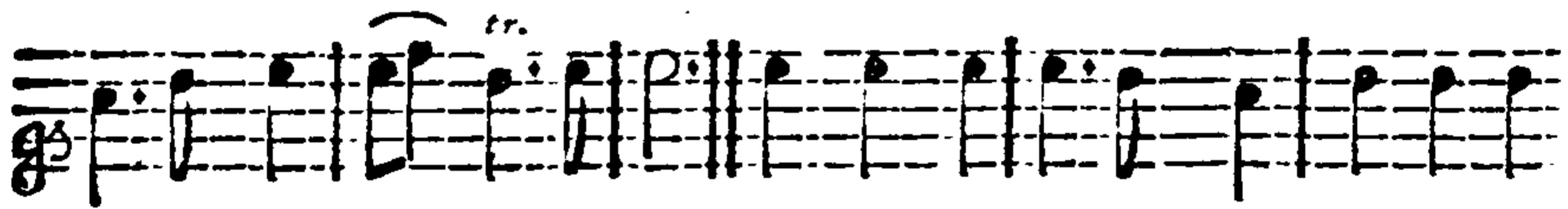
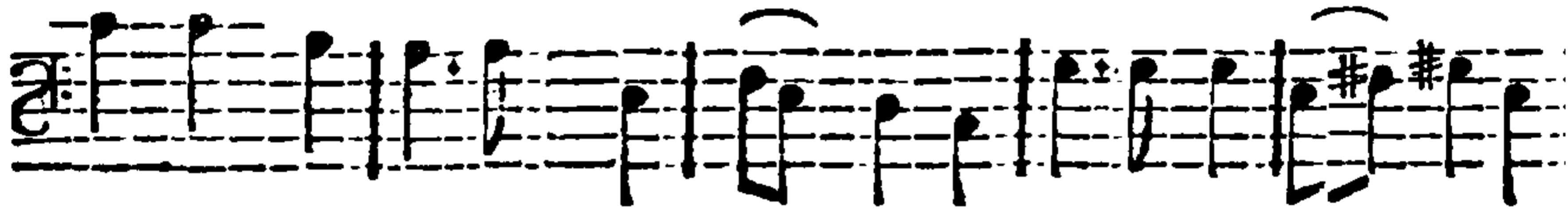
## A SONG for two Voices.



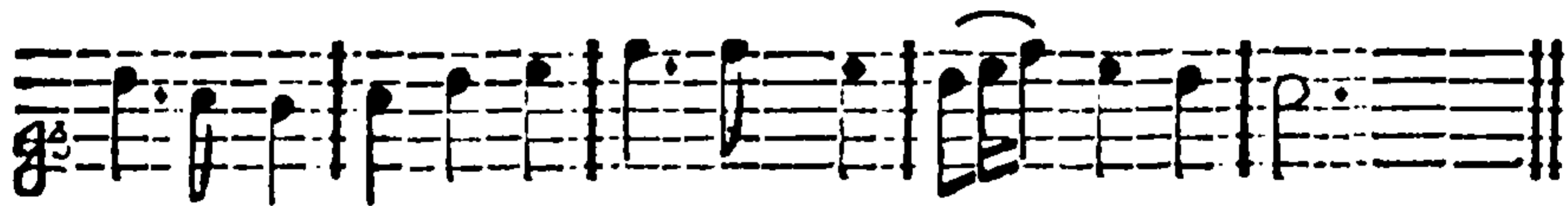
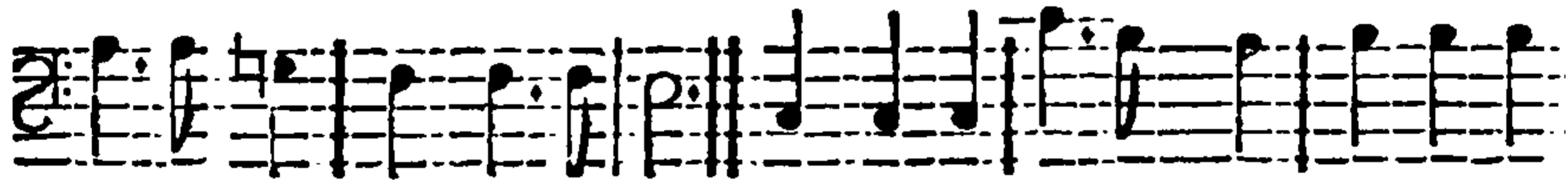
Bri--tan-nia's Sons re--joice, to George ex--alt your Voice, God save the King;



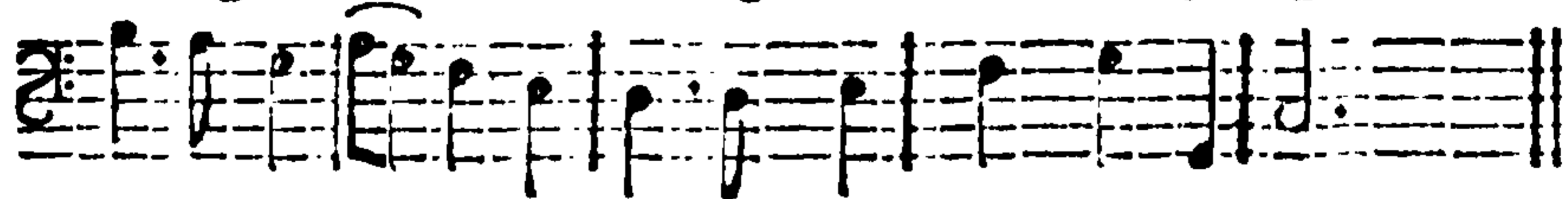
In whose au--spi-cious Reign, Cape Bri-ton we re-gain, and in re--



-cording Strain, Vic--to-ry sing; In whose au-spicious Reign, Cape Breton



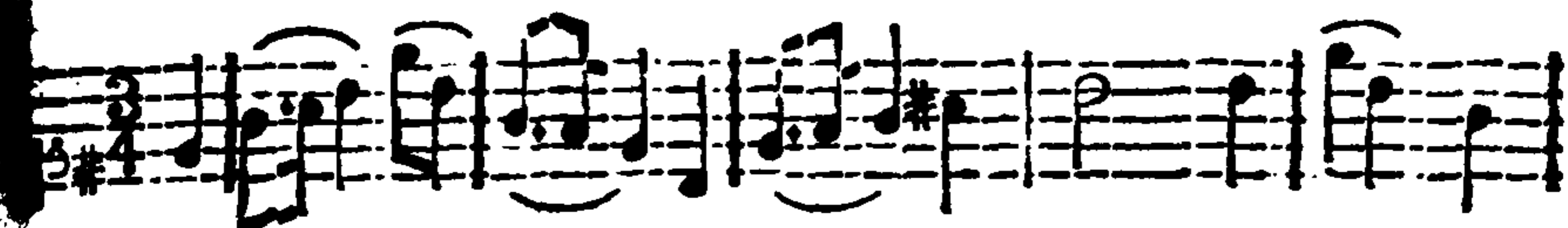
we regain, and in re--cord--ing Strain, Vic--to--ry sing.



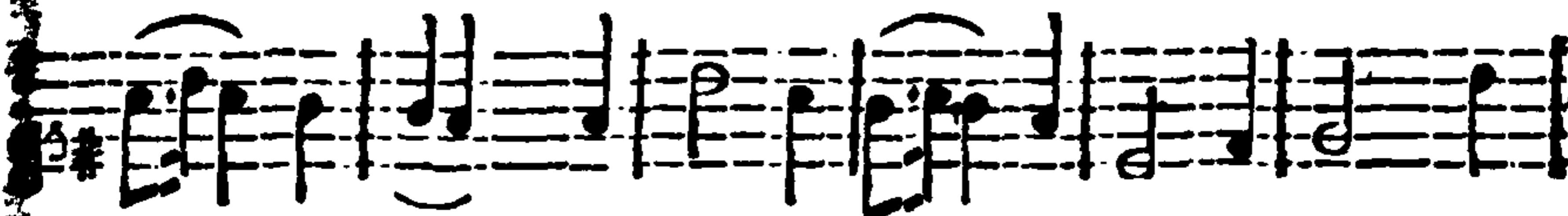
2 Amherst and Boscawen,  
And all their British Men,  
Like Hero's shone;  
Thanks be to Patriot Pit,  
Whose penetrating Wit,  
And Wisdom judg'd it fit,  
To set them on.

3 O grant thus nobly won,  
That never Cape Breton  
Again may fall;  
May British Bands protect,  
While British Hearts direct,  
And Gallic Schemes detect,  
God save us all.

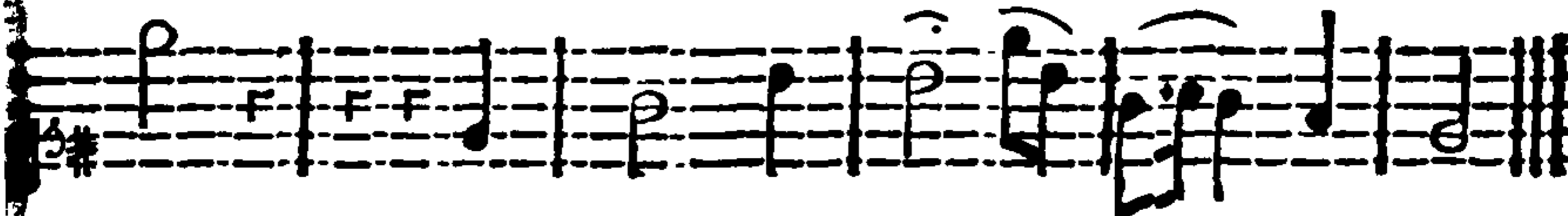
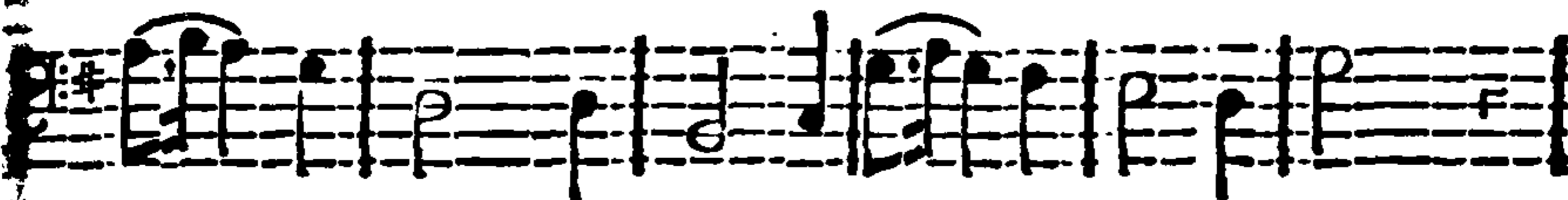
A SONG for Two Voices.



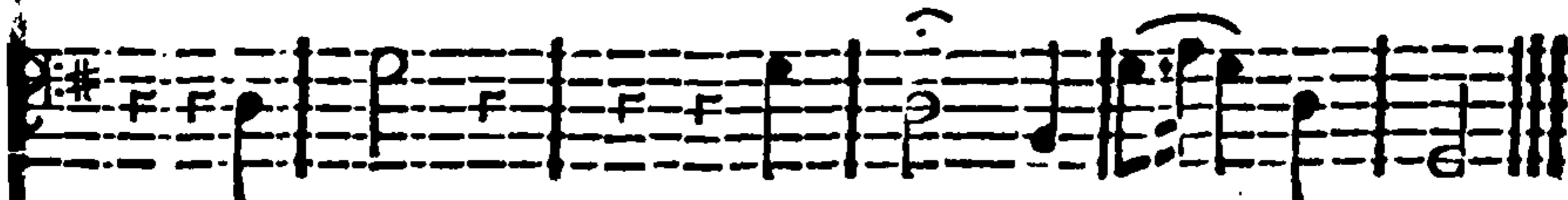
You bid me, Fair, con—ceal my Love; ah, think how



hard the Task, think of the migh—ty Pains I prove, think



think, think, think, then think of what you ask.



think, think,

II.

Go, bid the fev'rish Wretch forbear,  
 'Midst Burnings to complain;  
 Go, bid the Slaves, who fetter'd are,  
 Forget the galling Chain.

III.

Shou'd they obey, yet greater far, the Torments which I feel;  
 Love's Fires, than Fevers fiercer are; Love pierces more than Steel.

IV.

Pain but the Body can controul, the Thoughts no Cords can blind:  
 Love is a Fever in the Soul, a Chain which holds the Mind.



A New Hunting SONG for two Voices.

Musical notation for the first staff, treble clef, 6/8 time signature, key of D major.

The Morning is charming, all Nature is gay, a—way my brave Boys to yo

Musical notation for the second staff, bass clef, 6/8 time signature, key of D major.

Musical notation for the third staff, treble clef, 6/8 time signature, key of D major.

Horses away ; for the Prime of our Pleasure in questing the Hare, we have not so

Musical notation for the fourth staff, bass clef, 6/8 time signature, key of D major.

Musical notation for the fifth staff, treble clef, 6/8 time signature, key of D major.

much as a Moment to spare. Hark the live-ly ton'd Horn, how me-lodious it

Musical notation for the sixth staff, bass clef, 6/8 time signature, key of D major.

Musical notation for the seventh staff, treble clef, 6/8 time signature, key of D major.

sounds, to the —lo-dious it sounds, to the mu—si—cal Song, to the

Musical notation for the eighth staff, bass clef, 6/8 time signature, key of D major.

Musical notation for the ninth staff, treble clef, 6/8 time signature, key of D major.

mu—si—cal Song of the mer—ry mouth'd Hounds.

Musical notation for the tenth staff, bass clef, 6/8 time signature, key of D major.

**II.**

In yon Stubble Field you shall find her below,  
Soho! cries the Huntsman; hark! to him, Soho!  
See, see where she goes, and the Hounds have a View,  
Such Harmony Handel himself never knew.  
Gates, Hedges, and Ditches to us are no Bounds,  
For the World is our own, while we follow the Hounds.

**III.**

Hold! hold! 'tis a Double, hark! hey! Bowler hey!  
If a Thousand gainsay it, a Thousand shall lie,  
His Beauty surpassing his Truth hath been try'd,  
At the Head of a Pack an infallible Guide;  
At his Cry the wide Welkin with Thunder resounds,  
The Darling of Hunters, the Glory of Hounds.

**IV.**

O'er Highlands, and Lowlands, and Woodlands we fly,  
Our Horses full Speed, and our Hounds in full Cry,  
So match'd in their Mouths, so equal they run;  
Like the Turn of the Spheres, and the Race with the Sun;  
Health, Joy, and Felicity dance in the Rounds,  
And bless the gay Circle of Hunters and Hounds.

**V.**

The old Hounds push forward, a very sure Sign,  
That the Hare, tho' a stout one, begins to decline;  
A Chace of two Hours, or more, she has led,  
She's down, look about ye, they have her, 'ware, dead!  
How glorious a Death to be honour'd with Sounds,  
Of Horns, and a Shout to the Chorus of Hounds.

**VI.**

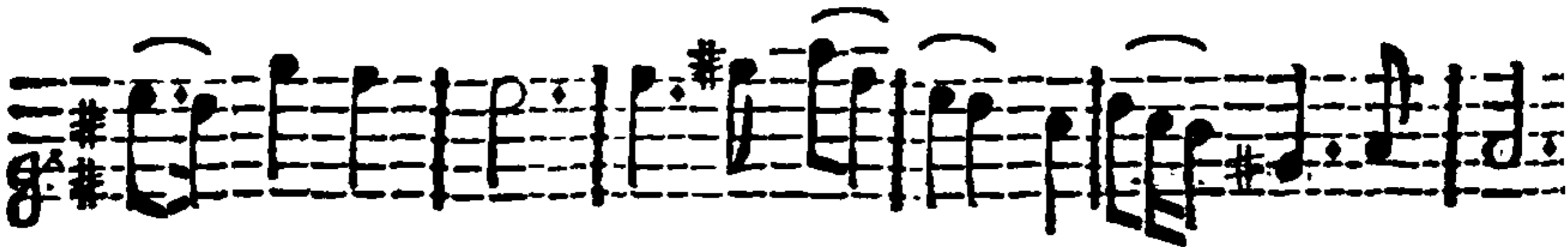
Here's a Health to all Hunters, and long be their Lives,  
May they never be cross'd by their Sweethearts or Wives;  
May they rule their own Passions, and ever at rest,  
As the most happy Men, be they also the best;  
And free from all Care which the many surrounds,  
Be happy at last;—when they see no more Hounds.

## A Loyal SONG for two Voices.

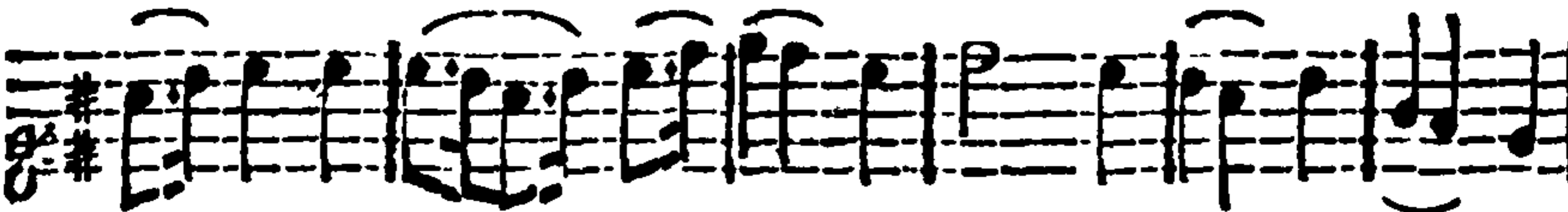
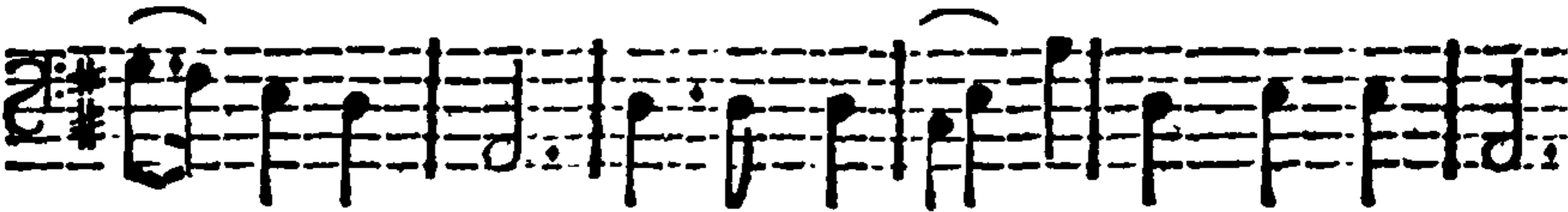
Gently.



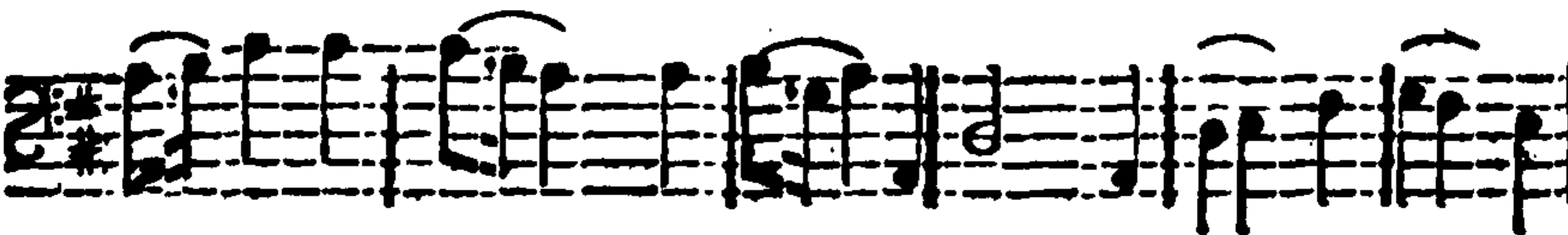
Say love-ly Peace that grac'd our Isle, why you withdraw the



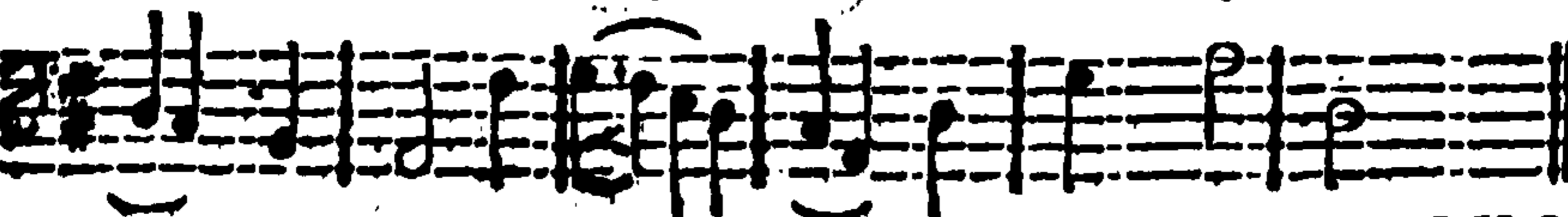
In—dul-gent Smile, why you withdraw the in—dul-gent Smile:



Is it you fly the Sons of Fame, that they the Pride of



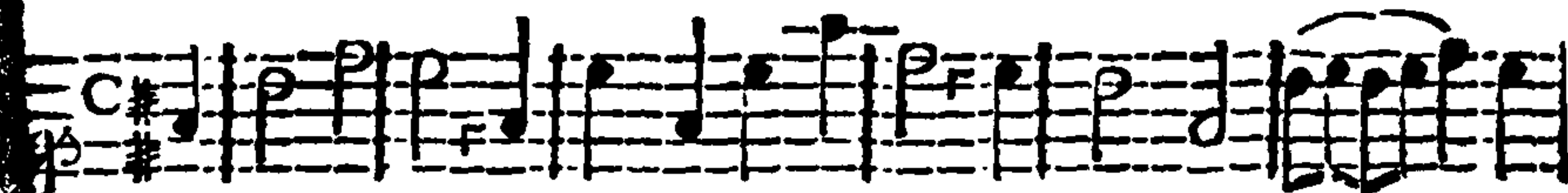
France may tame, that they the Pride of France may tame.



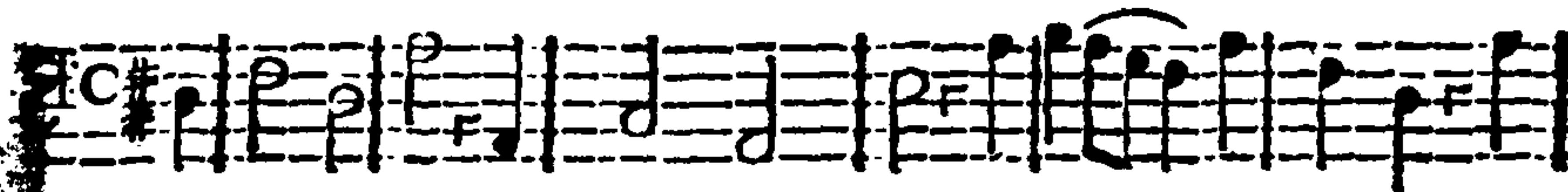


CHORUS.

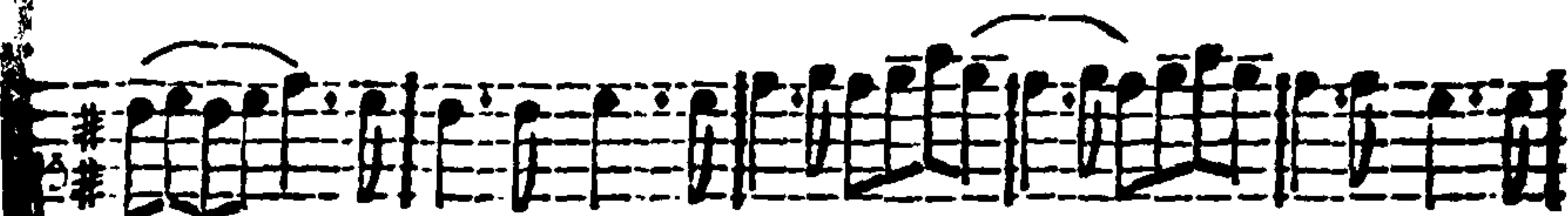
Brisk.



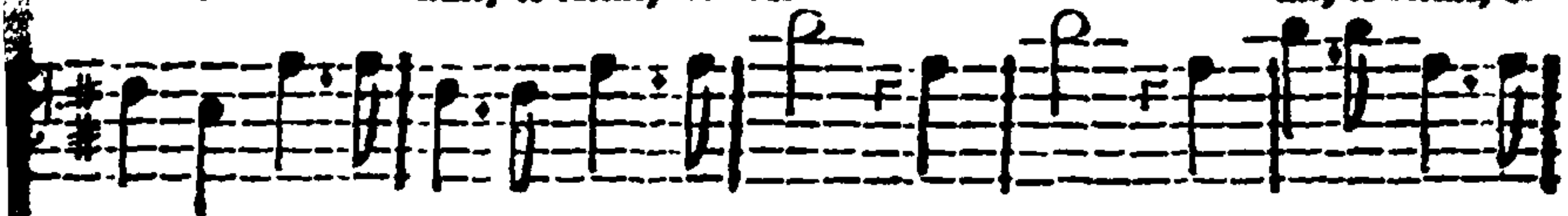
For Mars is rous'd, is rous'd, by Wars a-larms, and calls the Bri—-tons



For Mars is rous'd, by Wars a—-larms, and calls the Bri-tons, the



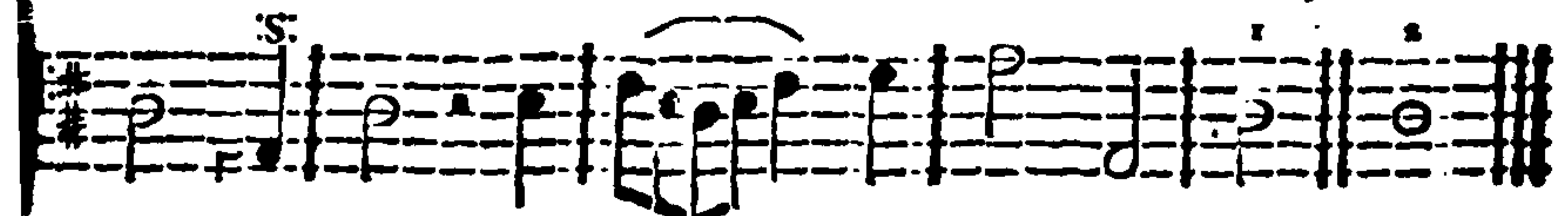
forth to Arms, to Arms, to Ar—ms, to Arms, to



Bri-tons forth to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to



Arms, and calls the Bri—-tons forth to Arms, Arms.



Arms, and calls the Bri—-tons forth to Arms, Arms.

2 Our Chiefs, renown'd upon the Main, once more in Arms shine forth again ;  
Whose steady Courage dares oppose, and stem the Pow'r of Gallic Foes.

For Mars, &c.

3 What State but does its Fate deplore, where'er the British Thunders roar :  
All, all must in Subjection bow, and to Britannia's Sons 'tis due.

For Mars, &c.

4 As Rome of old her Terrors hurl'd ; and prov'd the Mistress of the World ;  
The Globe itself must subject be, to Albion's Sons, who rule the Sea.

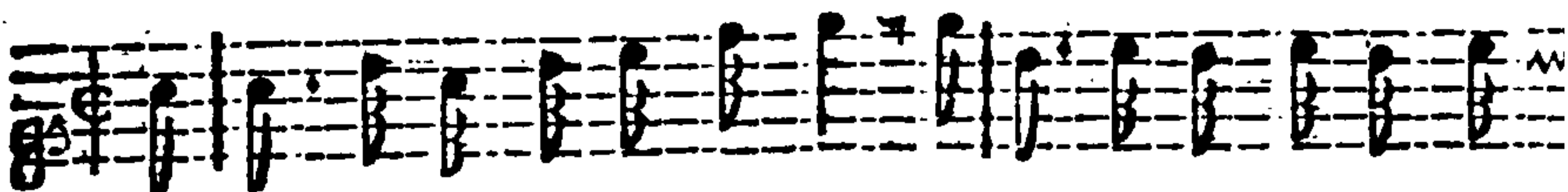
For Mars, &c.

5 Arise, arise to Wars great Call, prepare to meet the audacious Gall :  
And, in return for all your Toils, return with Victory and Spoils.

For Mars, &c.



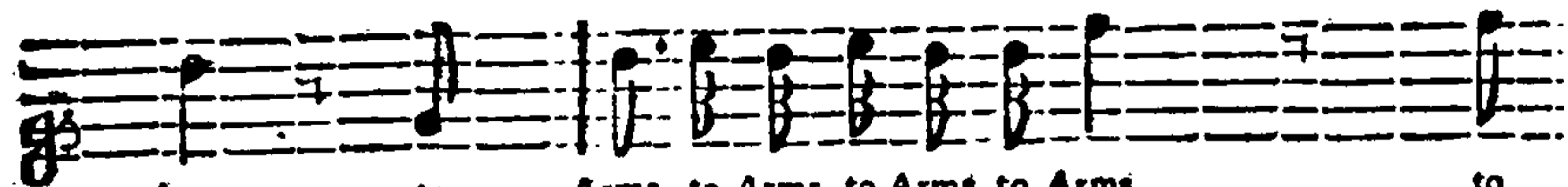
## A SONG for two Voices, set by Mr. Purcell.



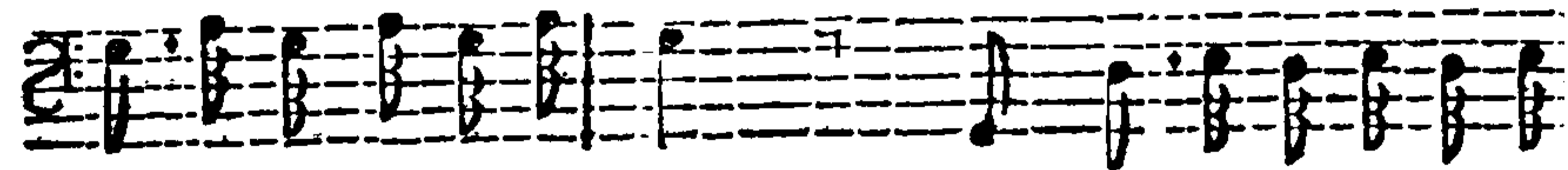
To Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to



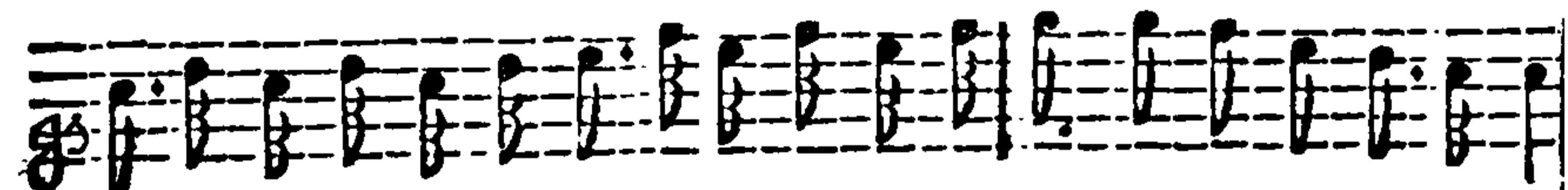
To Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to



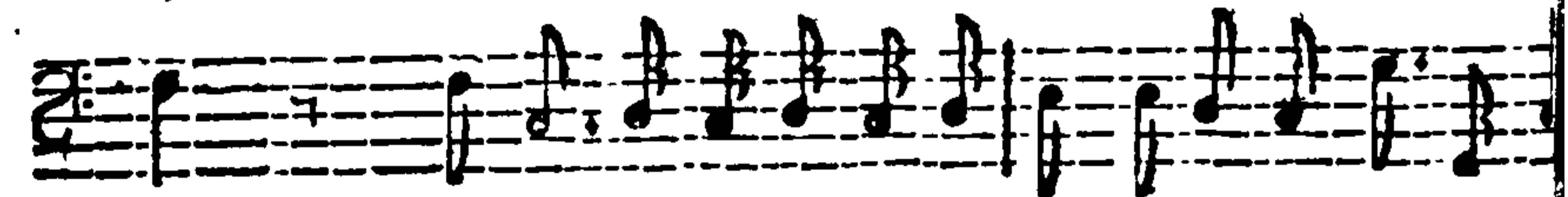
Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to



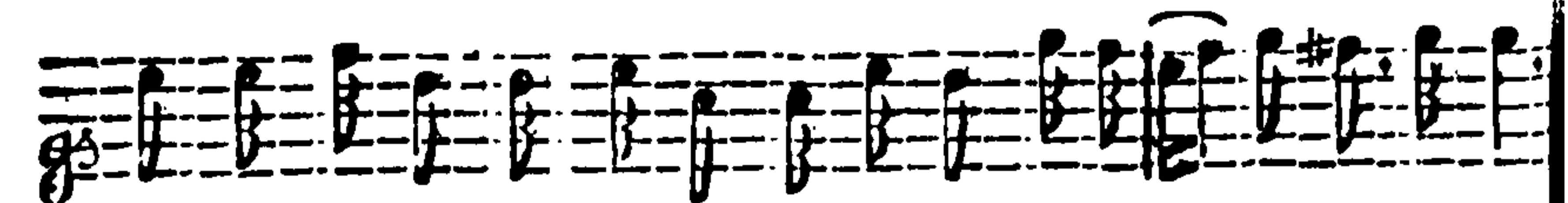
Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to



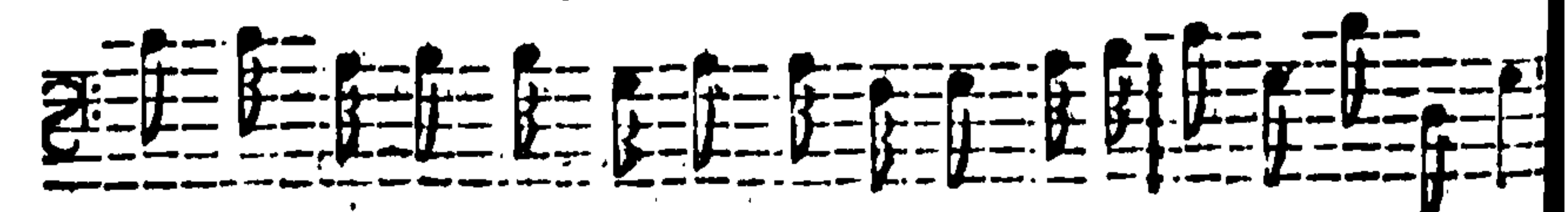
Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, your En-signs strait dis-play



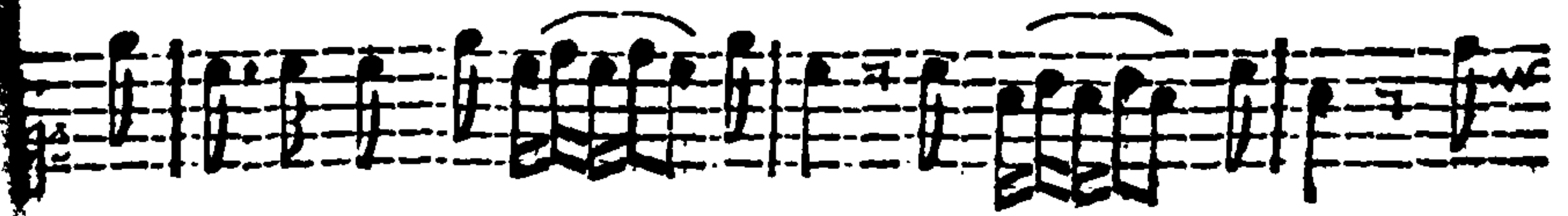
Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, your Ensigns strait dis-play



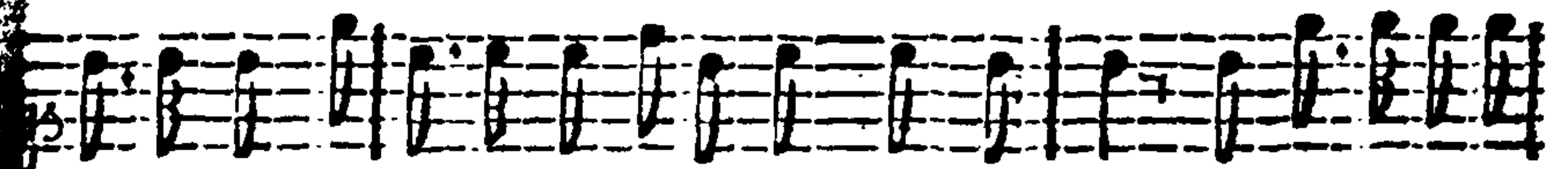
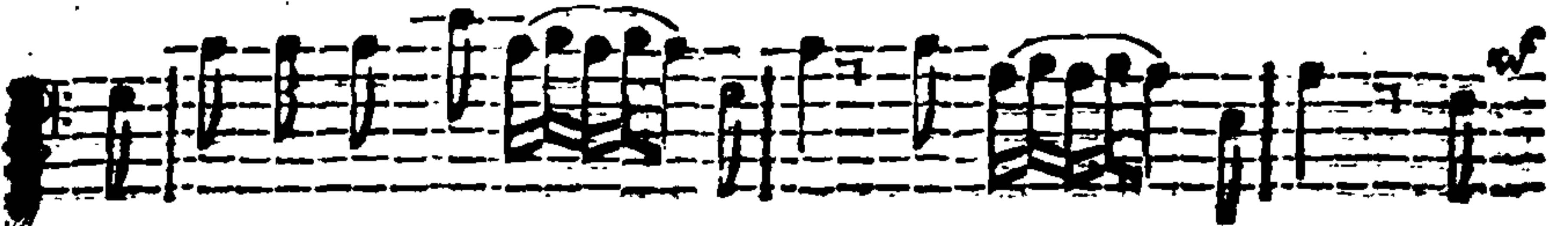
Now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, set the Bat-tle in ar-ray



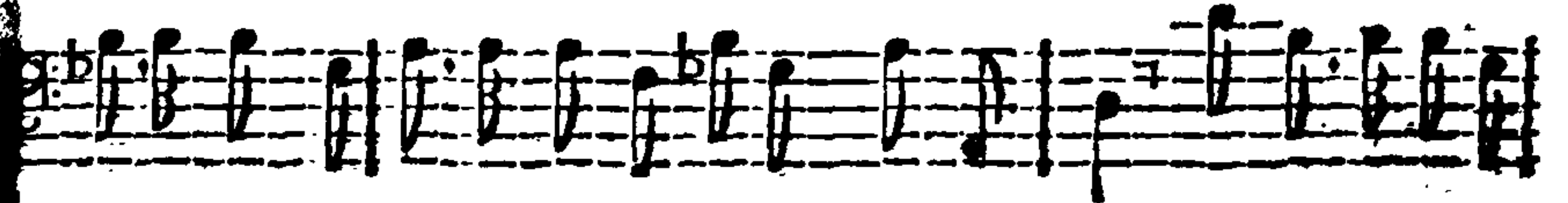
Continued.



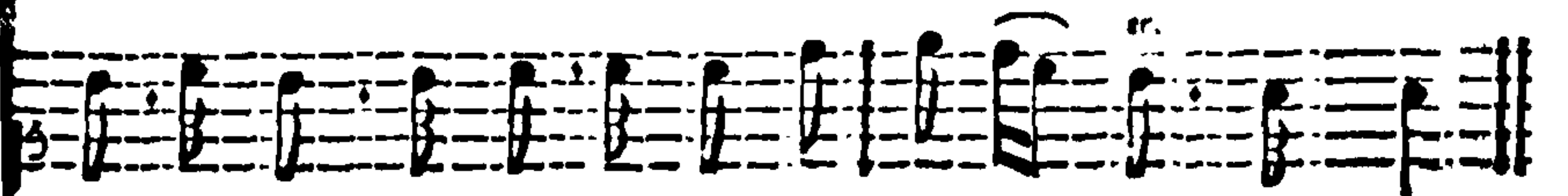
The O--ra-cle for War declares, for War declares; suc--



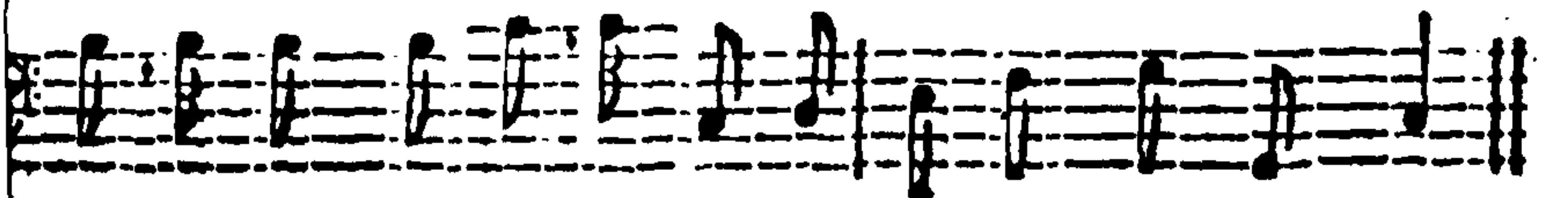
cess depends, success depends upon our Hearts and Spears; the O--ra-cle for



War de--clares, for War de--clares, suc--



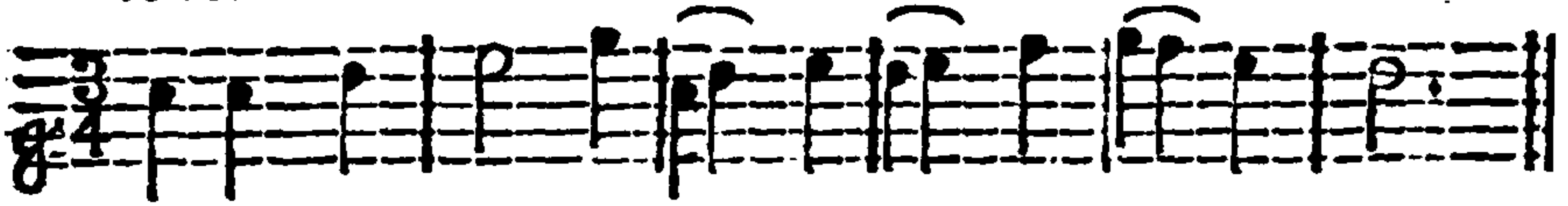
cess depends, Suc-cess de-pends up--on our Hearts and Spears.



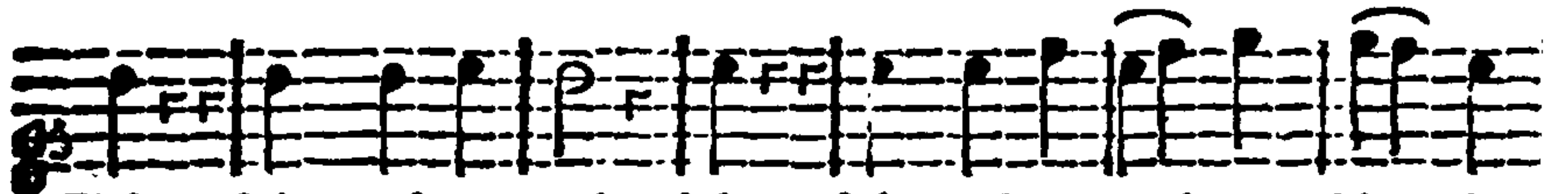
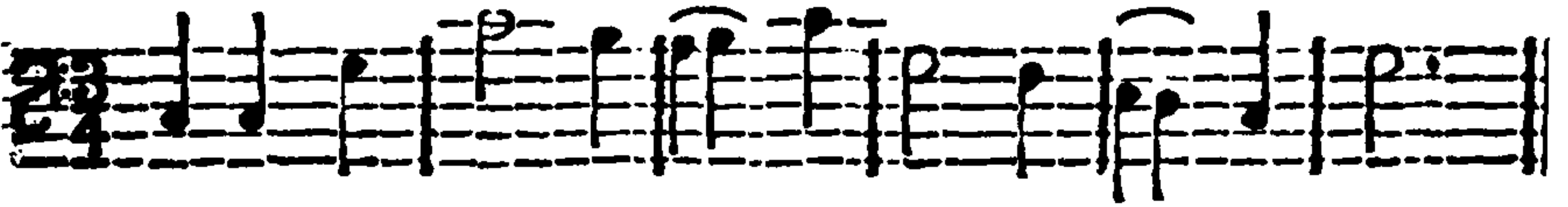
CHO.

## C H O R U S.

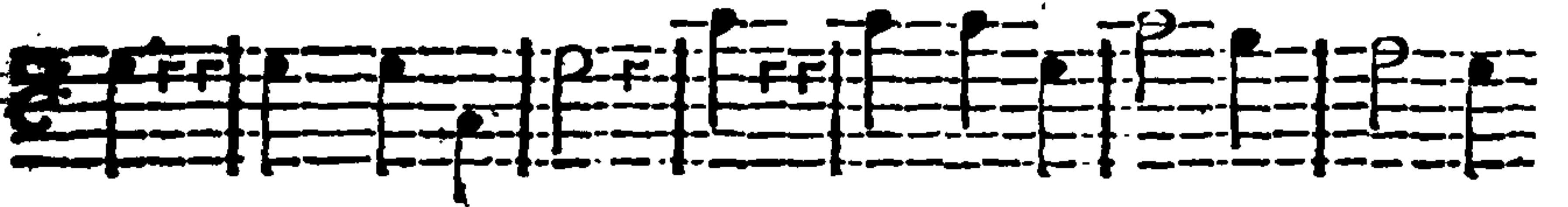
Vivace.



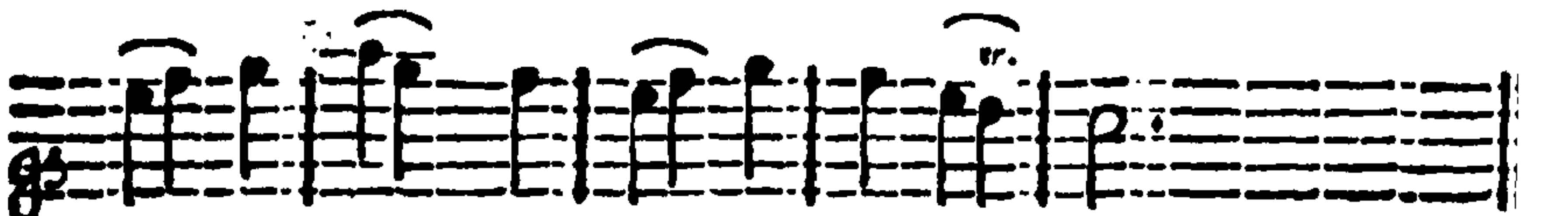
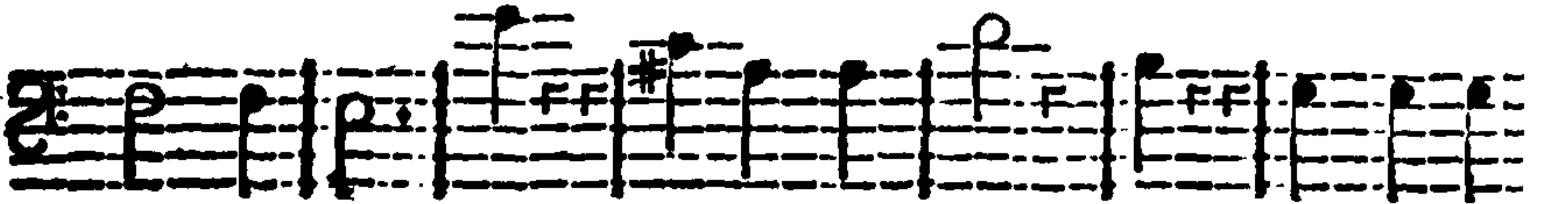
Bri tons strike home, re-venge, re-venge your Country's Wrongs ;



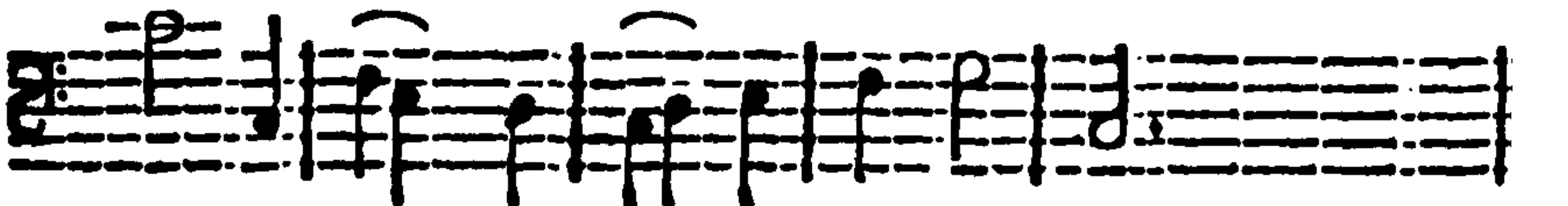
Fight, fight and re-cord, fight, fight and re-cord your-selves in



Dru-id's Song ; fight, fight and re-cord, fight, fight and re-



—cord, re-cord your-selves in Dru-id's Songs.



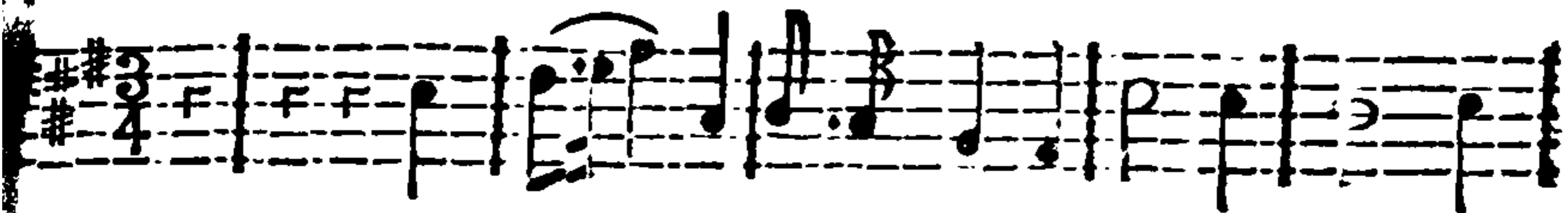


A SONG for two Voices.

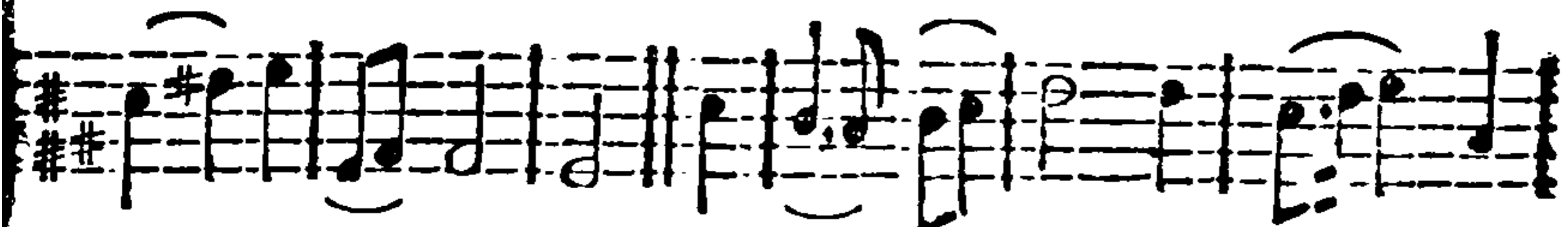
Set by Mr. John Alcock, Organist to the Right Honourable the Earl of Denegall, and of Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.



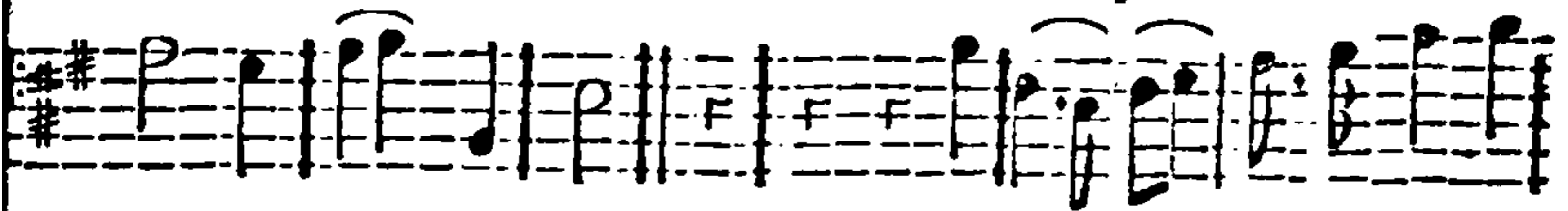
How faint a Joy the Maid im—parts, re—luc—tant



How faint a Joy the Maid im—parts, re—luc—tant



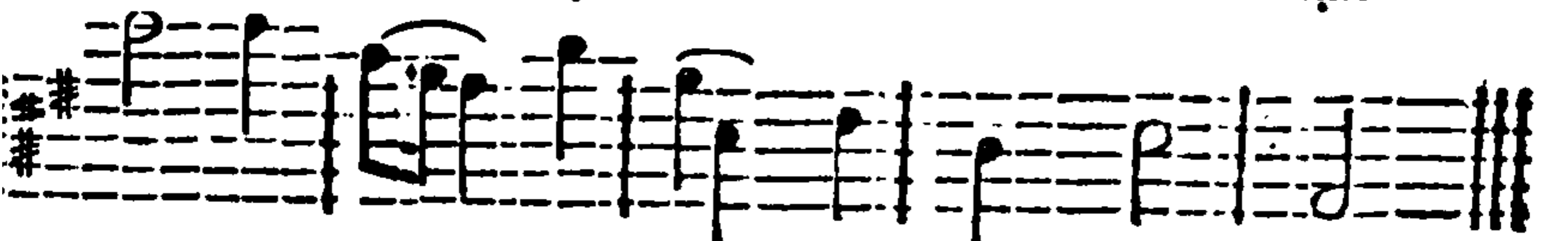
who re—signs her Charms, she damps the Transports of her



who re—signs her Charms, she damps the Transports of our



Hearts, and Beau—ty of her Force dis—arms.



Hearts, and Beau—ty of her Force dis—arms.

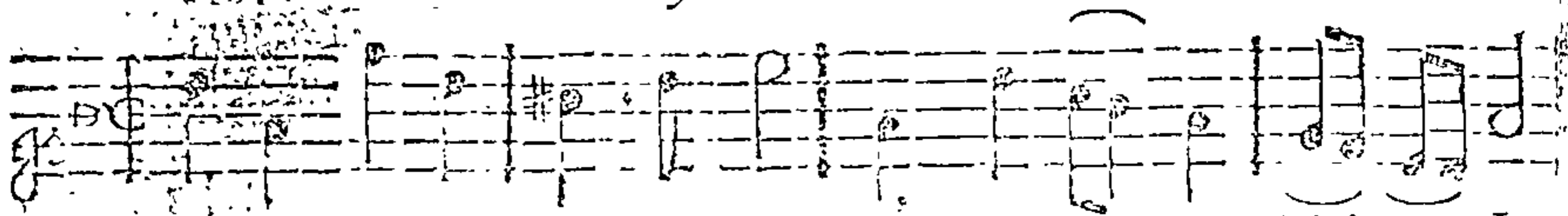
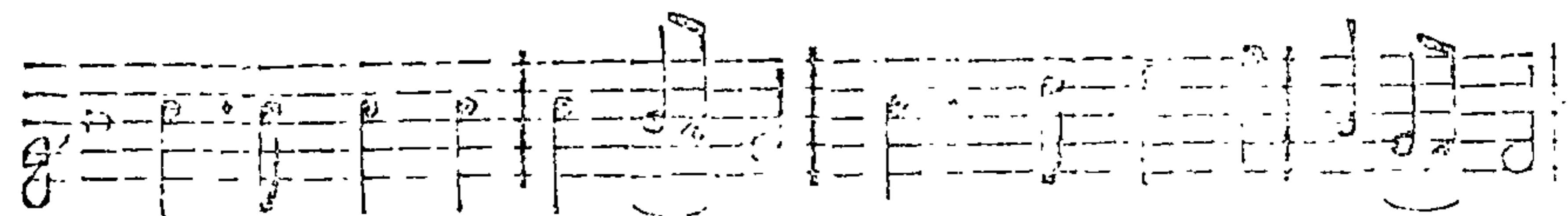
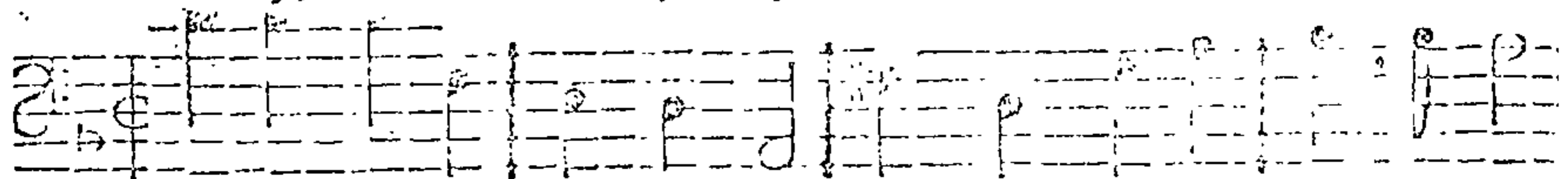
How great the Pleasure, how refin'd,  
And even in Reflection sweet;  
When Lovers are but of one Mind;  
And Souls together seem to meet.



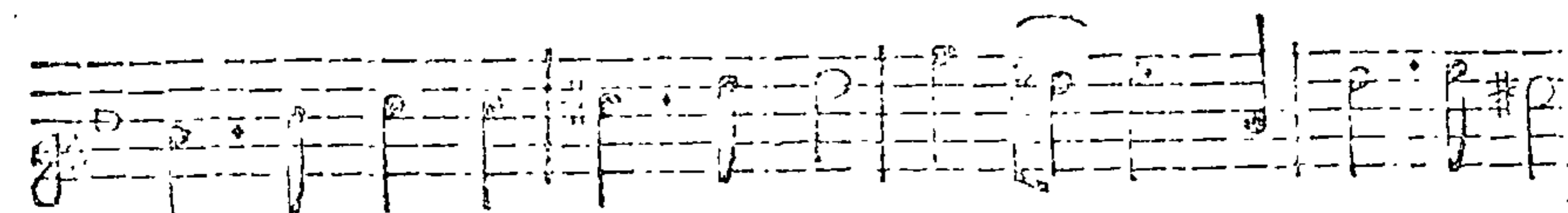
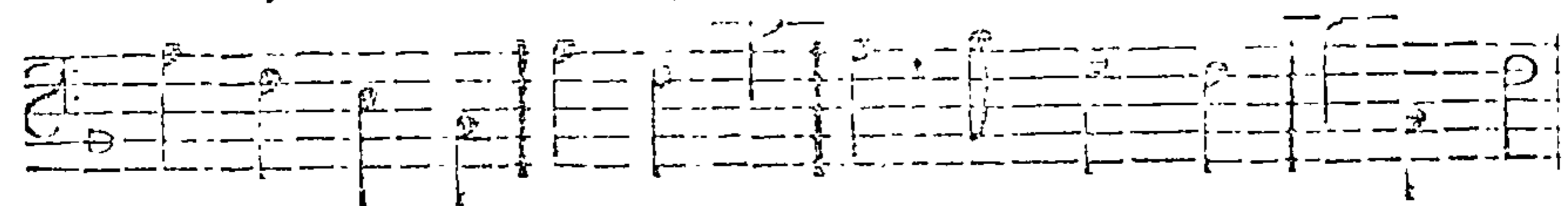
## The ESSEX HARMONY.

*The Fly, for two Voices.*

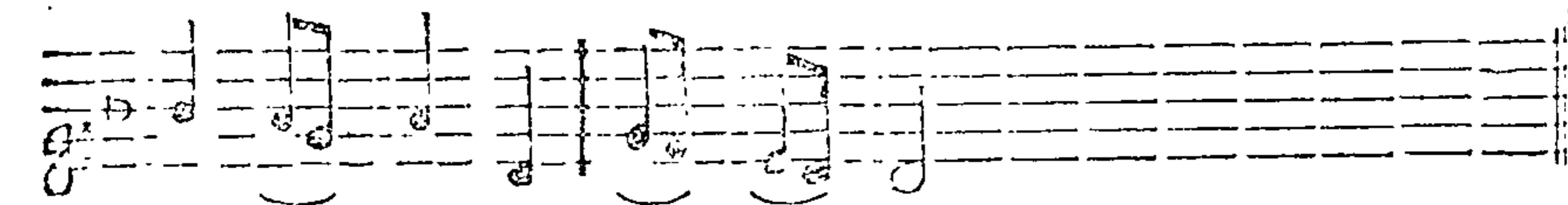
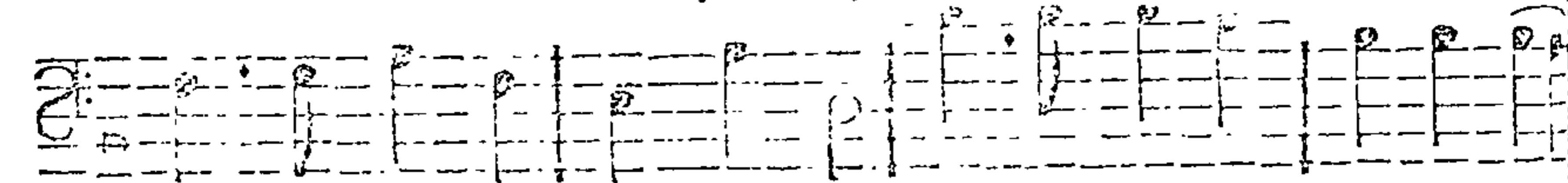
Set by Dr. Green.

Bu-*fy*, curious thir-*sty* Fly, drink with me, and drink as I;

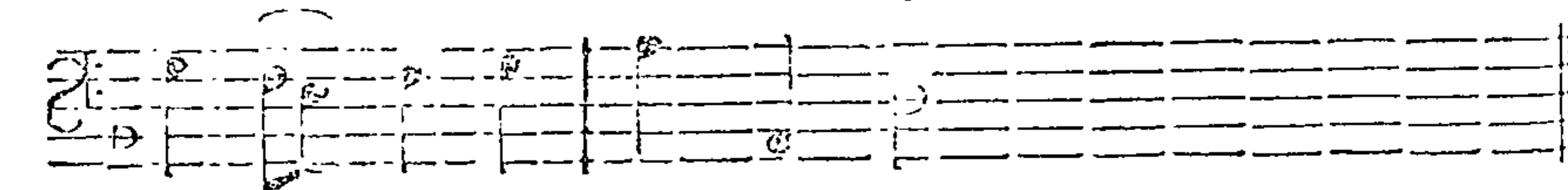
Free-ly wel-come to my Cup, could'st thou sip, and sip it up.



Make the most of Life you may, Life is short and wears a-way.



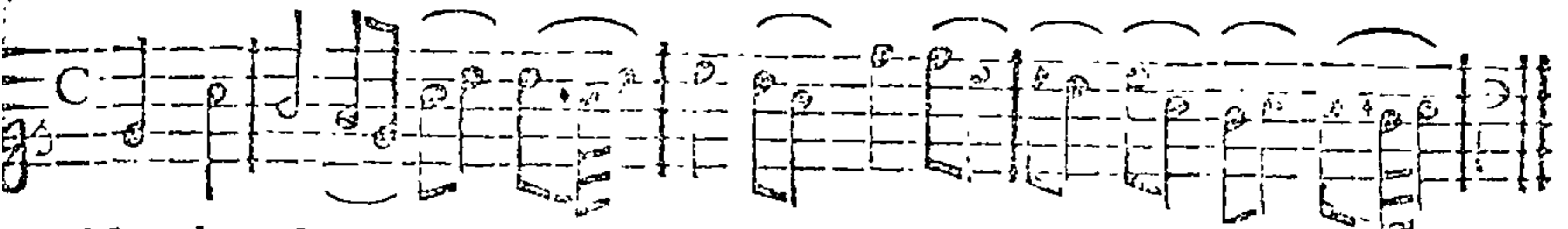
Life is short and wears a-way.



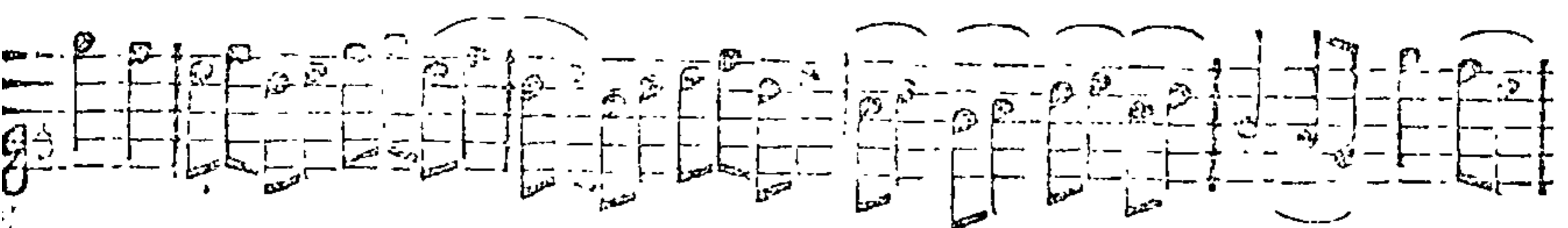
Both alike, are mine and thine, hasten quick to their decline ;  
 Thine's a Summer, mine's no more, though augmented to threescore :  
 Threescore Summers when they're gone, will appear as short as one,  
 Will appear, &c  
 Time seems little to look back, and moves on like Clock or Jack ;  
 As the Movement of the Fly, Fortune swiftly passes by ;  
 And when Life's short Thread is spun, the Larum strikes, and we have done  
 The Larum, &c

The Advice. For Two Voices.

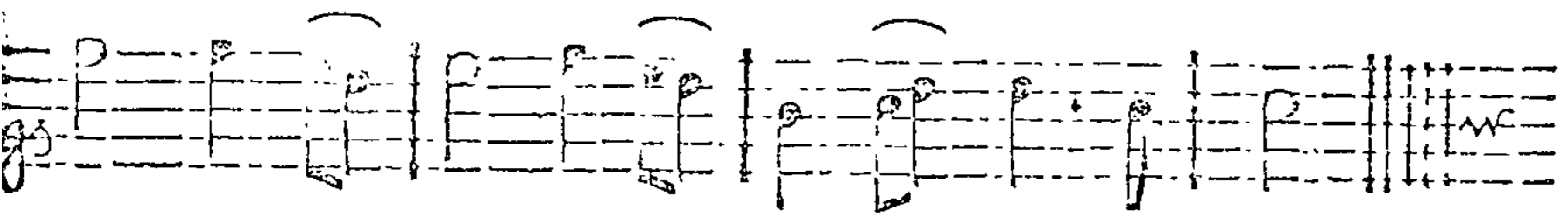
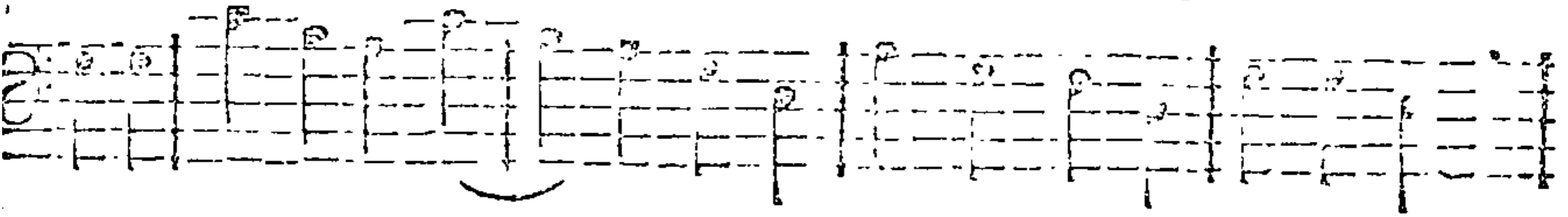
Set by George Frederick Handel, Esq;.



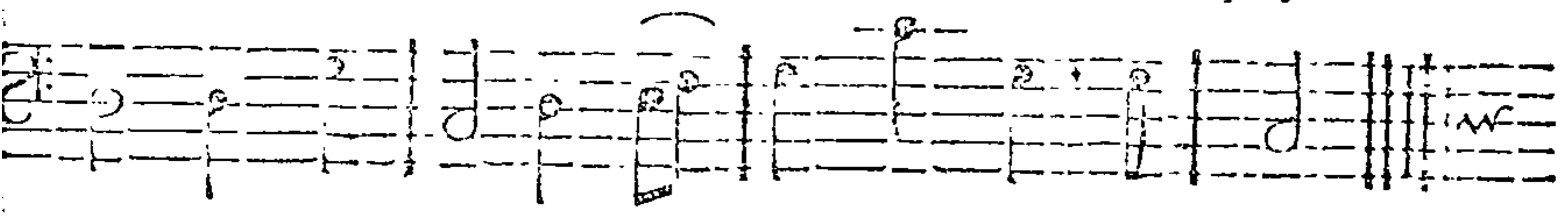
Mortals wisely learn to measure, Life by the Ex-tent of Joy;



Life is short, and fleeting Pleasure then be



gay, whilst you may, and your hours in mirth employ.



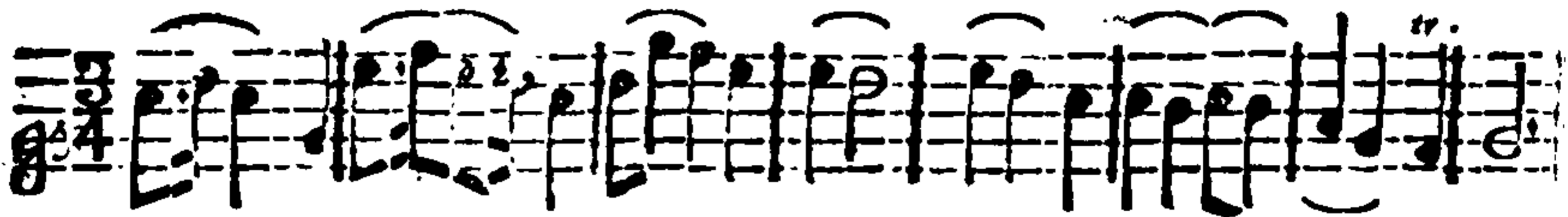
Never let a Mistress pain you, tho' she meets you with a Frown;  
Fly to Wine, 'twill soon unchain you, cheer thy Heart, and all smart,  
In a sweet Oblivion drown.

If Love's fiercer Flames shou'd seize thee, to some gentle Maid repair;  
She'll with soft Endearments ease thee, on her Breast, lull'd to rest,  
Eas'd of Love and free'd from Care.

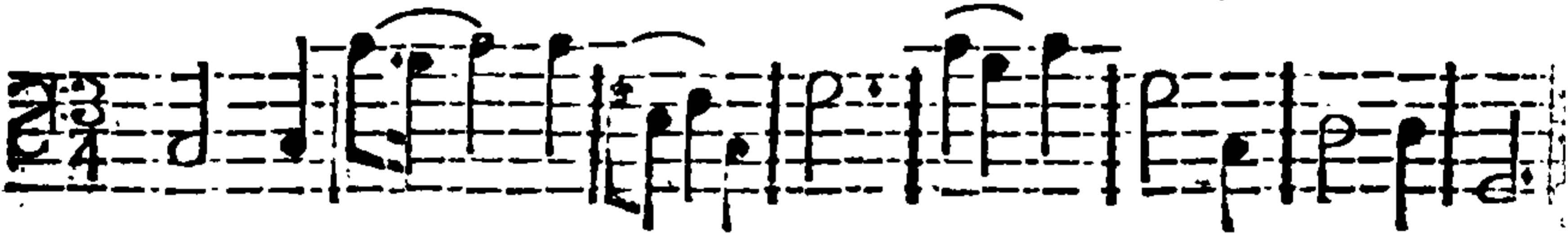
Friendship, Love, and Wine united, from all Ills defend the Mind;  
By them guarded and delighted, happy State, smile at Fate,  
And leave Sorrow to the Wind.

## A SONG for two Voices.

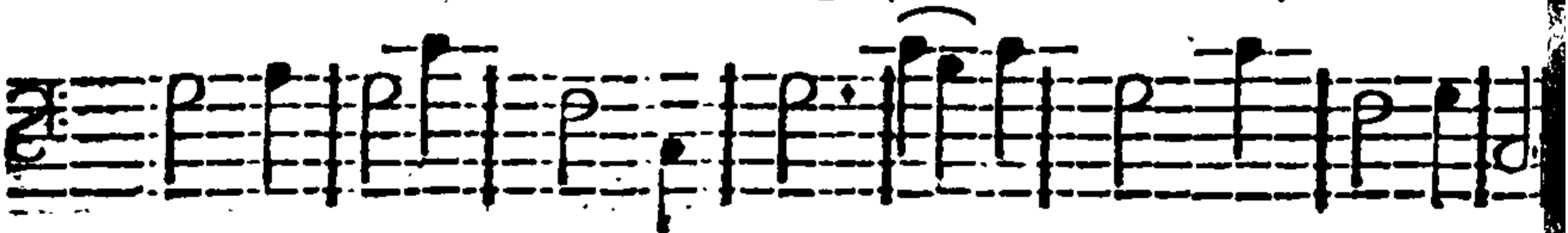
Set by Mr. John Arnold.



Bloom-ing Bac-chus, e-ver young, sweet As-swa-ger of all Care;



When invok'd by flat-t'ring Tongue, e-ver rea-dy thou to hear



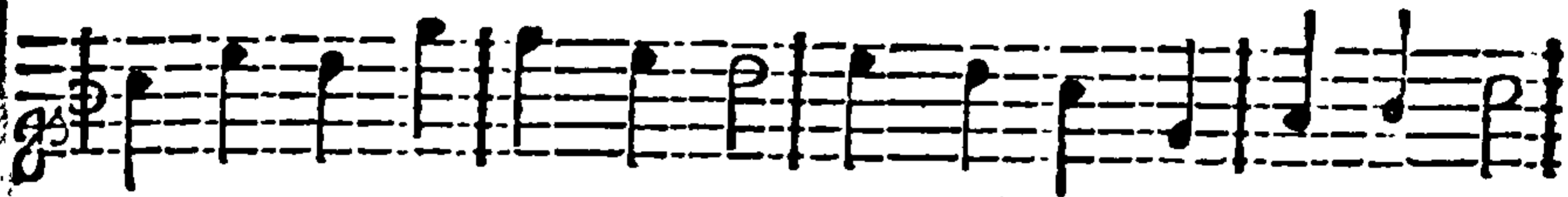
Thou dost make the Coward brave ;  
 Thou dost frozen Dotage warm ;  
 Thou dost freedom give the Slave,  
 And thy Sons protect from harm.

Thou dost in the Fair One's Breast ;  
 Soft Desires, kind Wishes raise :  
 When the amorous Swain is blest,  
 Thine the Conquest, thine the Praise.

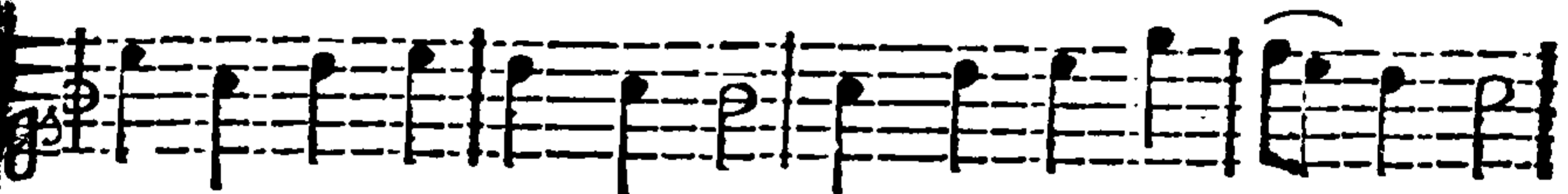
To our Vows propitious prove,  
 We by thy Assistance may,  
 Triumph o'er the God of Love ;  
 Triumph o'er the God of Day.

Continued.

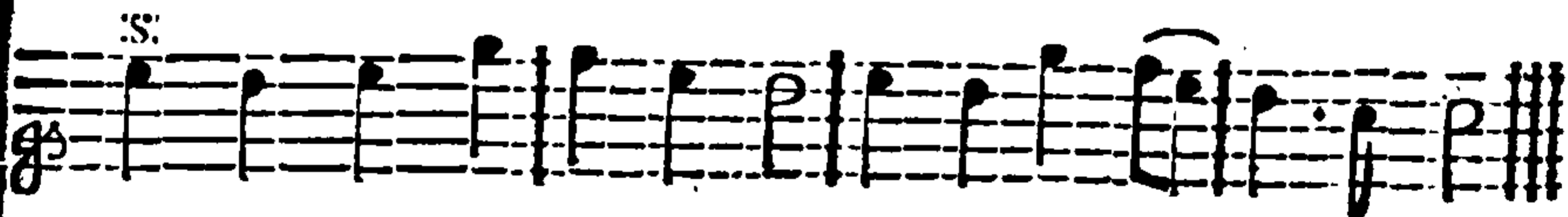
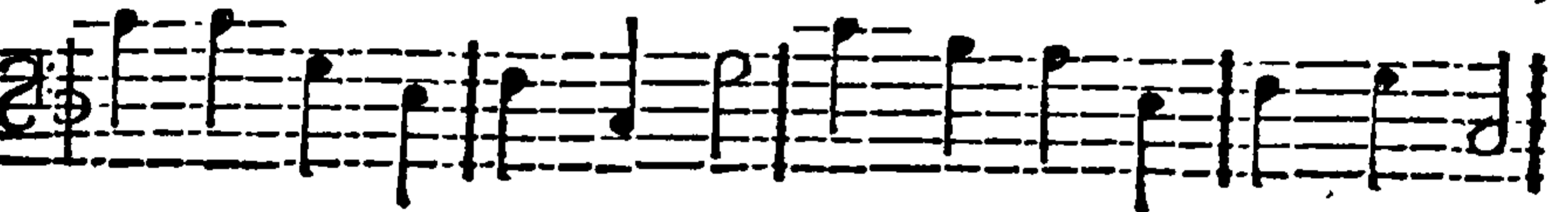
CHORUS, for Three Voices.



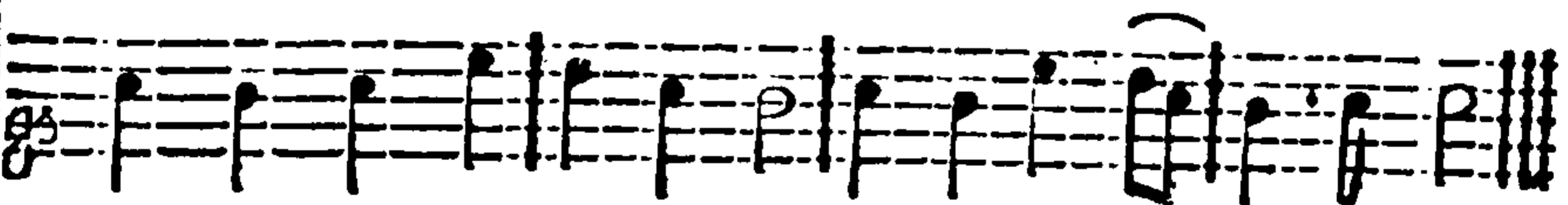
Let us by thine influ'nce fir'd, lead the mad fan-tas-tick round,



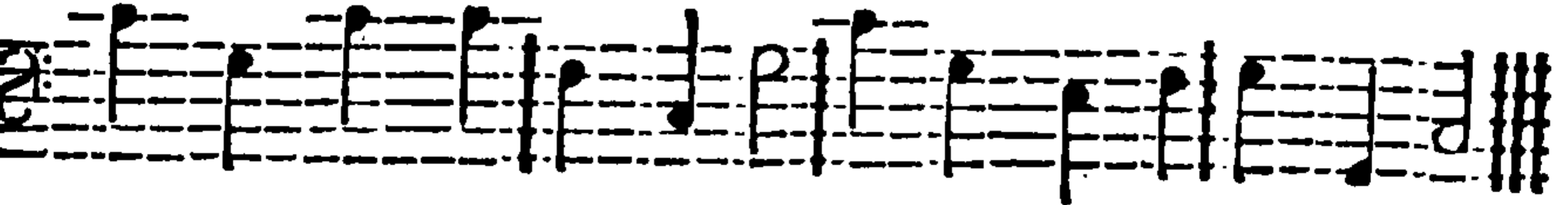
Let us by thine influ'nce fir'd, lead the mad fan-tas-tick round,



Whilst our Songs by thee inspir'd, lou-der still and lou-der sound.



Whilst our Songs by thee inspir'd, lou-der still and lou-der sound.

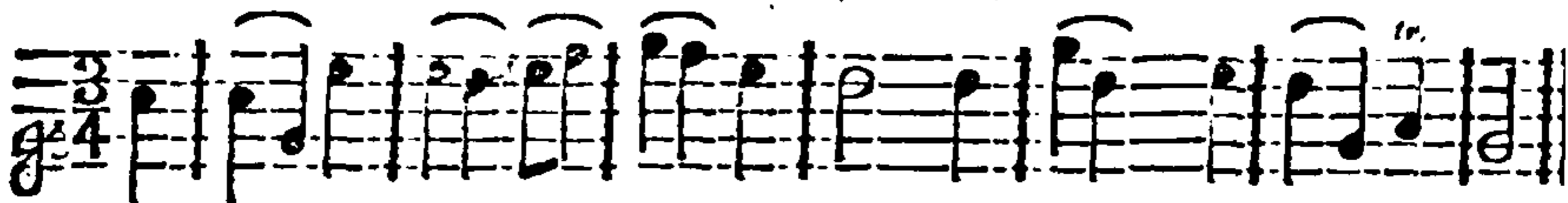


N. B. *This Chorus is to be sung at the End of every Verse.*

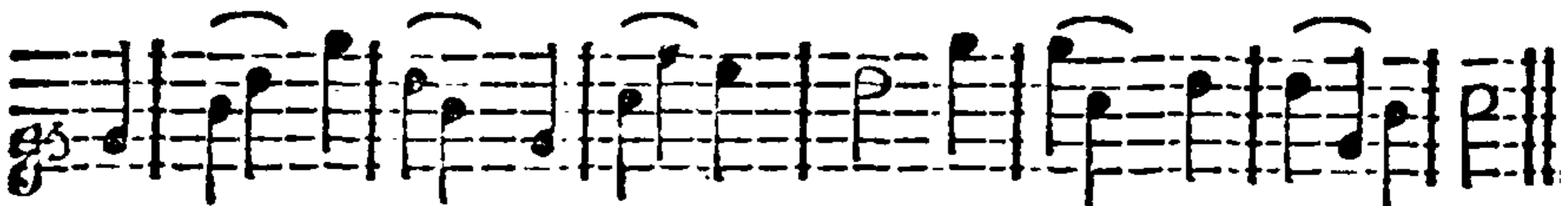
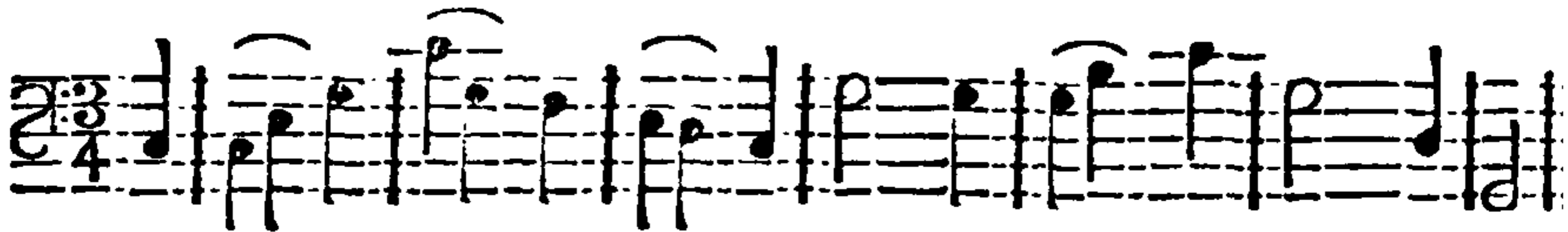
A S O N G



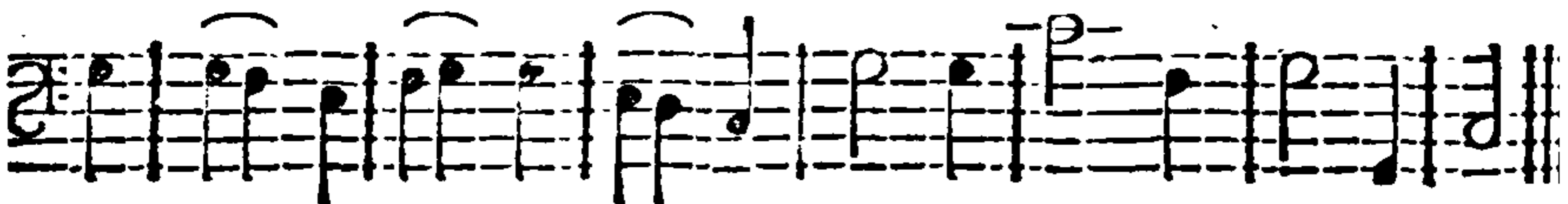
## A SONG for two Voices.

*Set by Mr. John Arnold.*

When Cloe was by Damon seen, what Heart cou'd be unmov'd



She look'd so like the Cyprian Queen, he gaz'd, ad-mir'd and lov'd.



He lov'd, alas! but lov'd in vain,  
 And, full of Grief and Care,  
 He knew he never cou'd obtain,  
 The lovely, charming Fair.

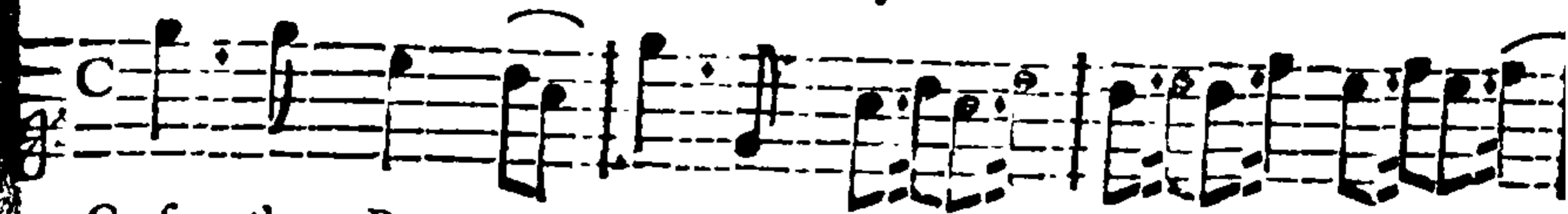
Cloe deserv'd a better Swain ;  
 He not so fair a Bride ;  
 Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain,  
 He lov'd, despair'd, and dy'd.

Take pity then thou lovely Maid,  
 For Cloe's Case is thine,  
 I dare not ask, so much I dread ;  
 Must Damon's Fate be mine ?

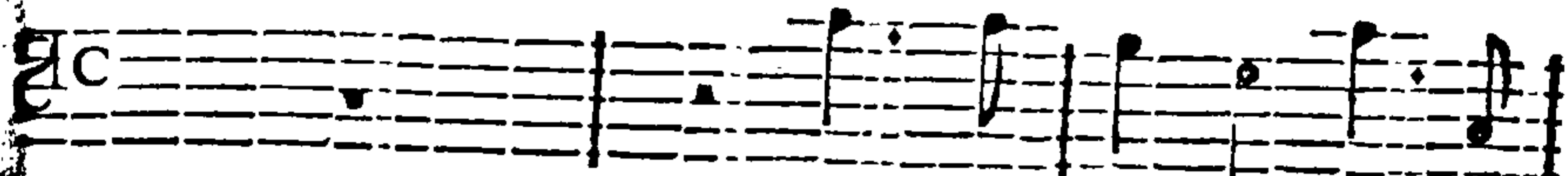
The ESSEX HARMONY.

A SONG for two Voices.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Cease, the Ro—vers, cease to ra



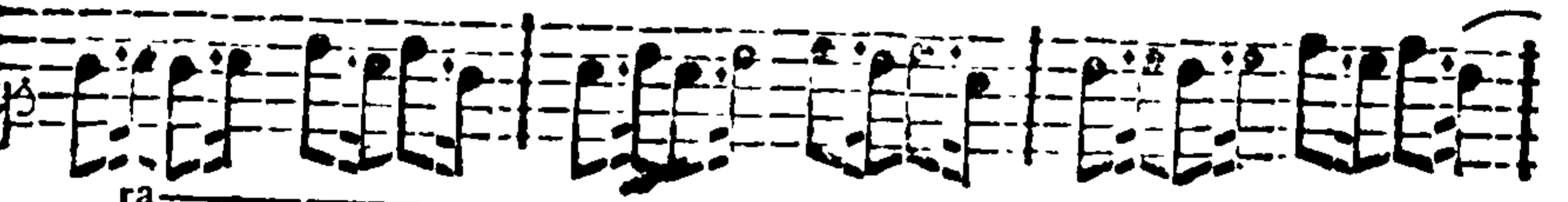
Cease the Ro—vers, cease to



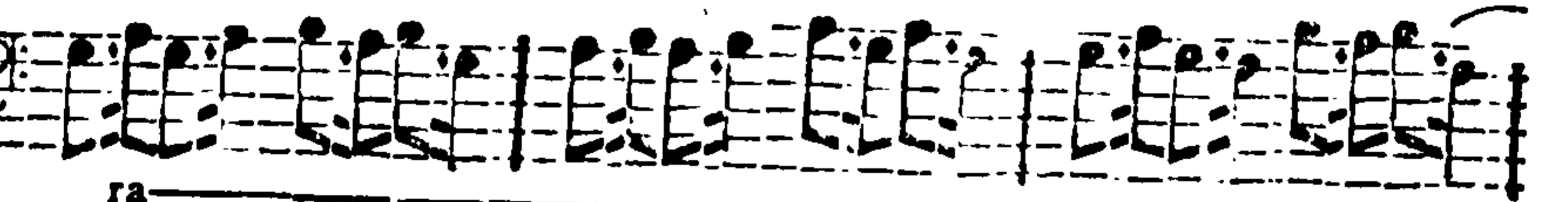
—nge, to ran ge, the Ro—vers, cease to



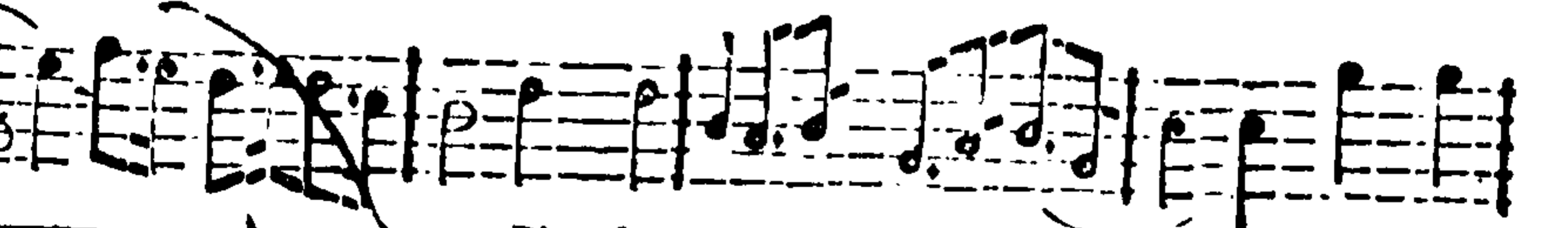
ran ge, the Ro—vers cease to



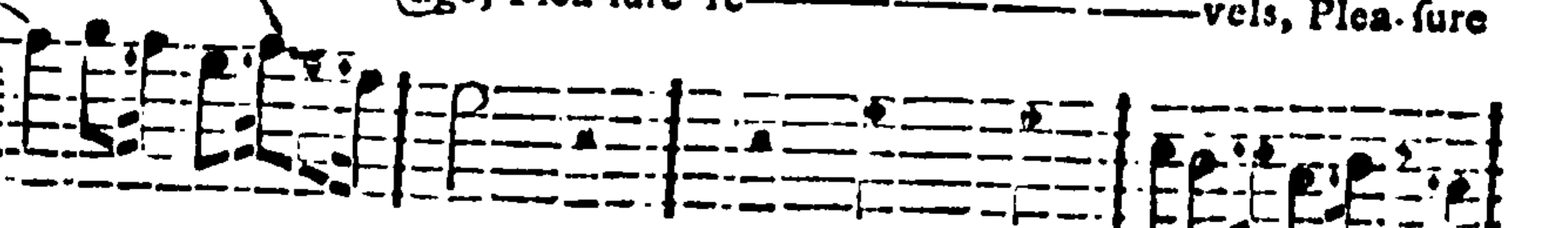
ra



ra



—nge, Plea-sure re—vels, Plea-sure

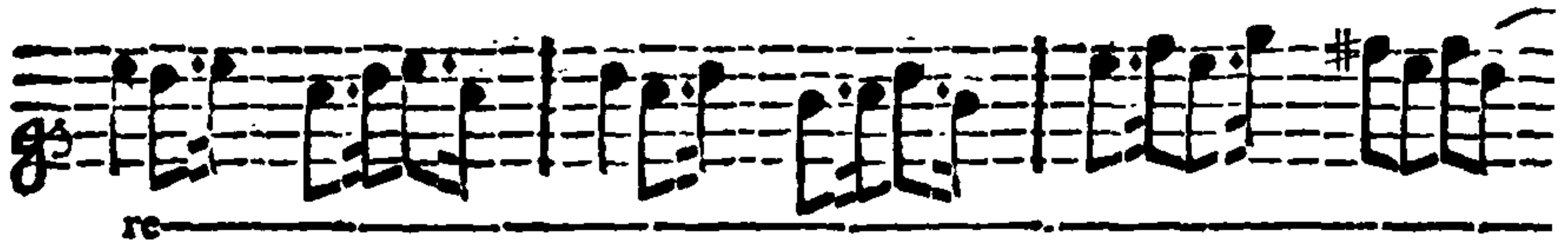


—nge,

Plea—sure

re

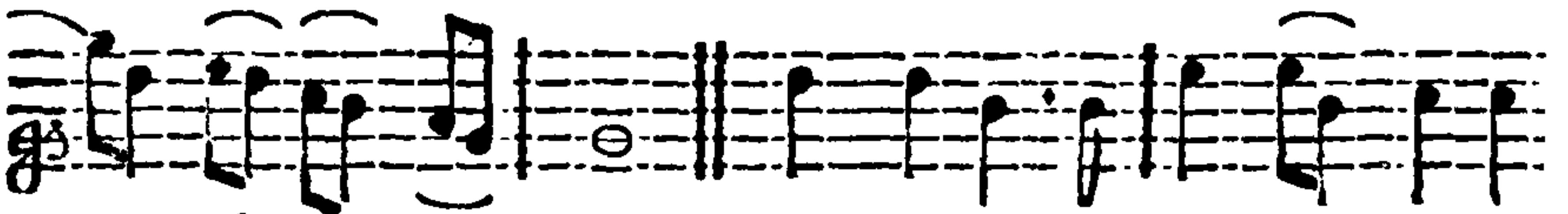
Continued.



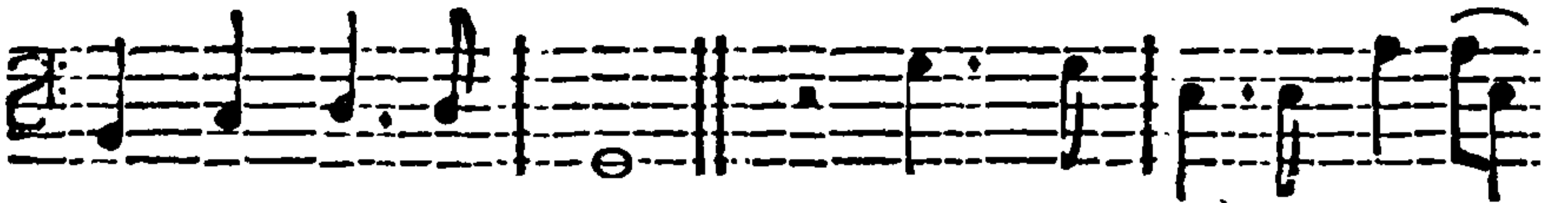
re



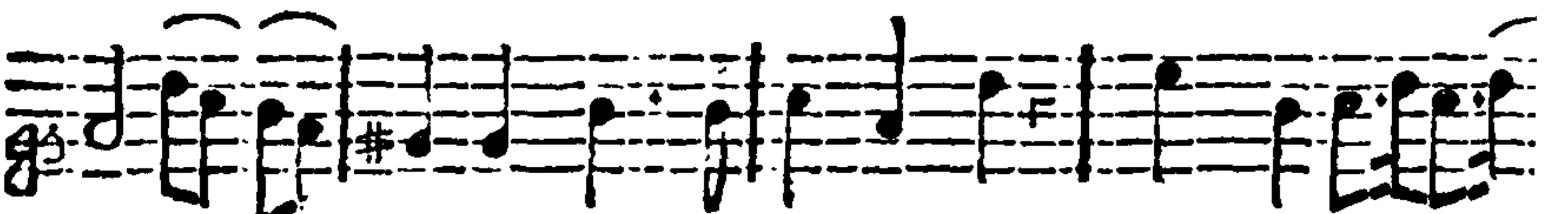
---vels, Plea--sure re-----vels, Plea--sure



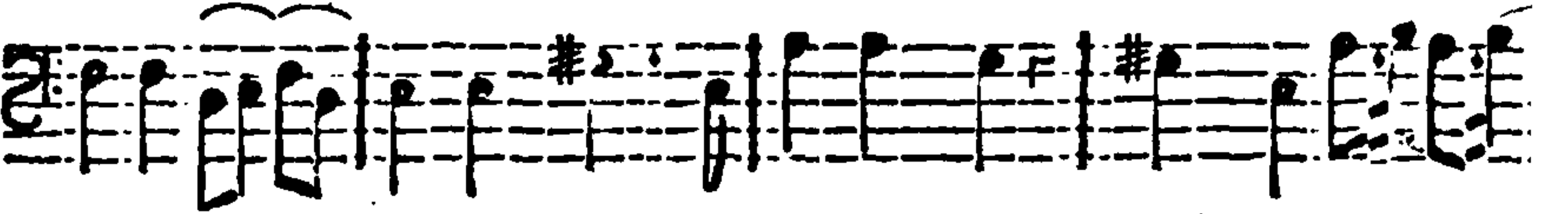
---vels leaft in change. Wand'ring still, and still un---ea--sy,



re---vels leaft in change. Wand'ring still, and still un-



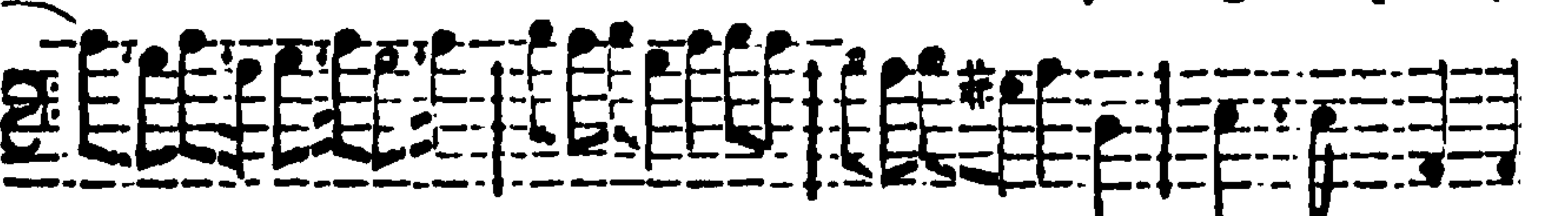
still, still un---ea--sy, nought can fix ye, nought, nought can plea--



---ea-sy, still un---ea--sy, nought can fix ye, nought, nought can plea--



se ye, nought can please ye



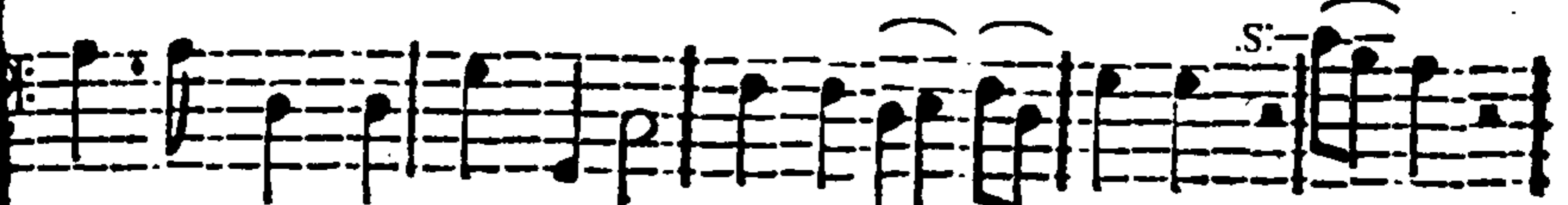
se ye, nought can please ye

whi

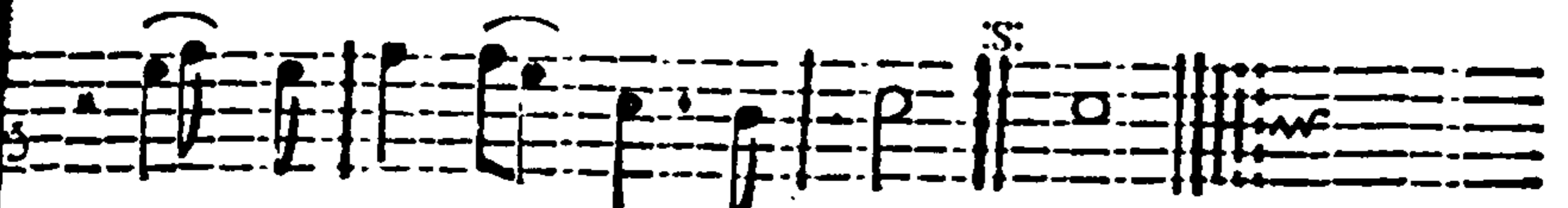
Continued.



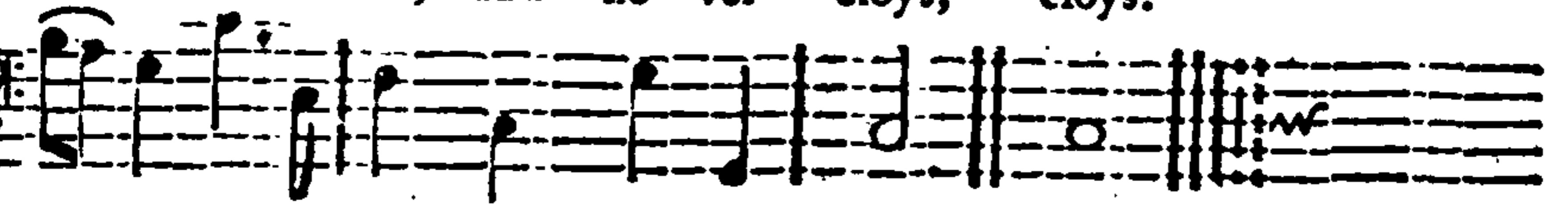
whilst true love, like heav'nly Joys, ne-ver, ne-ver dies, ne-ver, ne-ver,



whilst true love, like heav'nly Joys, ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver,



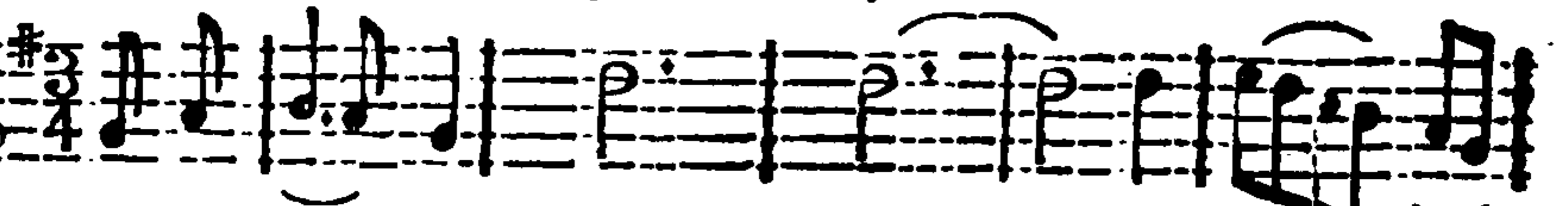
ne-ver dies, and ne-ver cloys, cloys.



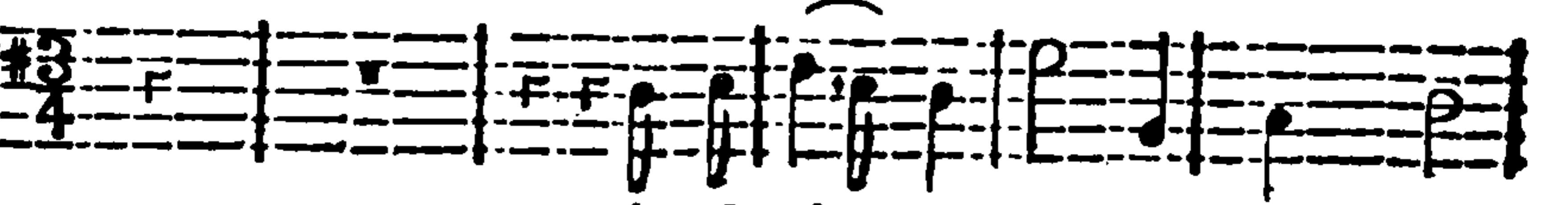
ne-ver, ne-ver dies, and ne-ver cloys, cloys.

Fair Clora. For two Voices.

Set by Mr. Hayden.



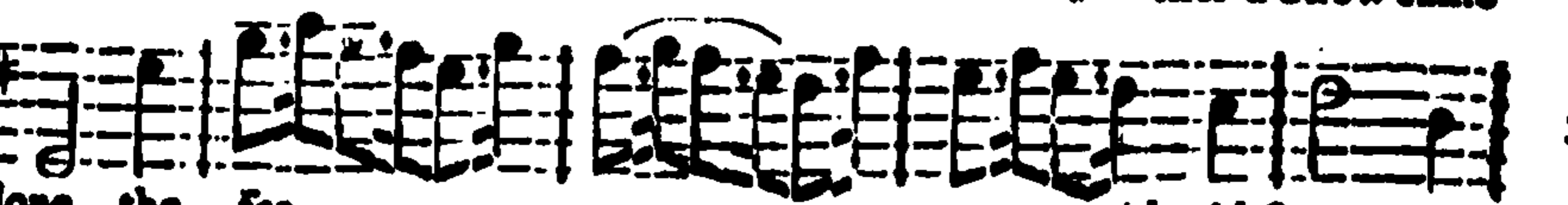
As I saw fair Clo-ra walk a-



As I saw fair Clo-ra walk a-



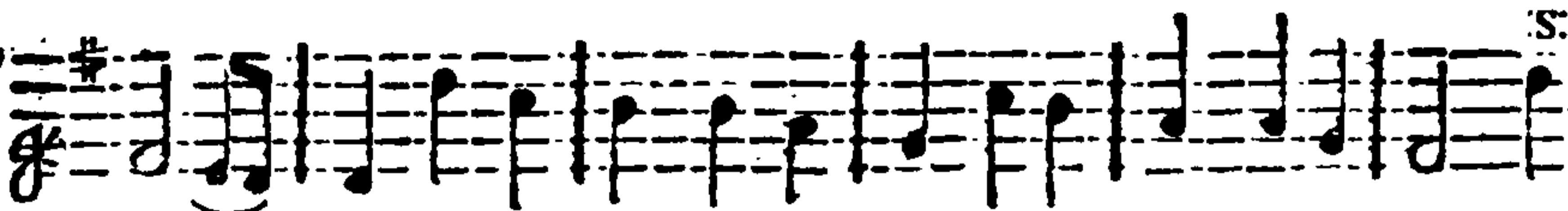
lone, the fea-ther'd Snow came



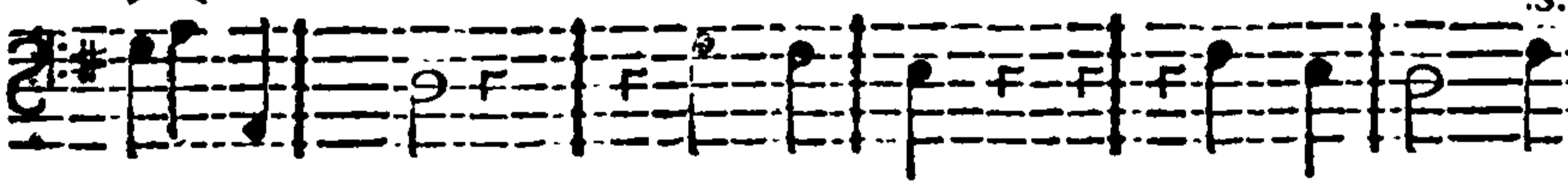
lone, the fea-ther'd Snow came softly



Continued.



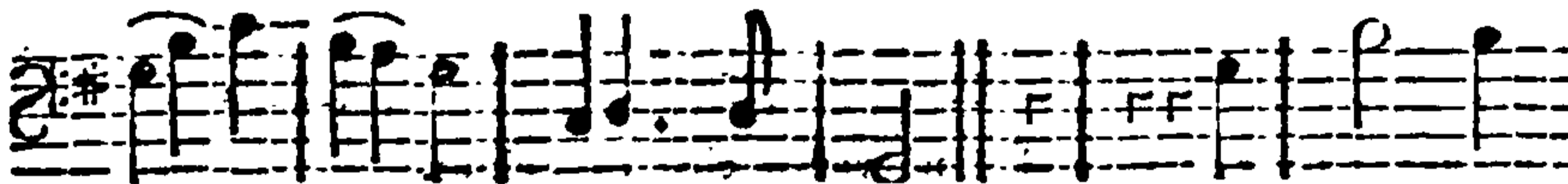
soft-ly down, soft-ly down, soft-ly down, softly down, soft-ly down, can



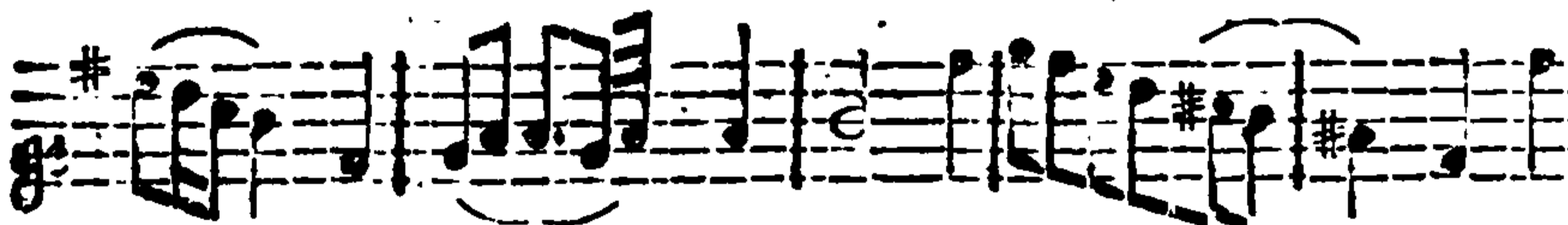
soft-ly down, soft-ly down, soft-ly down, can



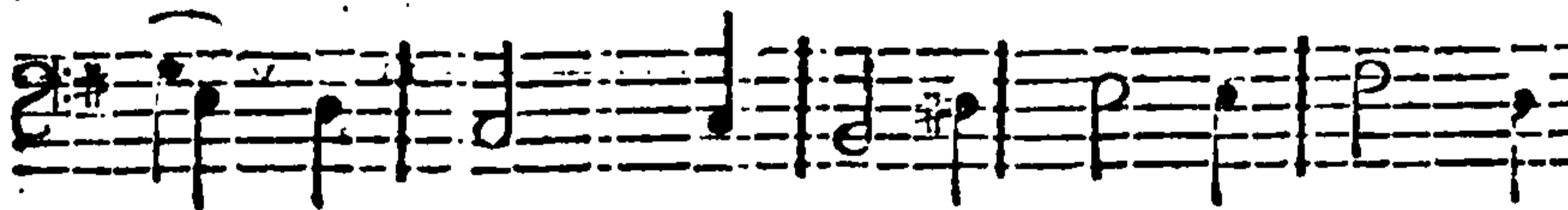
soft-ly, soft-ly, soft-ly down. As Jove de-scend-ing, de



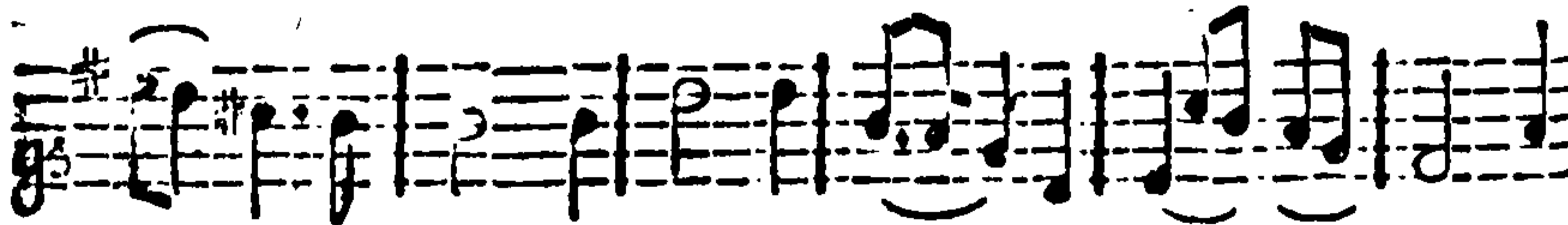
soft-ly, soft-ly, soft-ly down. As Jove de---



scend-ing from his Tow'r, to cou-rt her in



scend-ing from his Tow'r, to court her in a



a sil-ver Show'r, as Jove de-scend-ing from his Tow'r, to



sil-ver Show'r, as Jove de-scend-ing from his Tow'r, to

Continued.



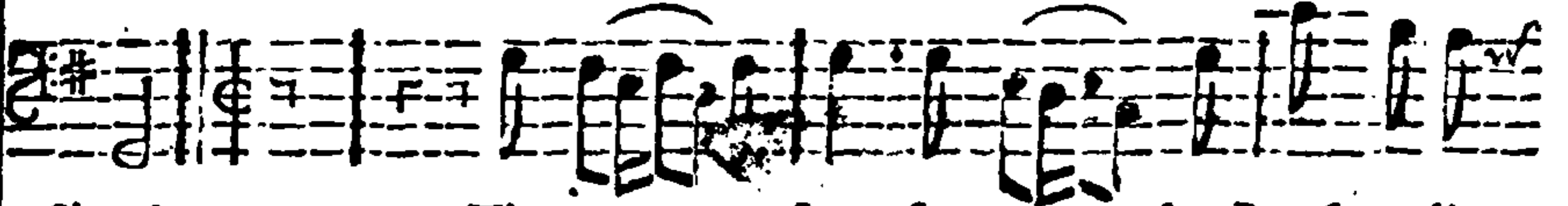
court her, to cou



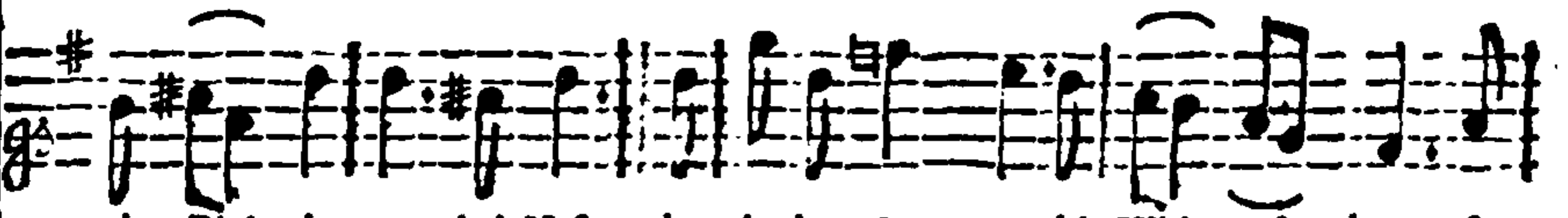
rt her in a fil-ver



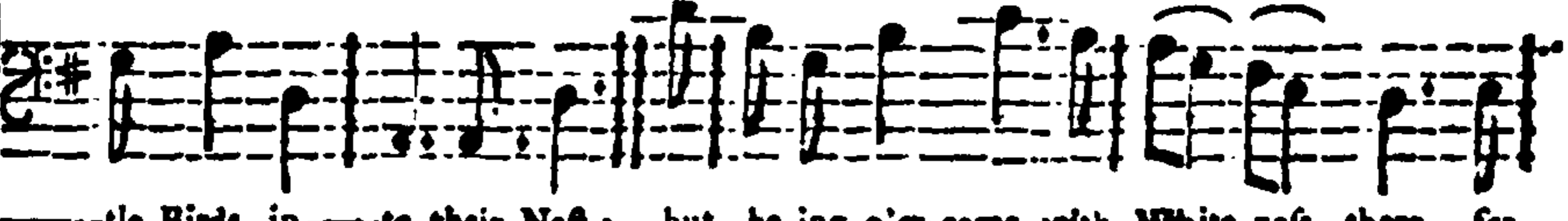
Show'r. The wan



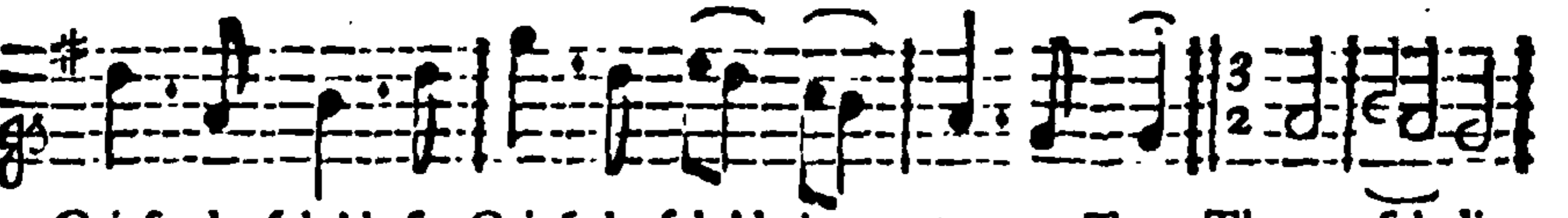
ton Snow flew to her Breast, as lit-



tle Birds in-



to their Nest; but be-ing o'er-come with White-nests there, for



Grief de-solv'd, for Grief de-solv'd in-



to a Tear. Thence fal-ling

ON

Continued.

on her Garments Hem, to de

on her Garments Hem, to

ck her, froze, froze, froze

de ck her.

in to a Gem. *Da Capo al Segno Ad Libitum.*

## A SONG for two Voices.

Plen—ty, Mirth and gay De—lights, and ga...

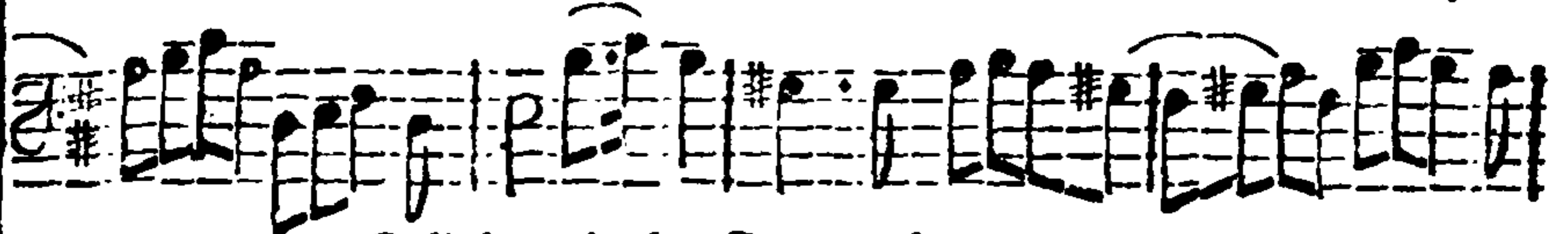
Plen—ty, Mirth and gay De—lights, and ga...



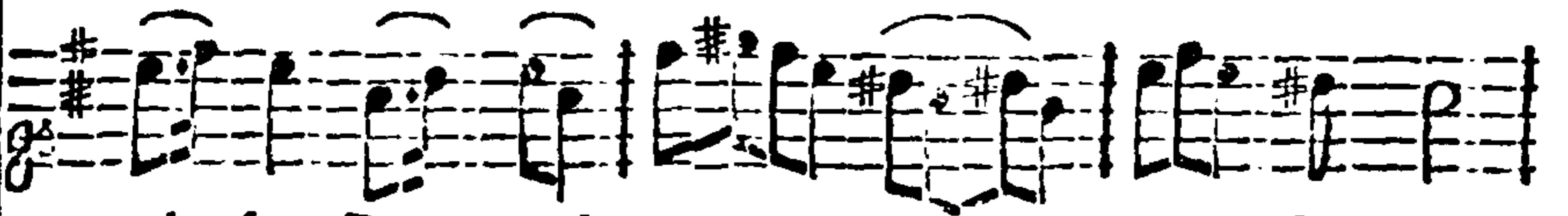
Continued.



y De—lights, plea—sant Days, plea—sant Days,



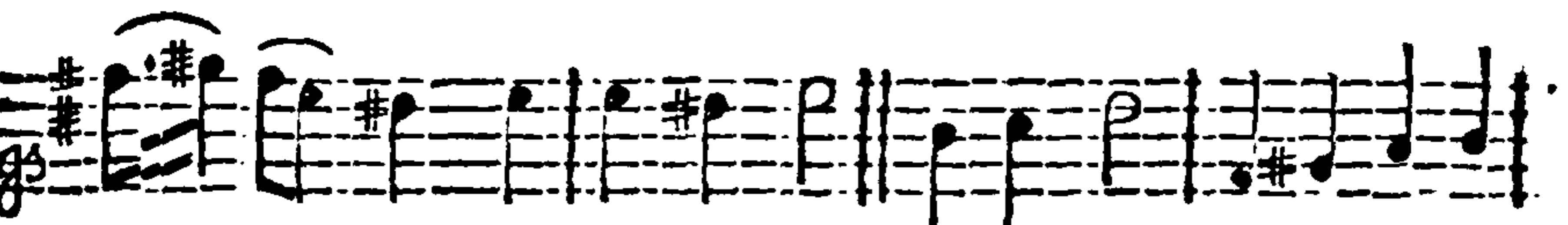
y Delights, pleasant Days, and g—ay De—



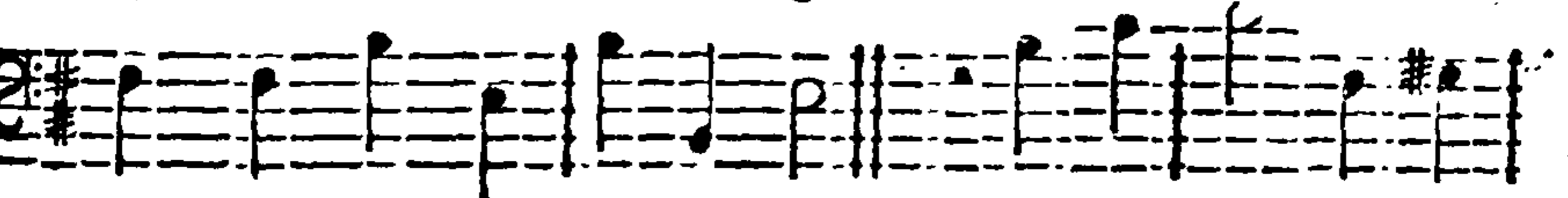
plea—sant Days, and ga—y De—lights,



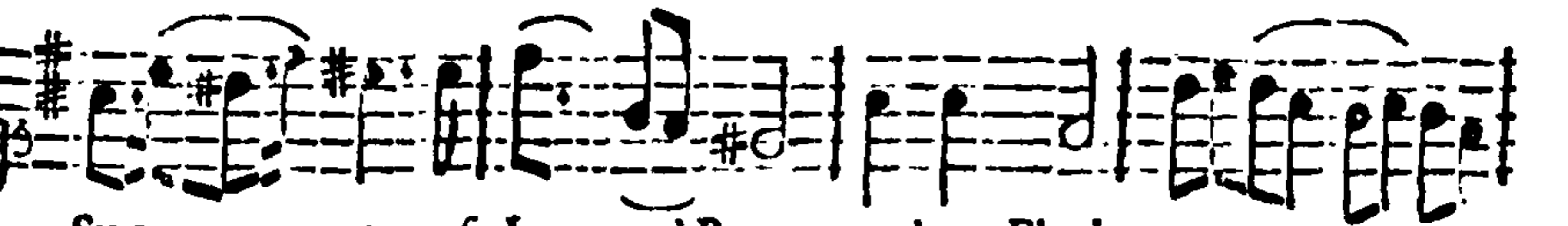
lights, plea—sant Days, plea—sant Days, plea—sant



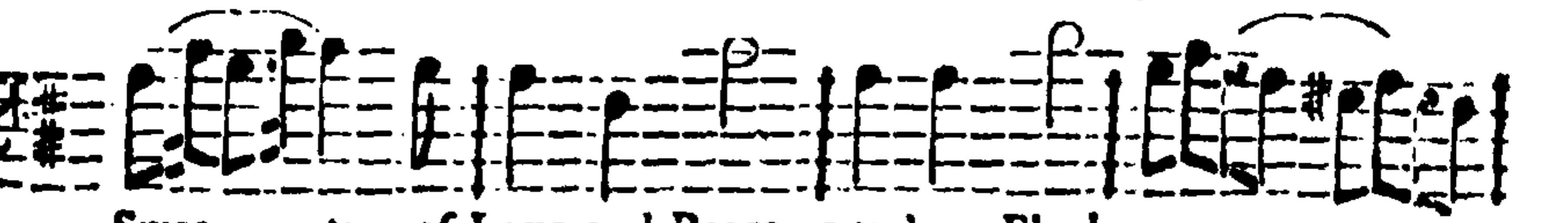
plea—sant Days, and blifs—ful Nights : All the Sweets, all, all, all the



Days, and blifs—ful, blifs—ful Nights : All the Sweets, all the



Swee—ts of Love and Peace, num'rous Flocks, nu



Swee—ts of Love and Peace, num'rous Flocks, nu

Continued.



Continued.

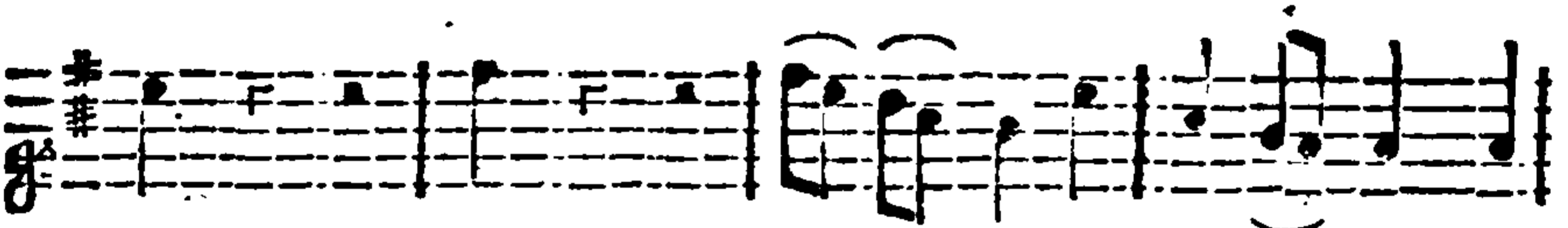


me-rous Flocks and large Increase, e-ver blefs you,



me-rous Flocks and large In-crease,

Jo-ys at-tend you,



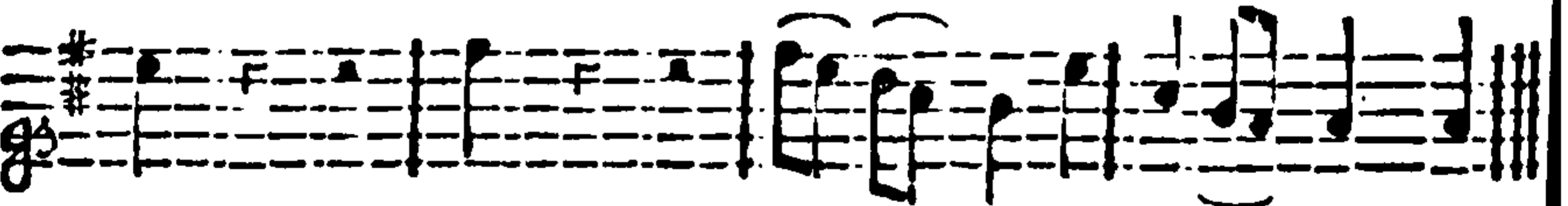
Pan,

Pan,

Pan and Ce-res still be-friend you,



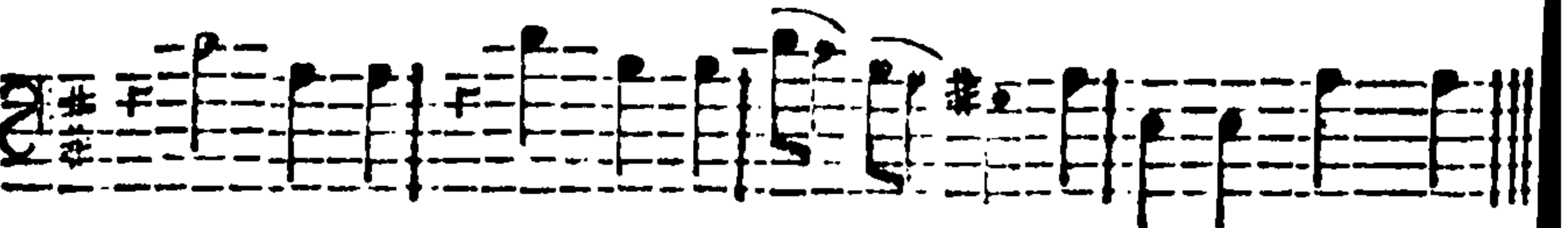
and Ce-res, and Ce-res, Pan and Ce-res still be-friend you,



Pan,

Pan,

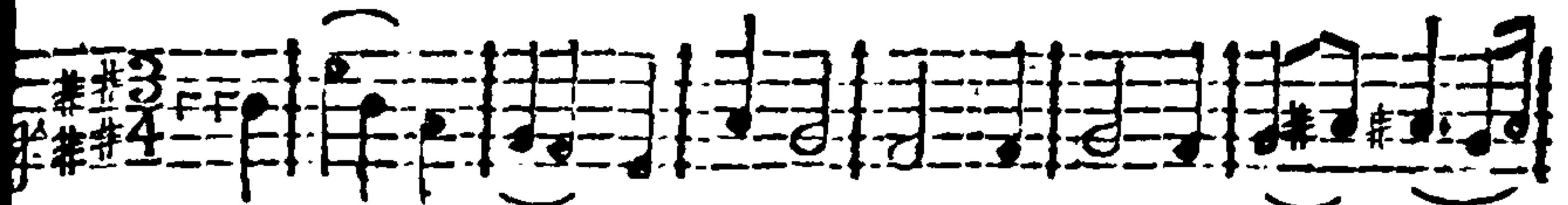
Pan and Ce-res still be-friend you.



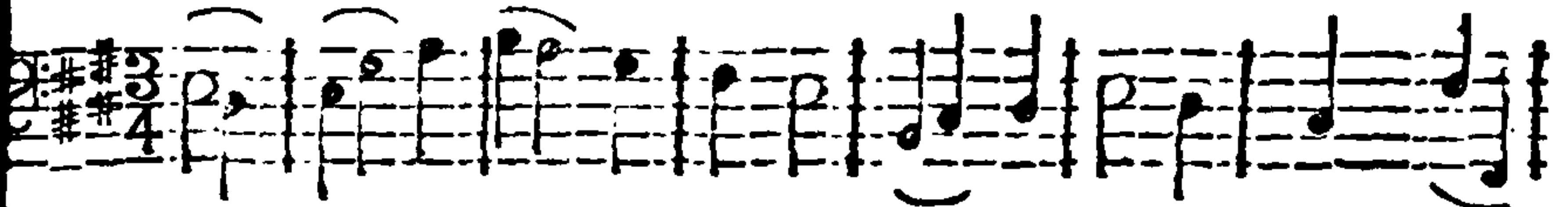
and Ce-res, and Ce-res, Pan and Ce-res still be friend you.

DAMON and CELIA. For Two Voices.

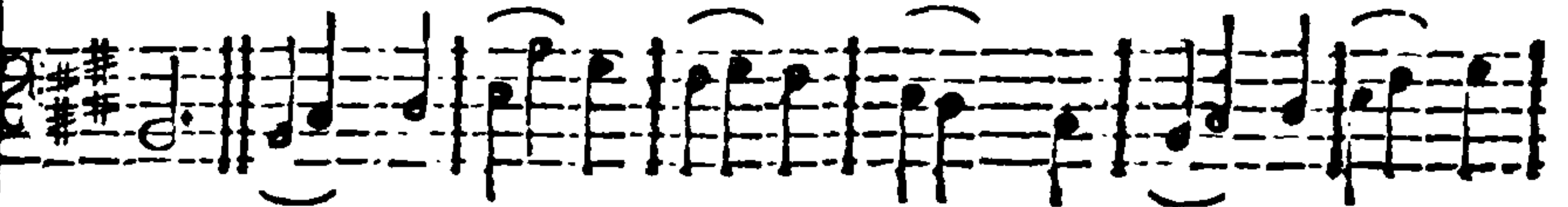
Set by Mr. Cannington.



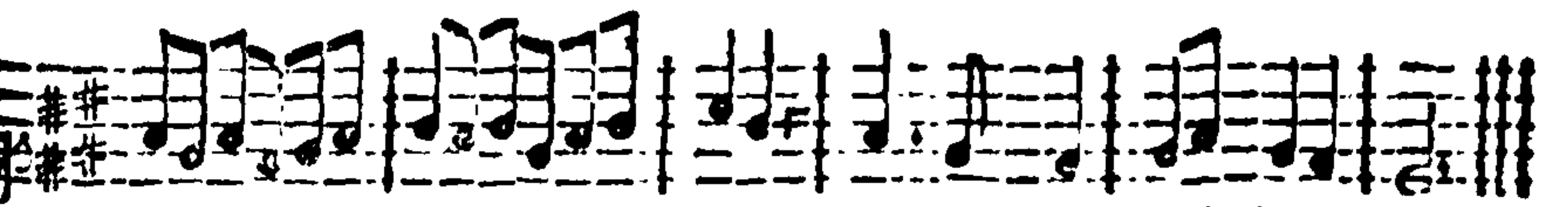
As Ce-lia near a Fountain lay, her Eye-lids clos'd with



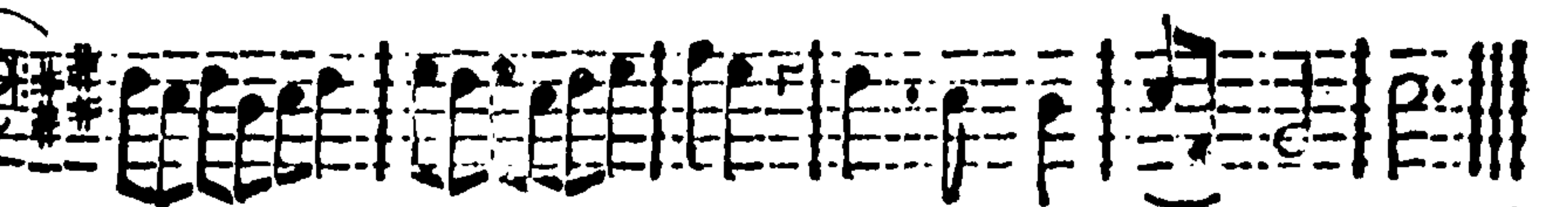
Sleep, Sleep, the Shepherd Da mon chanc'd that Way to drive his



Flock of Sheep, to dri



ive, to drive his Flock of Sheep.



2. With

2.

With awful Step, h' approach'd the Fair,  
To view her lovely Face,  
Where ev'ry Feature wore an Air,  
And ev'ry Part a Grace, &c.

3.

His Heart inflam'd with am'rous Pain,  
He wish'd the Nymph wou'd wake ;  
Tho' ne'er before was any Swain  
So unprepar'd to speak, &c.

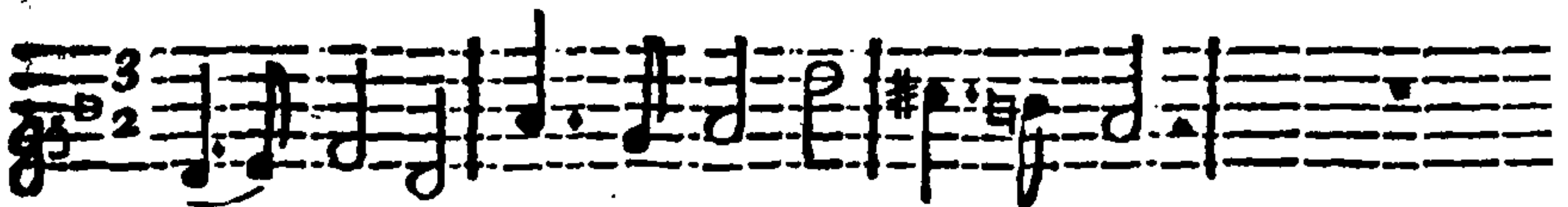
4.

Whilst slumb'ring thus fair Celia lay,  
Soft Wishes fill'd her Mind ;  
She cry'd, Come, Thyrsis, come away,  
For now I will be kind, &c.

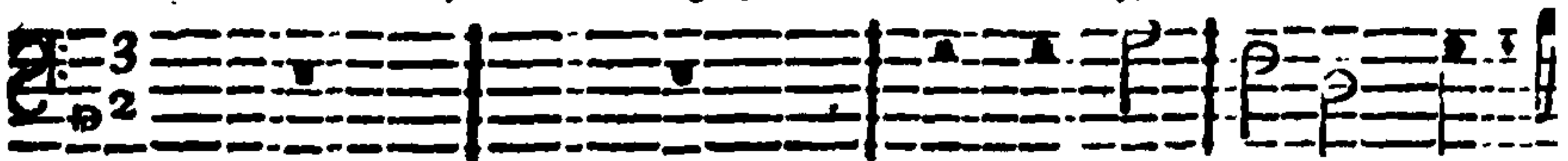
5.

Damon embrac'd the lucky Hit,  
And flew into her Arms ;  
He took her in the yielding Fit,  
And rifled all her Charms, &c.

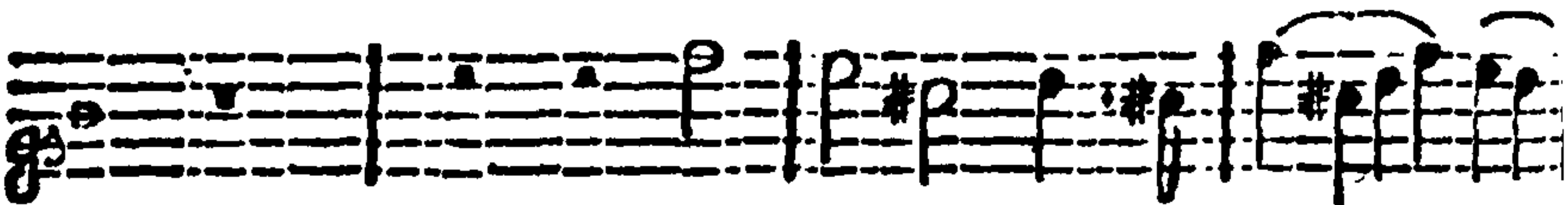
## A SONG for two Voices.



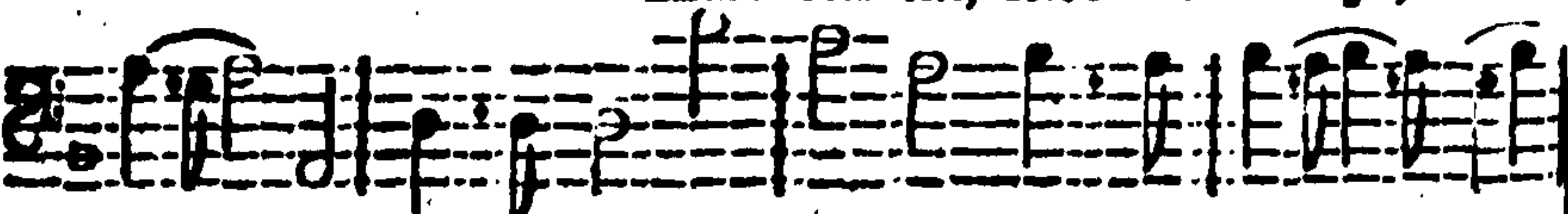
Earth's Treas-ure, Love's Delight, sweet Har-mo-ny,



Earth's Treasure, Love's De



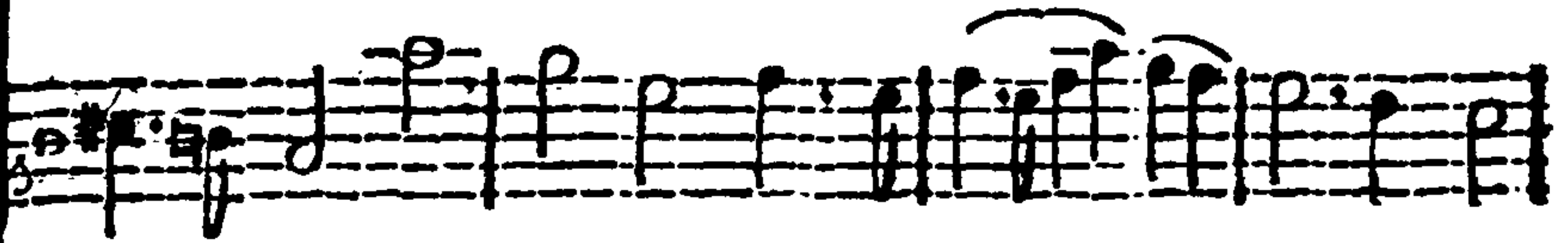
Earth's Treas-ure, Love's De-light, sweet



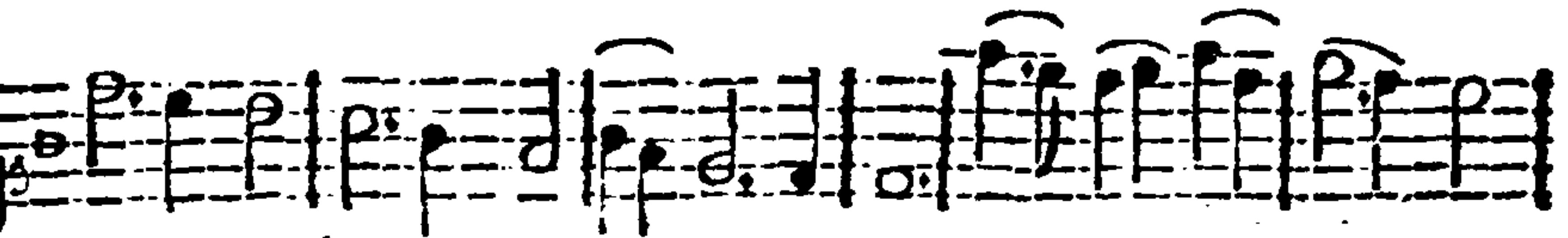
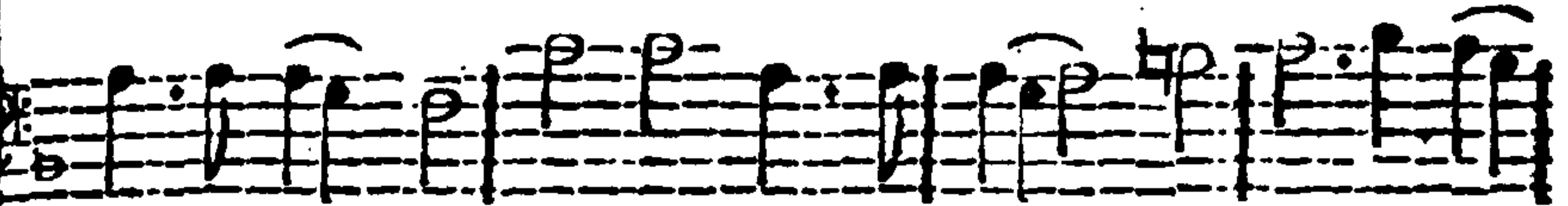
light, sweet Har-mo-ny,

Continued

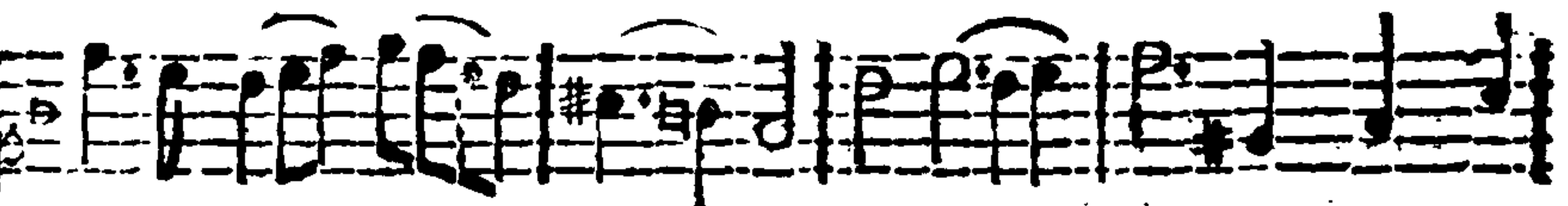
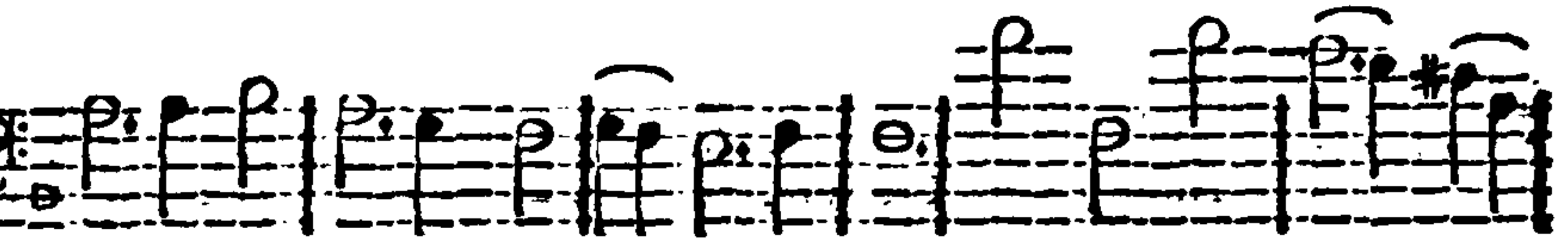
Continued.



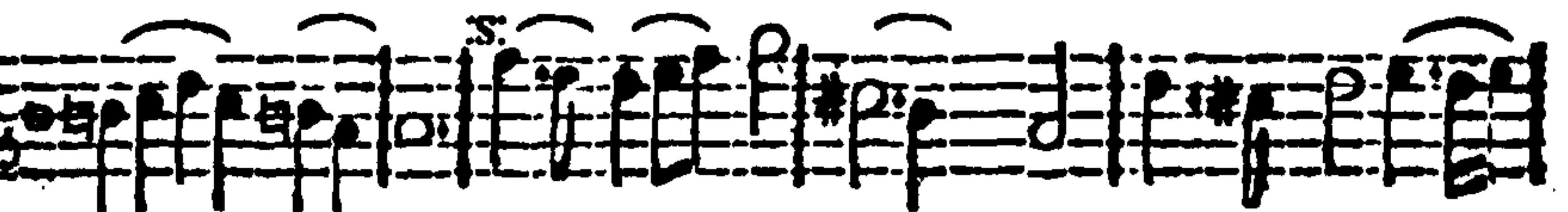
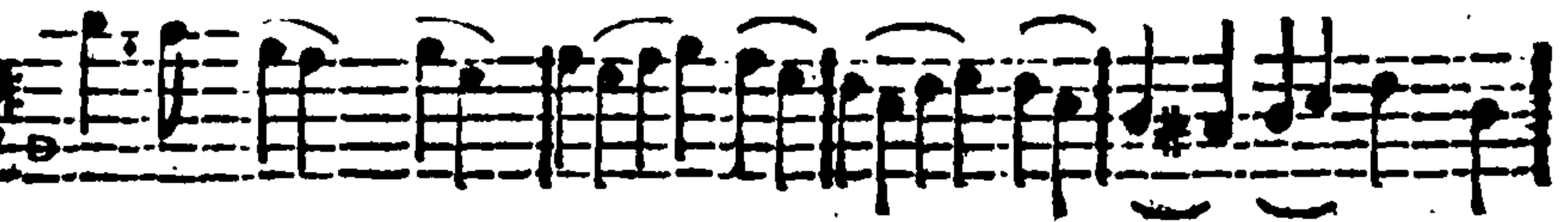
Har--mo--ny, Earth's Treasure, Love's De--light, sweet Har--mo--ny:



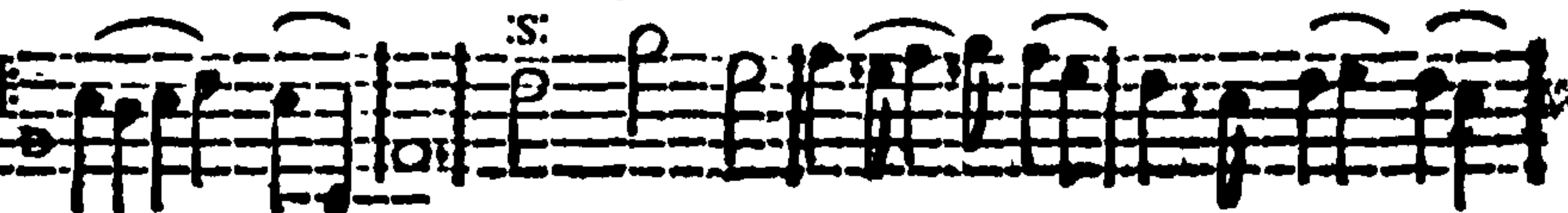
Lillies and Ro-ses strive for Vic-to--ry. In your fair Struc--ture



Na-ture doth im--part, such won-d'rous Beau--ty, there's no



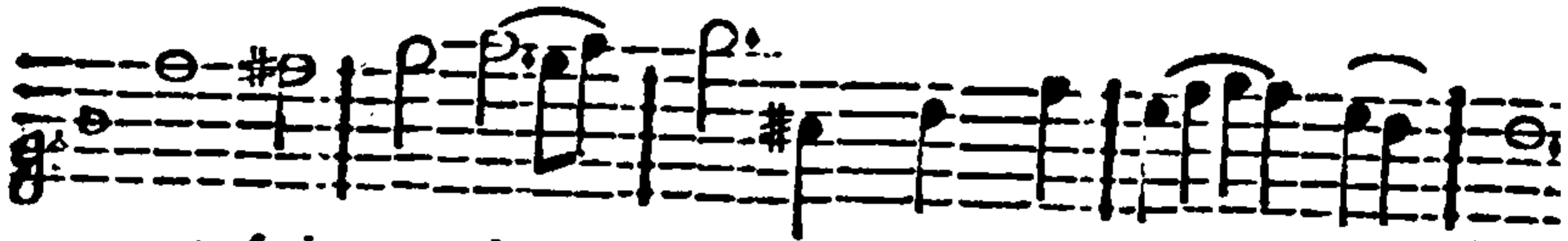
need of Art; in your fair Struc--ture Na-ture doth im--



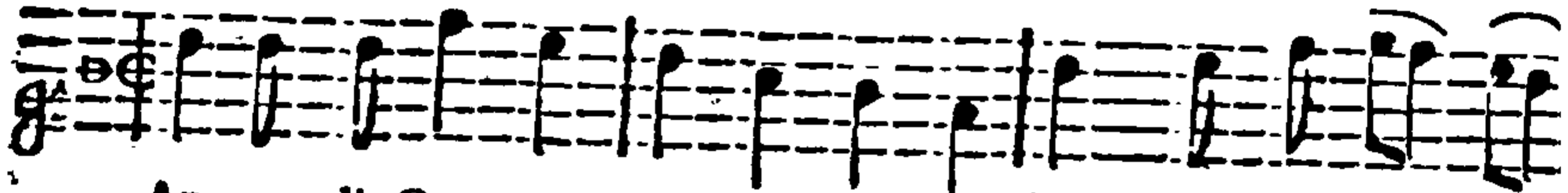
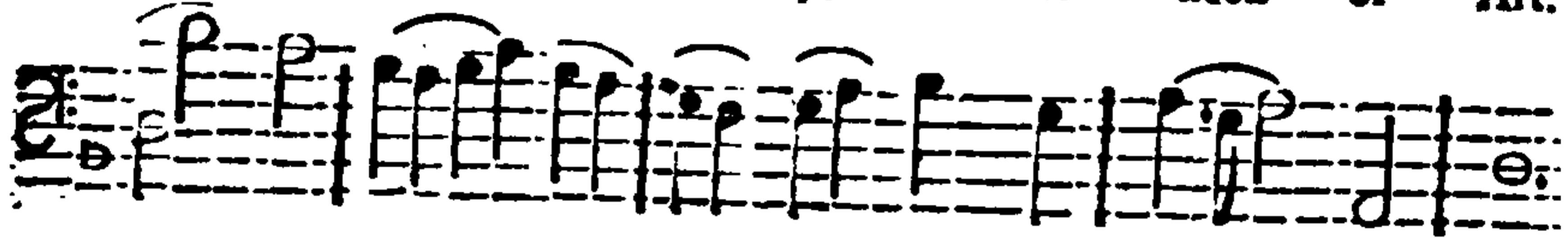
Continued.



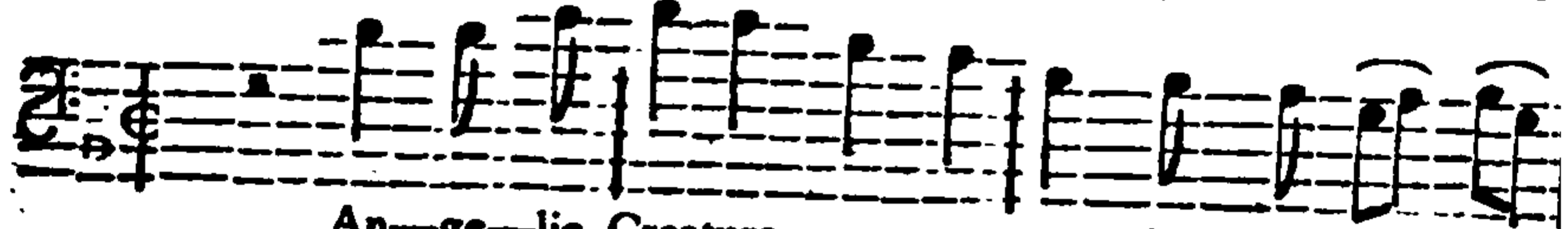
Continued.



part, such won-d'rous Beau-ty, there's no need of Art.



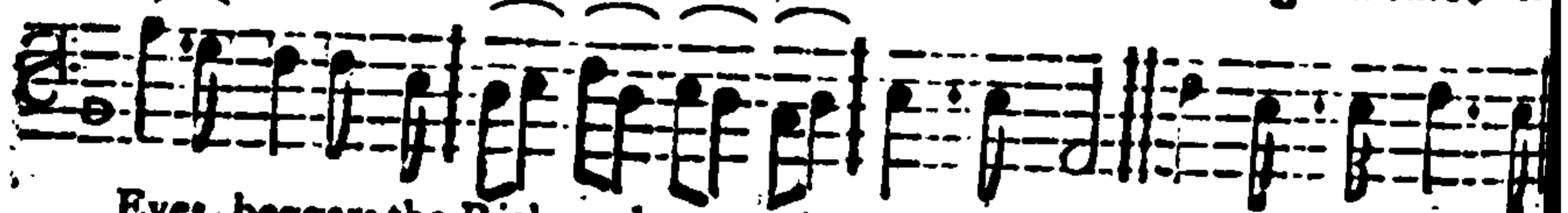
An-ge-lic Creature, your at-trac-tive Eyes, your at-trac-tive



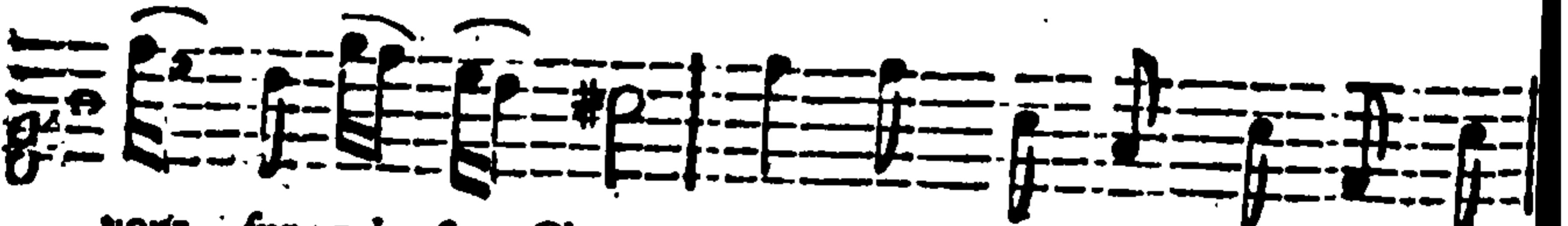
An-ge-lic Creature, your at-trac-tive, at-trac-tive



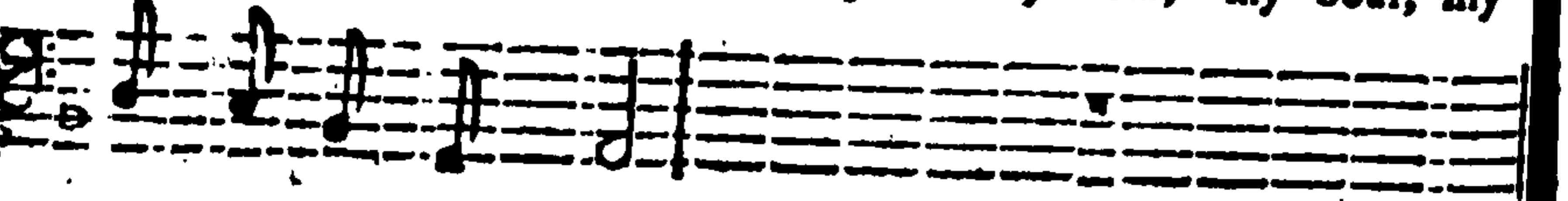
Eyes, boggars the Rich and cap-ti-vates the Wise. Ea ger Desires of



Eyes, boggars the Rich and cap-ti-vates the Wise.

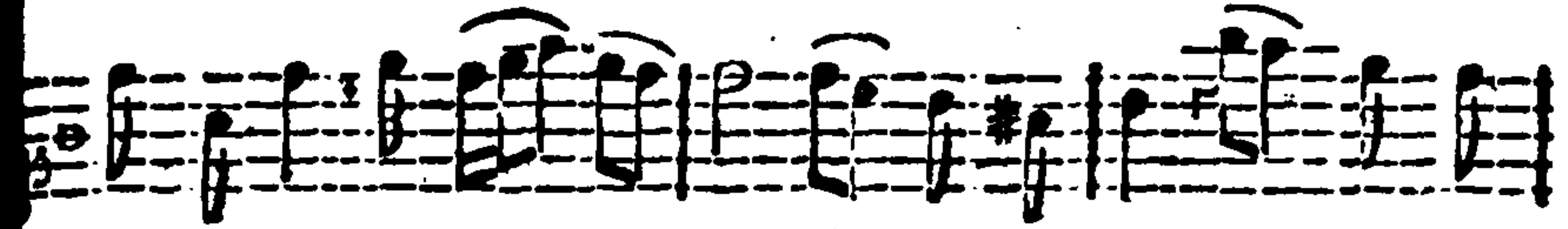


your fur-pri-sing Charms, tran-sports my Soul, my Soul, my

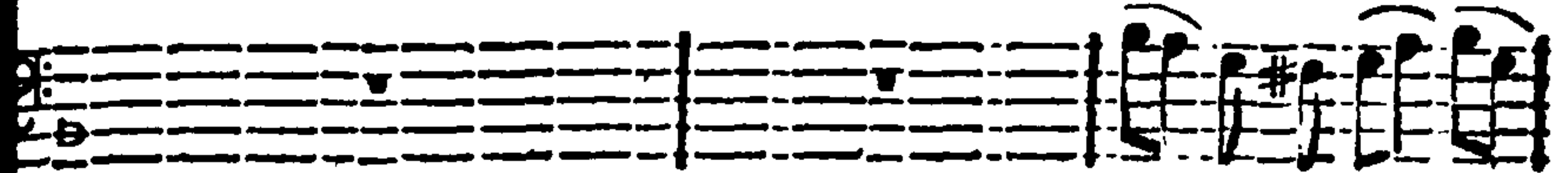


Continued.

Continued.



Soul in--to your love--ly Arms, transports my Soul, tran--sports my



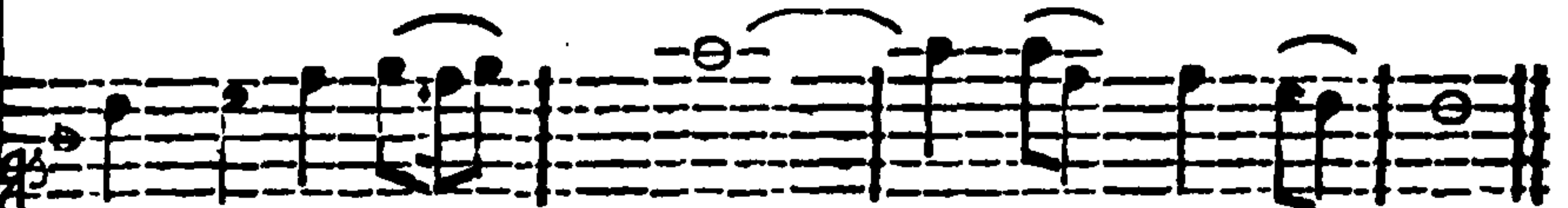
transports my Soul in--



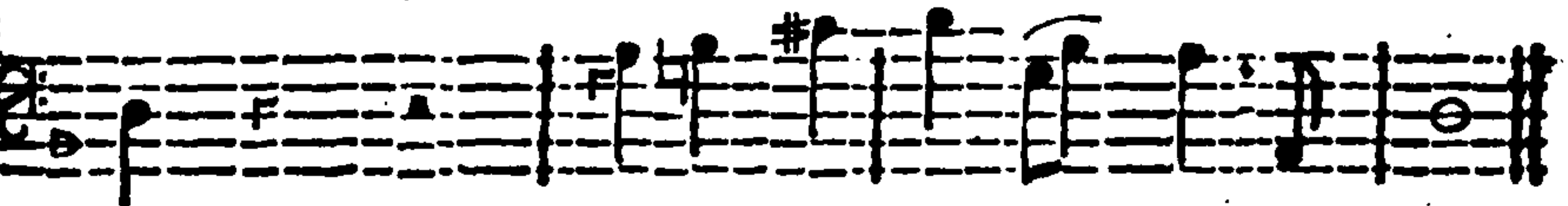
Soul in--to your lo-----ve--ly Arms, your love-ly



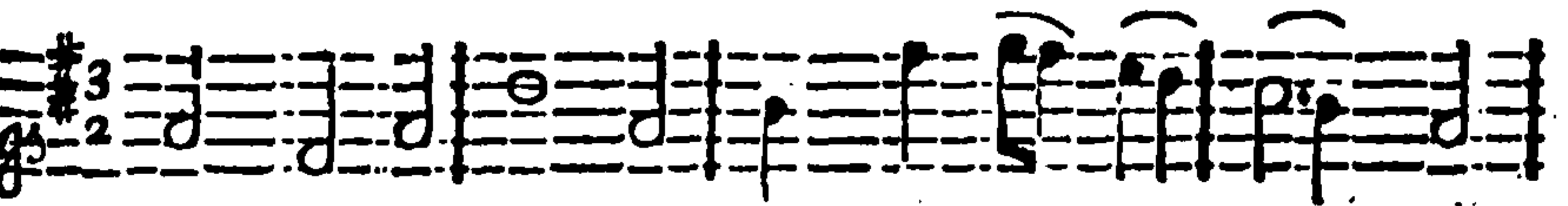
to your love-ly Arms, your love--ly Arms, your love-ly



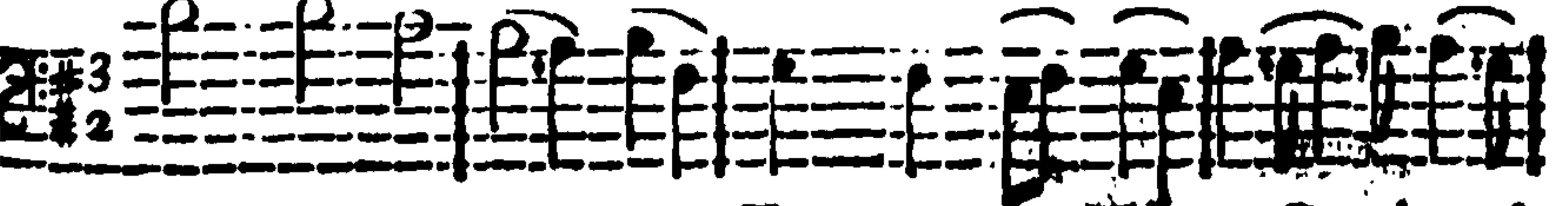
Arms, in--to your lo-----ve--ly, love-ly Arms.



Arms, in--to your love-ly, love-ly Arms.



Heav'n sure is there, if Heav'n on Earth can be; de--



# The ESSERK HARMONY.

Continued.

lights that ra-vish charm-ing. ex-ta-sy. A-ri-se, bright

Cyn-thia, then en-joy your Day; Youth, Love, and

Beau-ty will in Time de-cay; a-ri-se, bright Cyn-thia,

then en-joy your Day; Youth, Love, and Beau-ty will

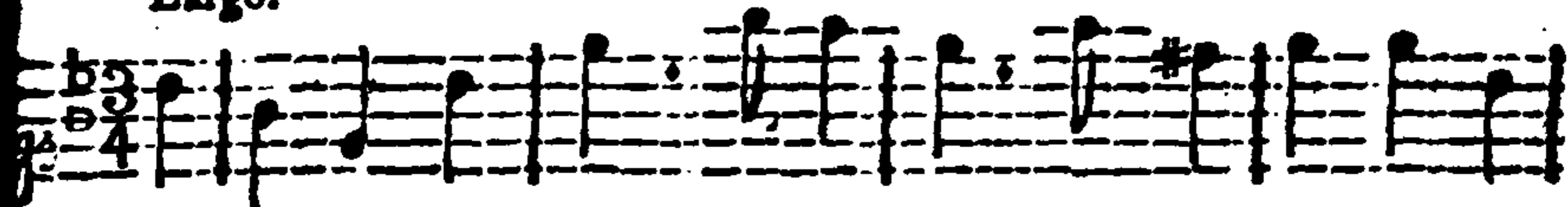
in Time de-cay,



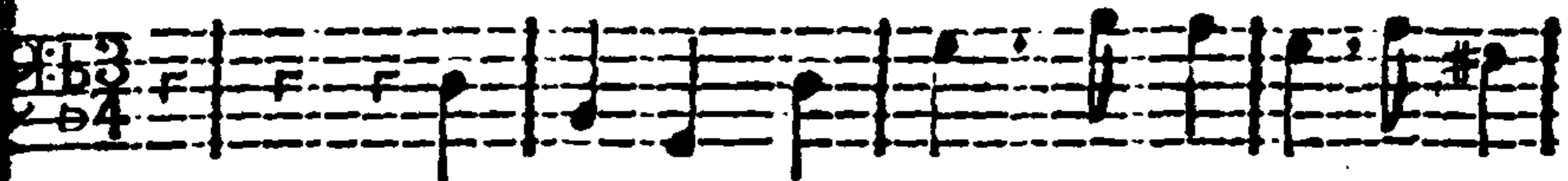
Old Chiron's Advice to Achilles. For two Voices.

Set by Mr. Wise.

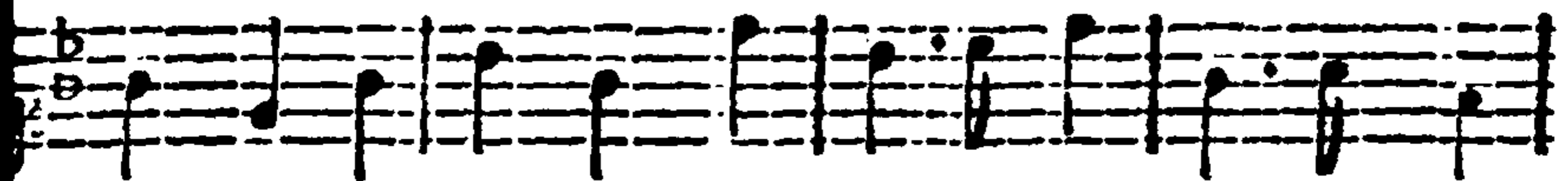
Largo.



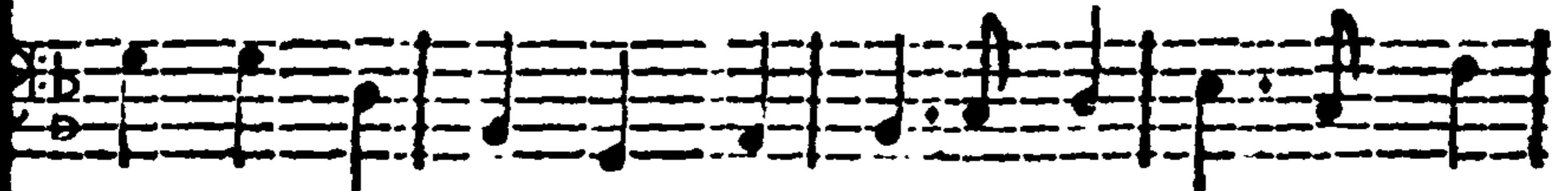
Old Chi-ron thus preach'd to his Pu—-pil A—chil—les, I'll



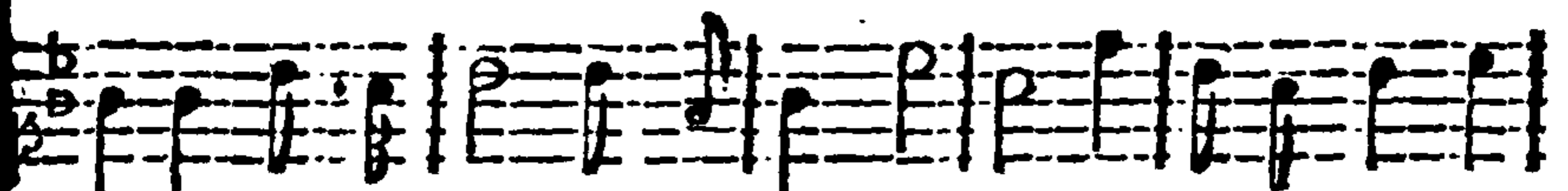
Old Chi—ron thus preach'd to his Pu—pil A—



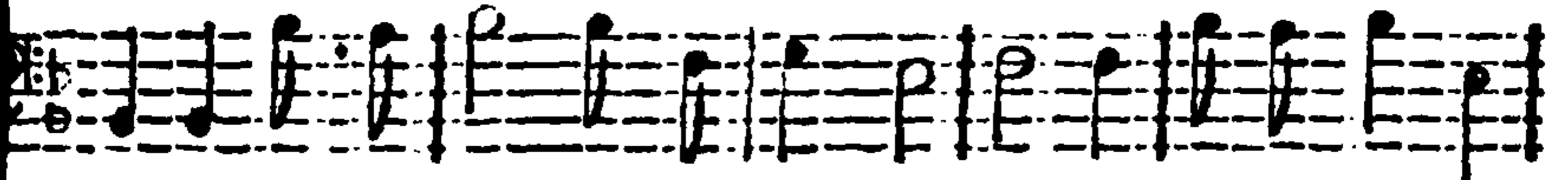
tell you, I'll tell you, young Gen—tle—man, what the Fate's



chil—les, I'll tell you, young Gen—tle—man, what the Fate's



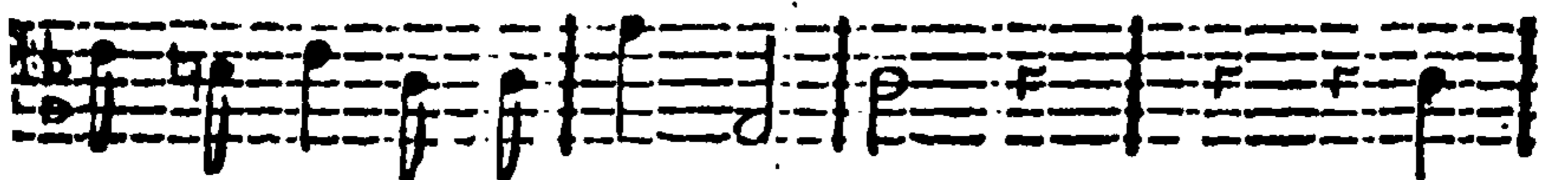
will is; you, my Boy, you, my Boy, must go, must go, the Gods will



will is; you, my Boy, you, my Boy, must go, must go, the Gods will



have it so, to the Siege of Troy, thence ne-ver to re—



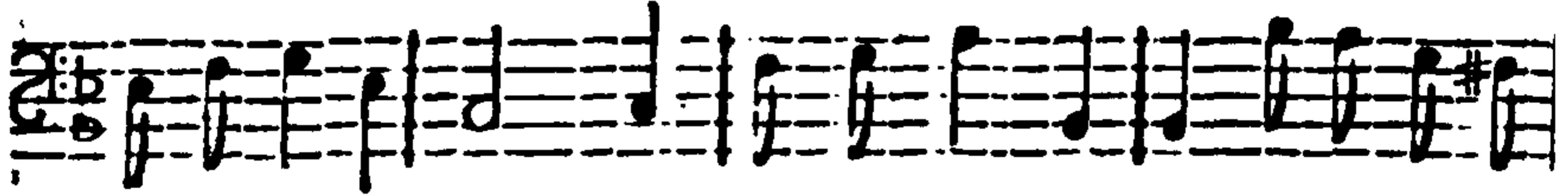
have it so, to the Siege of Troy, thence



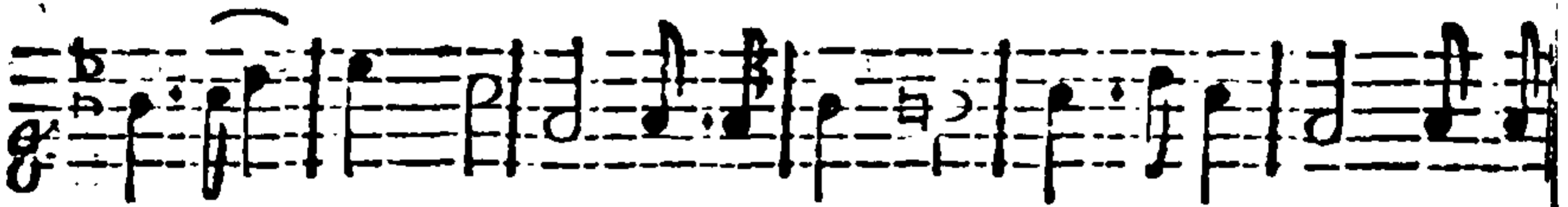
Continued.



—turn, thence ne-ver to re-turn, ne-ver to re-turn, ne ver to re-



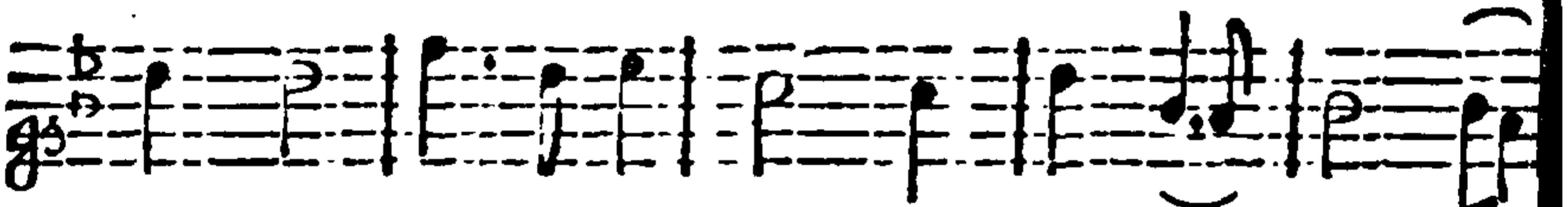
ne-ver to re--turn, thence ne--ver to re--turn, ne-ver to re--



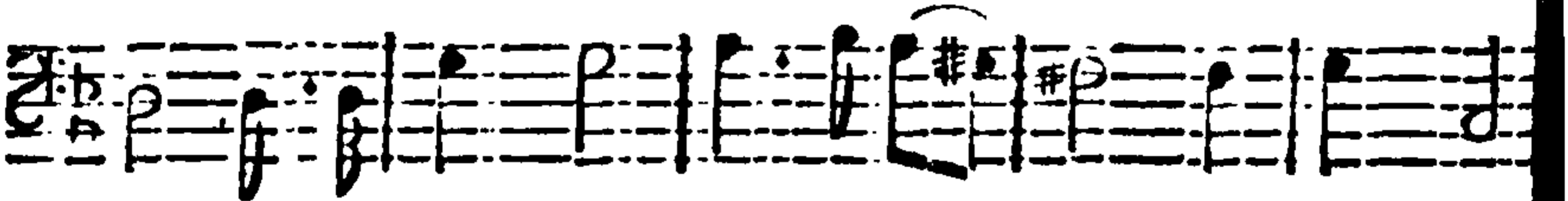
—turn to Greece a-gain, but be-fore those walls to be slain, but be-



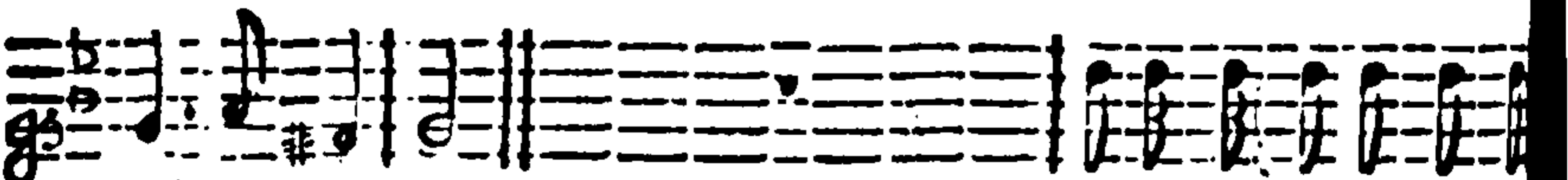
—turn to Greece a--gain, but be-fore those Walls to be



—fore those Walls to be slain, be--fore those Walls, those



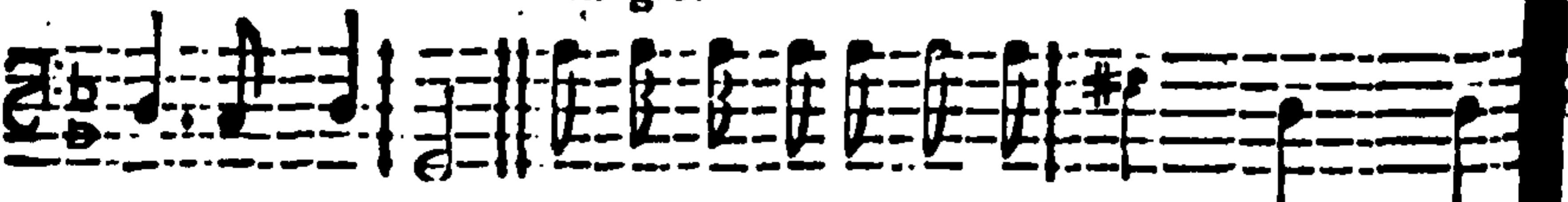
slain, but be-fore those Walls to be slain, be--fore those



Walls to be slain.

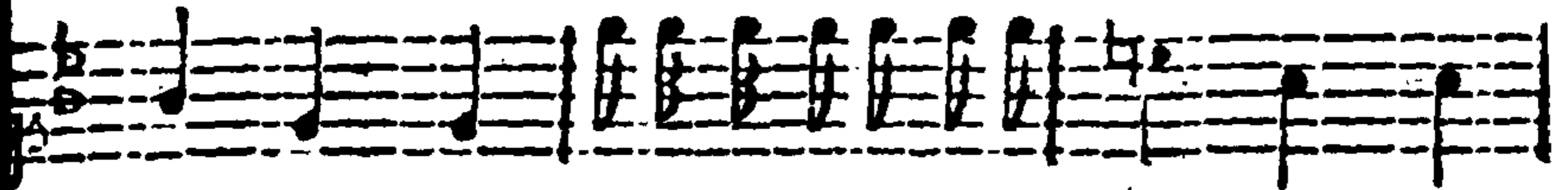
Let not your noble Course

*Allegro.*

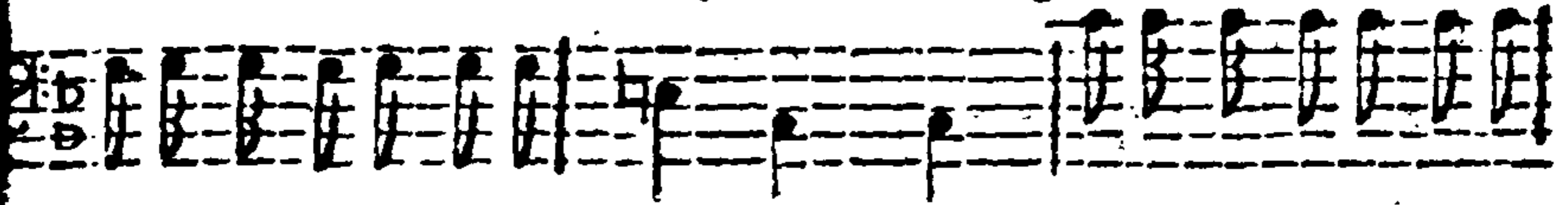


Walls to be slain. Let not your noble Courage be cast down,  
Ca

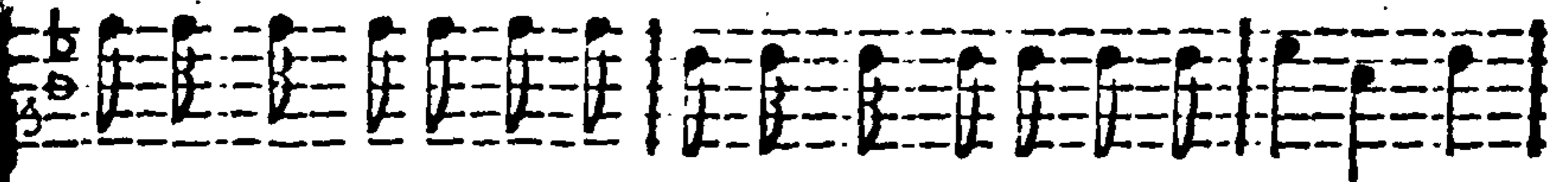
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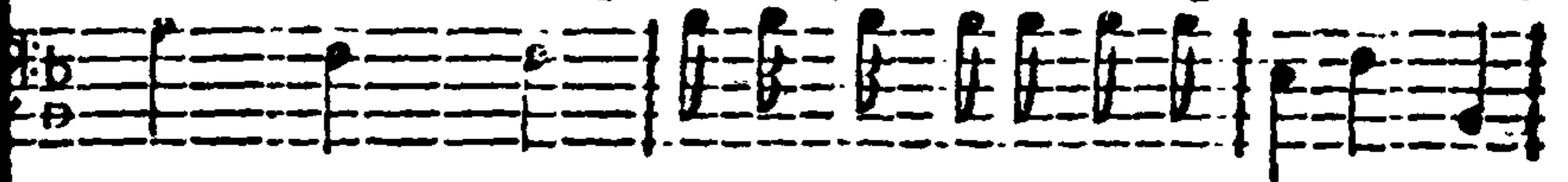
be cast down, let not your noble Courage be cast down,



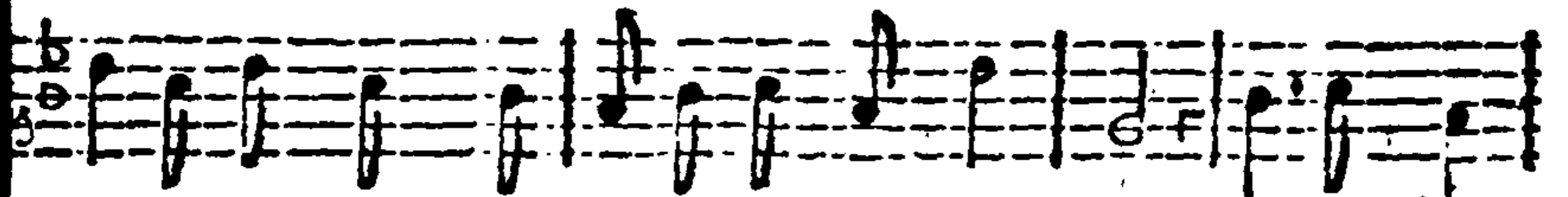
let not your noble Courage be cast down, let not your noble Courage



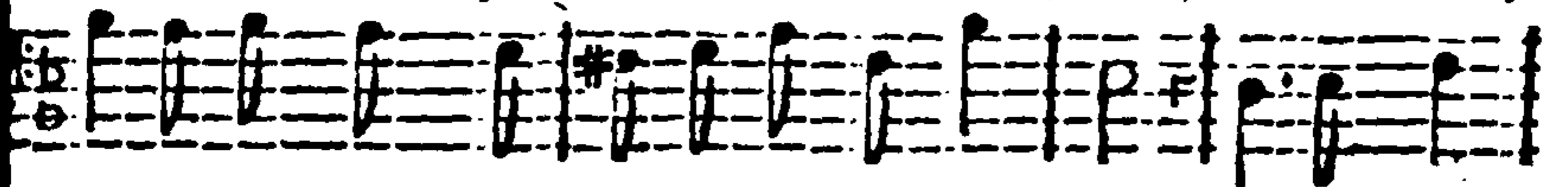
let not your noble Courage, let not your noble Courage be cast down,



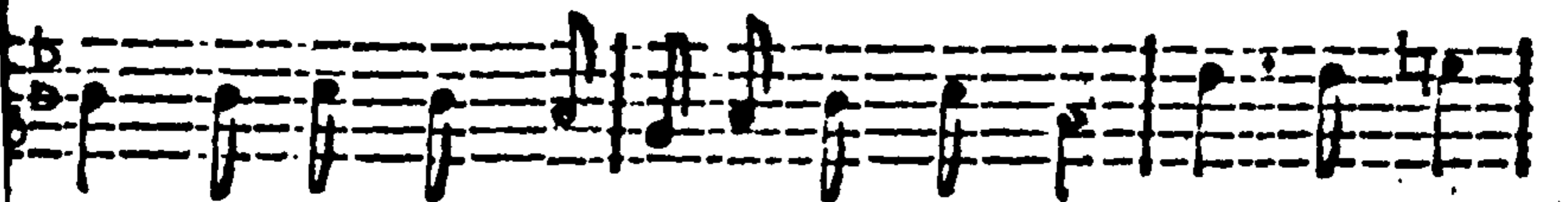
be cast down, let not your noble Courage be cast down,



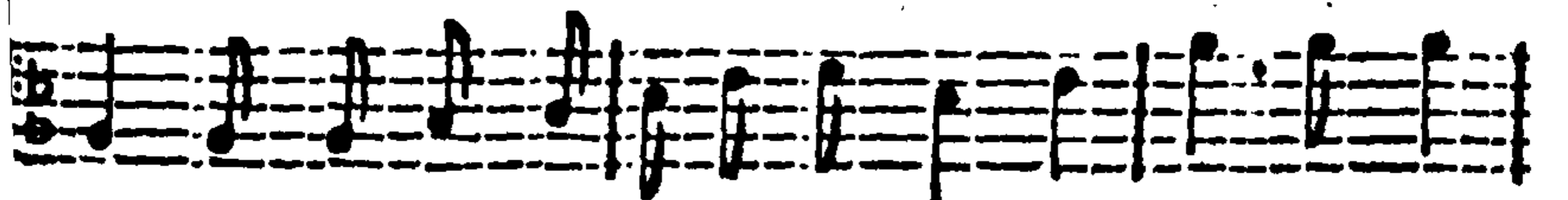
but all the while you lie before the Town, drink, all the while,



but all the while you lie before the Town, drink, all the while,

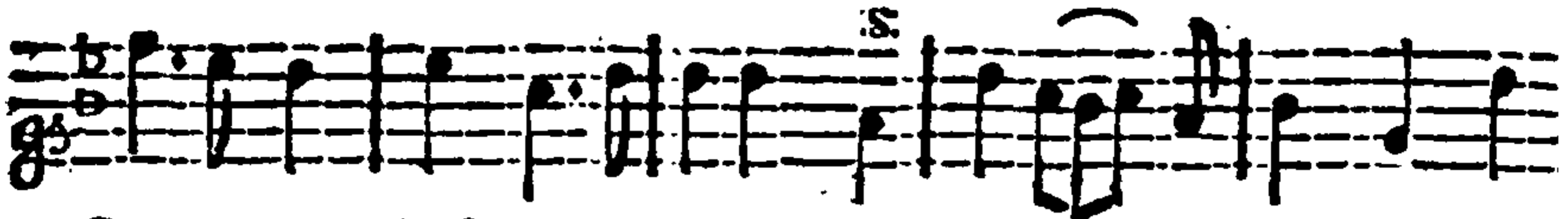


drink, all the while you lie before the Town, drink and drive

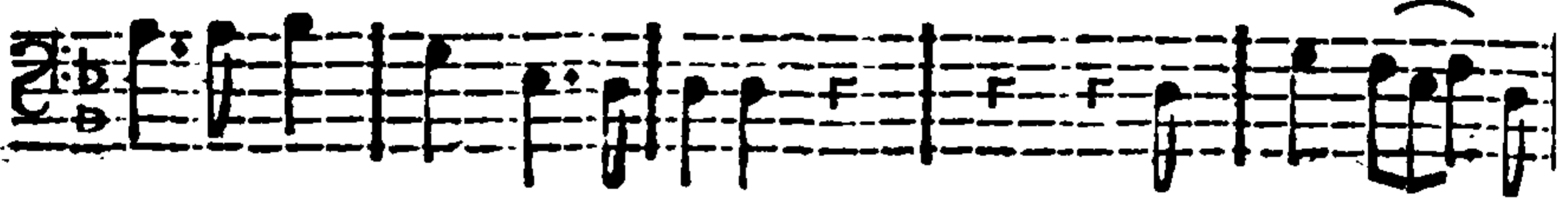


drink, all the while you lie before the Town, drink and drive

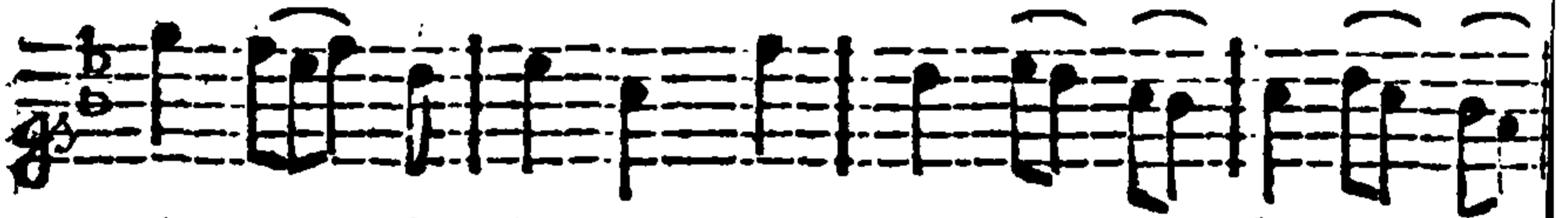
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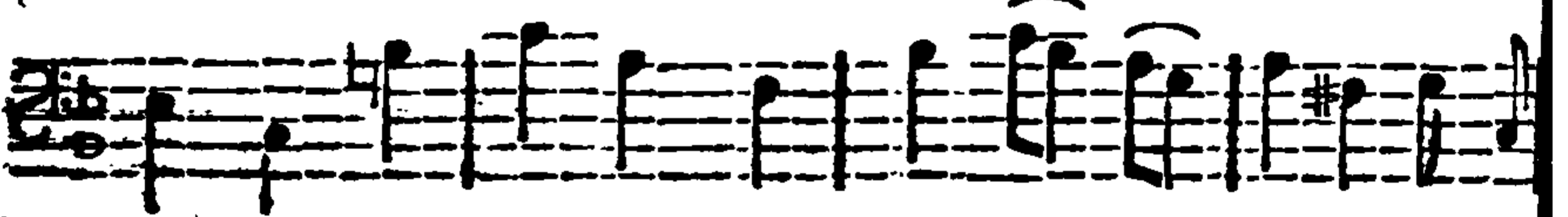
Care a-way, drink and be merry, you'll ne'er go the soon--er, you'll



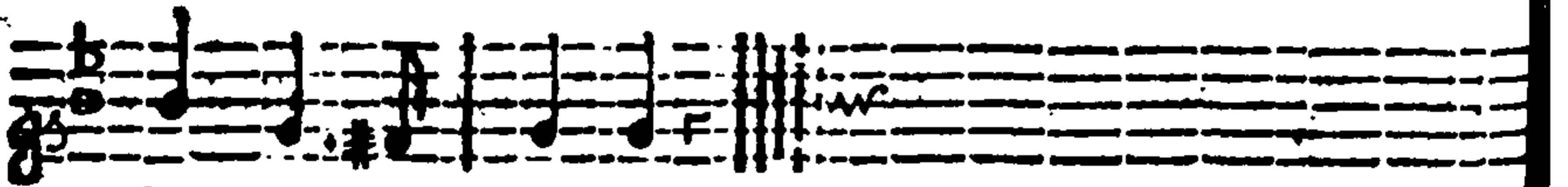
Care a-way, drink and be merry, you'll ne'er go the



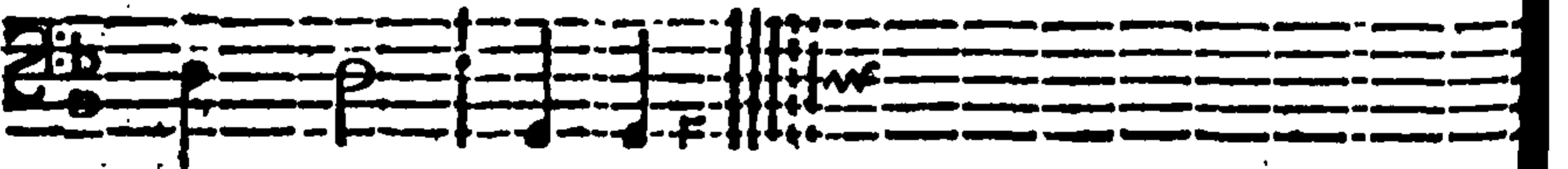
ne'er go the soon-er, you'll ne'er go the soon-er to



soon-er, the soon-er, you'll ne'er go the soon er to the



the Sty-gian Fer-ry.



Sty-gian Fer-ry.

An Epithilamium. Composed by Mr. Cook.

Joy to the hap

Joy to the hap—py, hap

py Pair; thus blefs'd, thus blefs'd you are in Hymens

py Pair; thus blefs'd, &c.

Joys: May you live long from Year to Year, and by en--

joy-ments prove more dear, may you live long from Year to

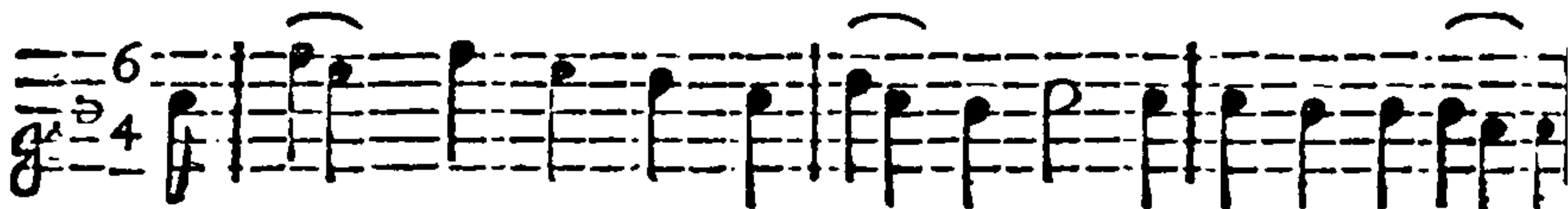
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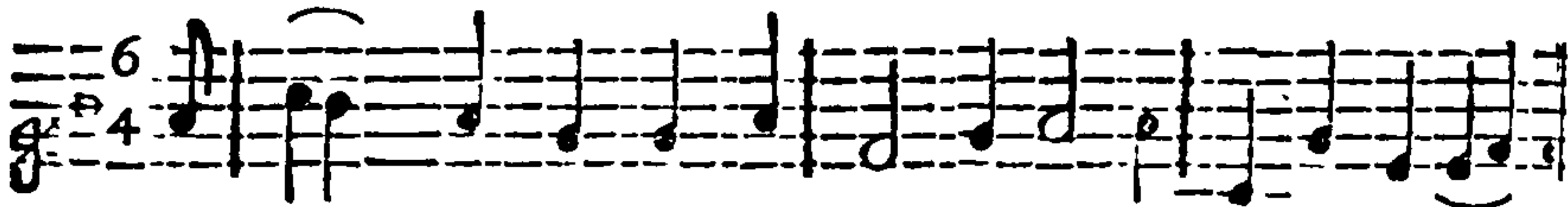
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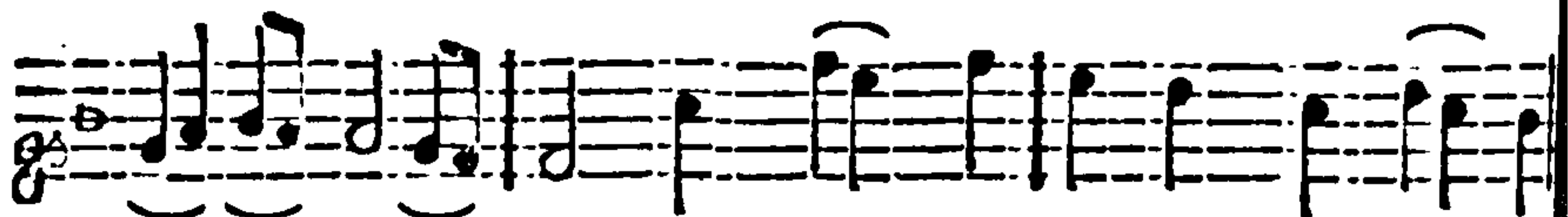
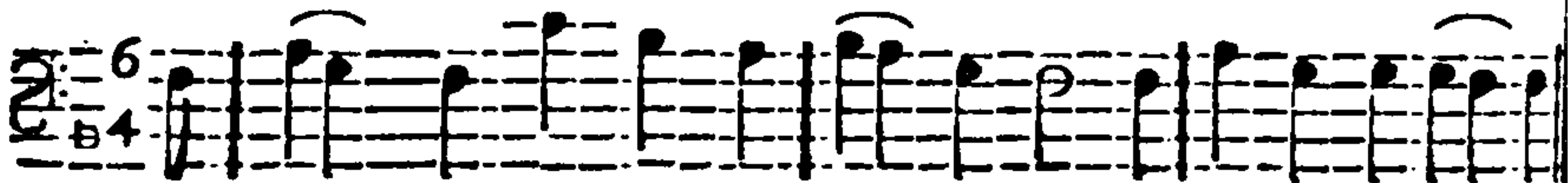
Year, and by en—joy—ments prove more dear.

CHORUS, *for Three Voices.*

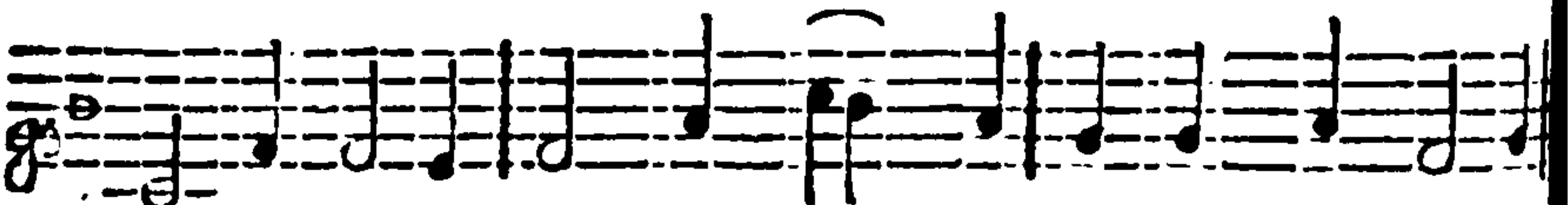
Come Nymphs and Shepherds, come sport and play, and all, all, all, all like



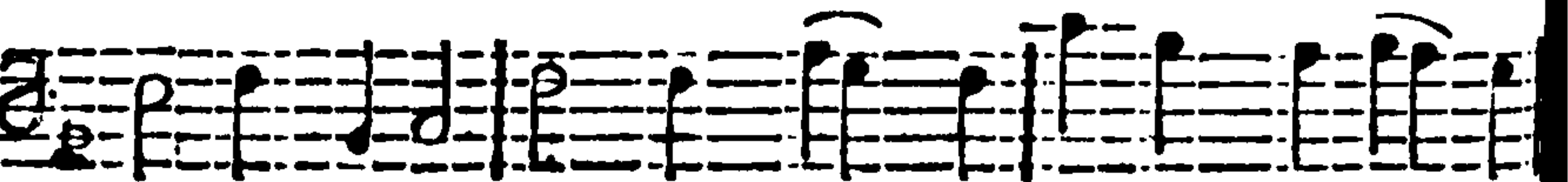
Come Nymphs and Shepherds, come sport and play, and all, all, all, all like



us keep Ho—li—day; come Nymphs and Shepherds, come sport and



us keep Ho—li—day; come Nymphs and Shepherds, come sport and

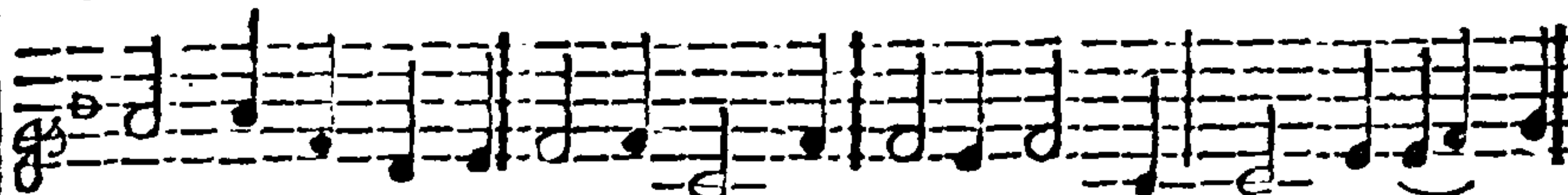


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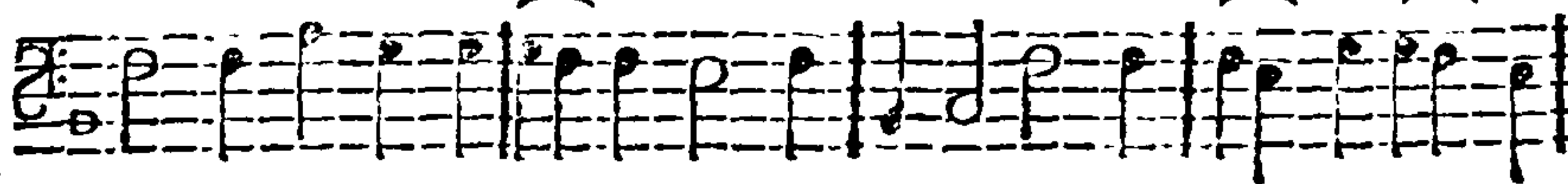
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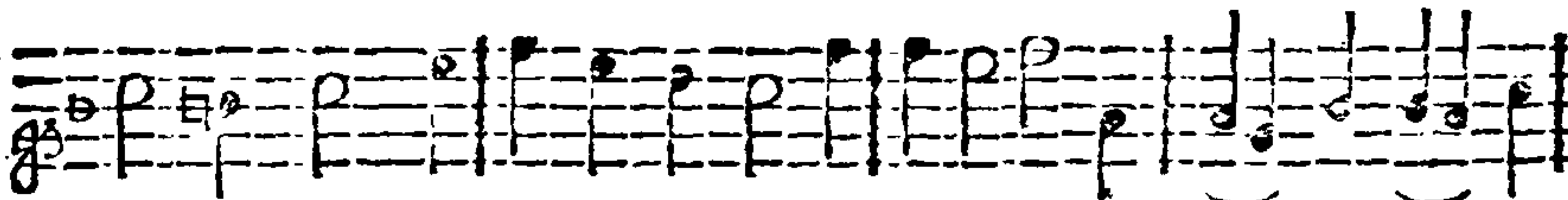
play, and all, all, all, all like us keep Ho--li-day ; let's dance and sing, and



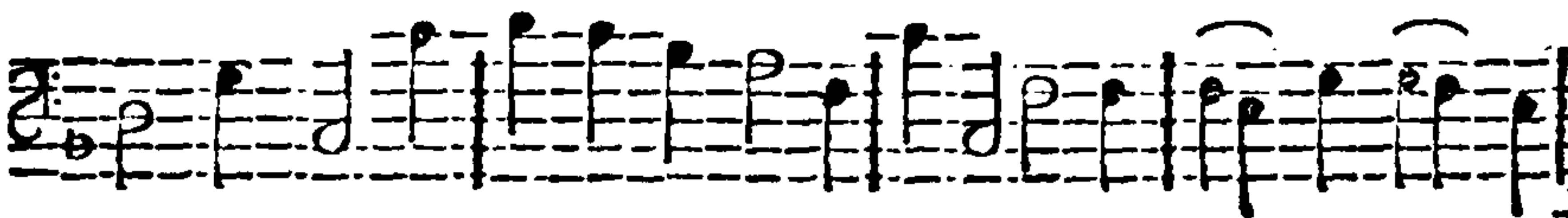
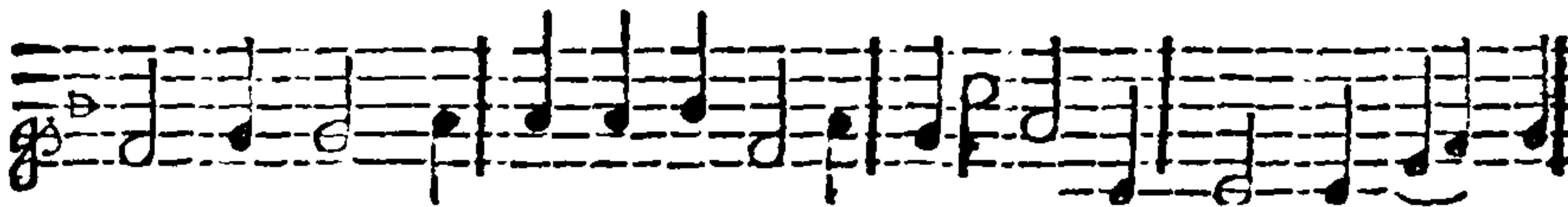
play, and all, all, all, all like us keep Ho--li-day ; let's dance and sing, and



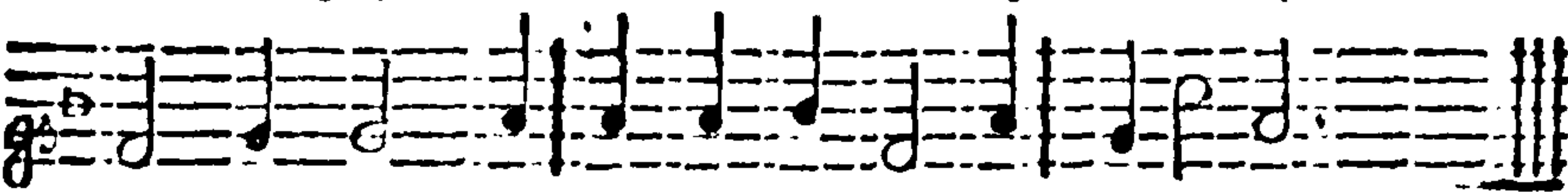
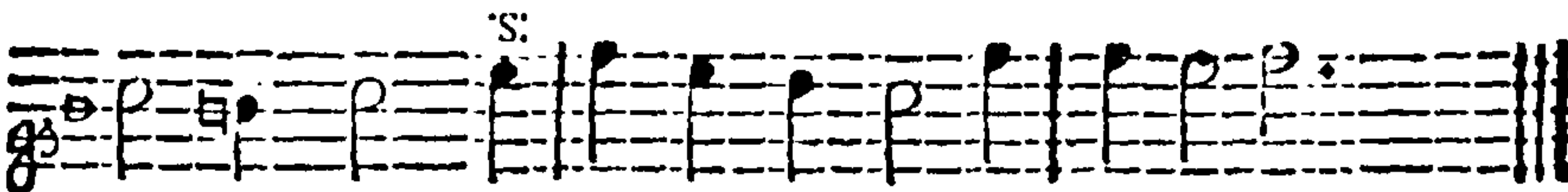
sport and play, and all, all like us keep Holiday ; let's dance and sing, and



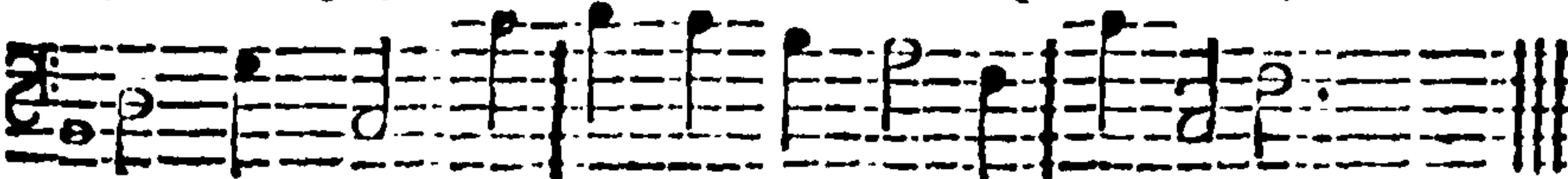
sport and play, and all, all like us keep Holiday ; let's dance and sing, and

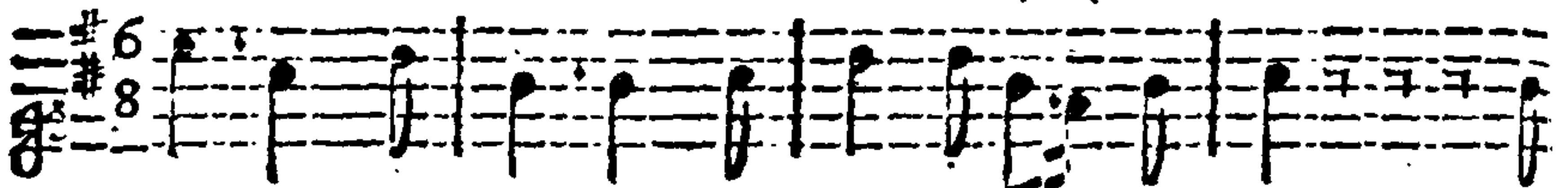


sport and play, and all, all like us keep Ho--li--day.

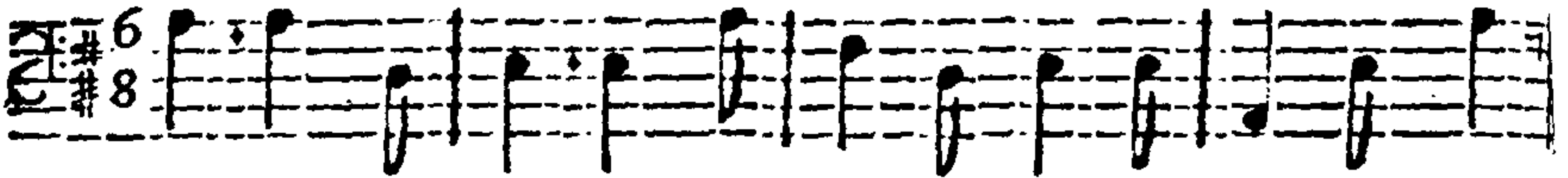


sport and play, and all, all like us keep Ho--li--day.

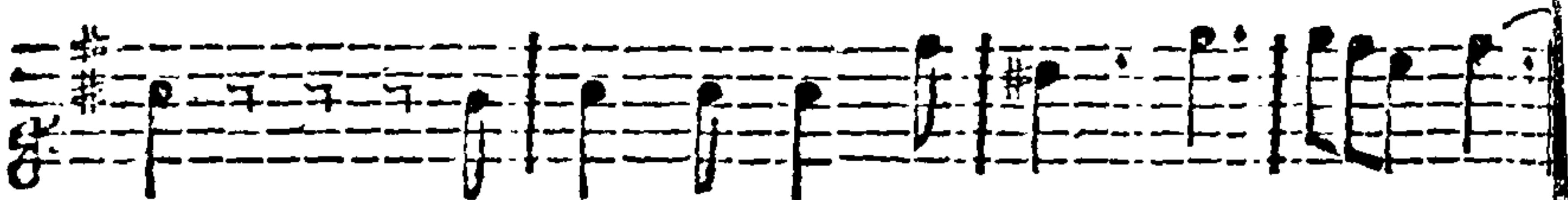


*The ESSEX HARMONY.**A SONG for two Voices.**The Words and Music by Mr. Leveridge.*

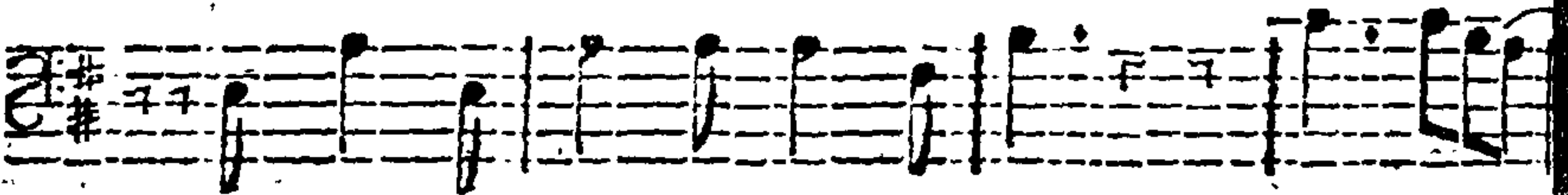
Cu--pid, my Plea--sure, soft Love, I thee im--plore, soft



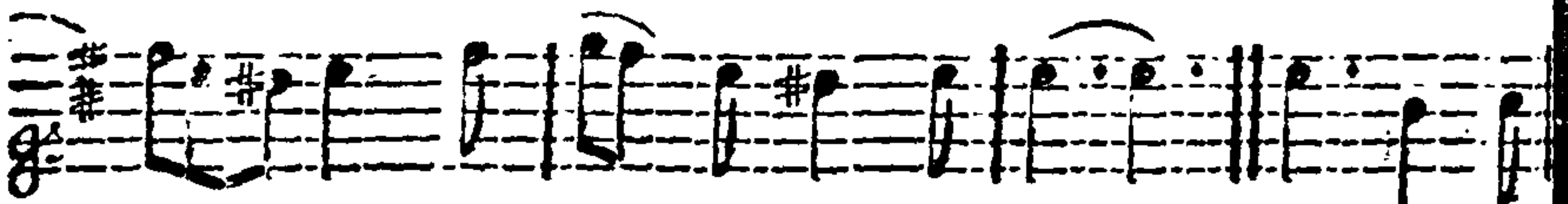
Bacchus, my Trea--sure, brisk Wine I will a--dore, brisk Wine,



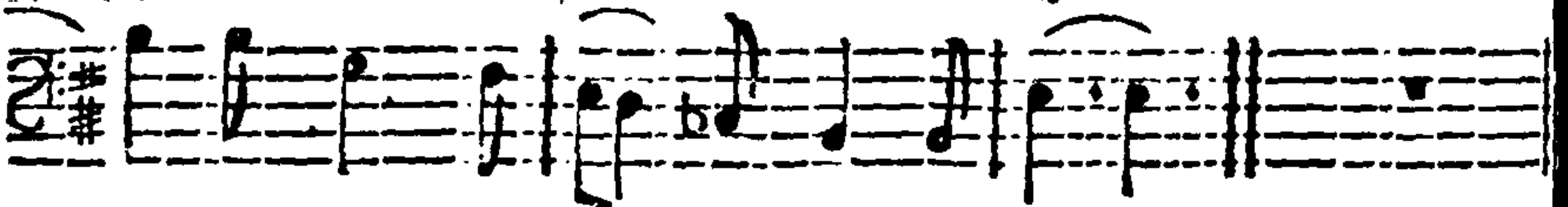
Love, soft Love, I thee im--plore, soft Lo--



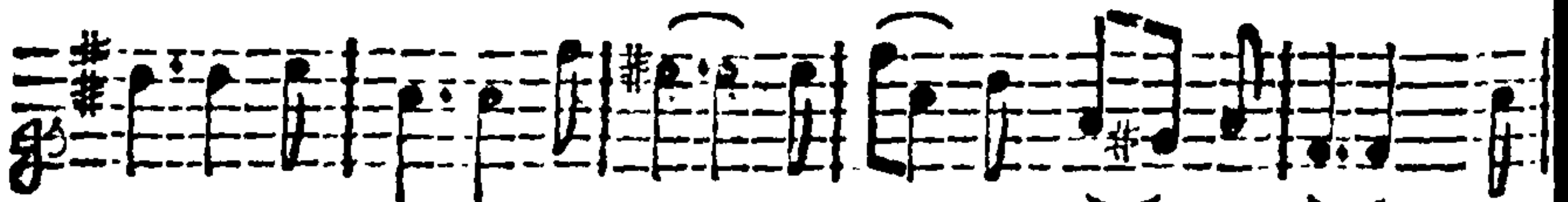
brisk Wine, brisk Wine I will a--dore, brisk Wi--



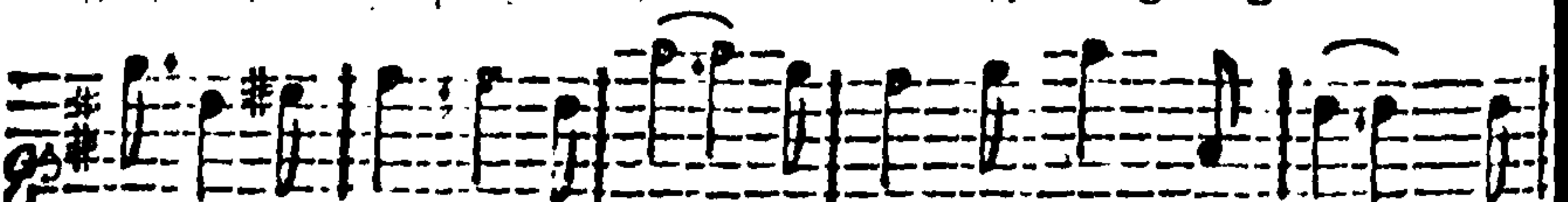
ve, soft Love, I thee im--plore: Give me a



ne, brisk Wine, brisk Wine I will a--dore:



beau-ti--ful, beau ti--ful Maid to bless my long--ing Arms: With-

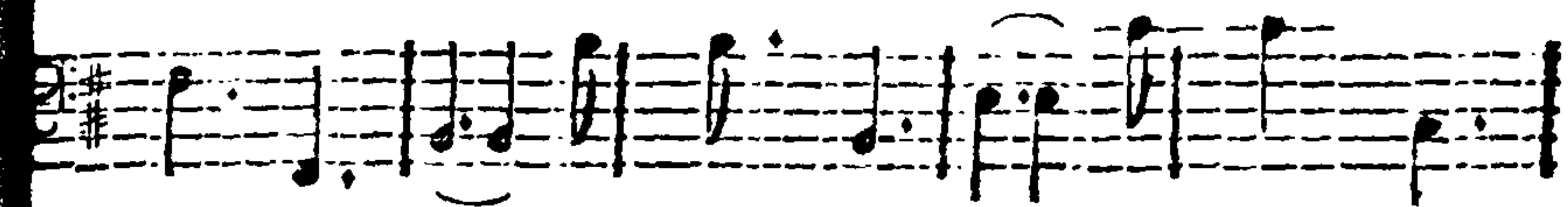
Fill me a Bum-per of red, in that I view all Charms: The  
Continued.



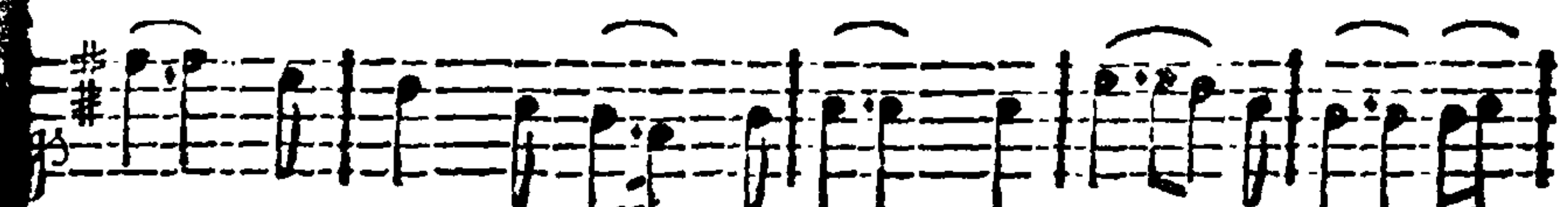
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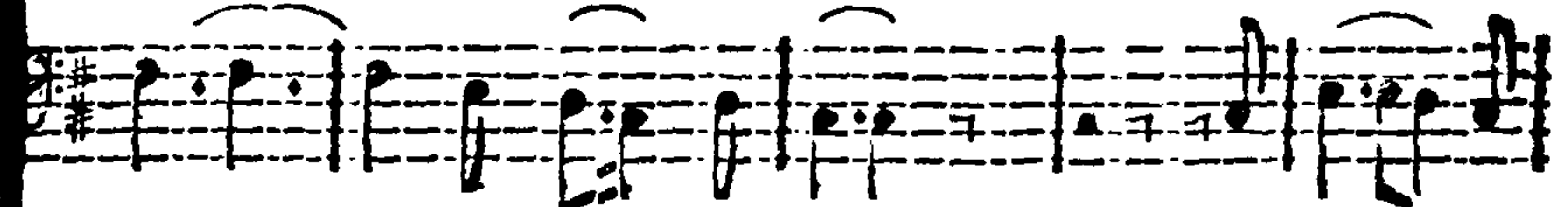
out thy Joy Life soon would cloy, Life soon would



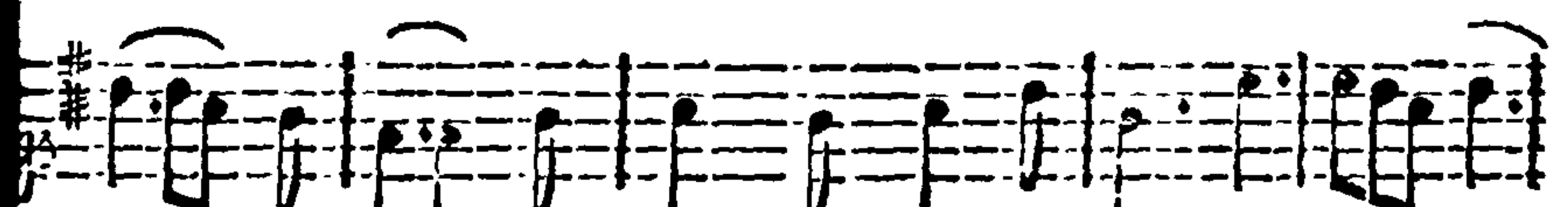
no—ble Juice will Mirth pro—duce, will Mirth pro—



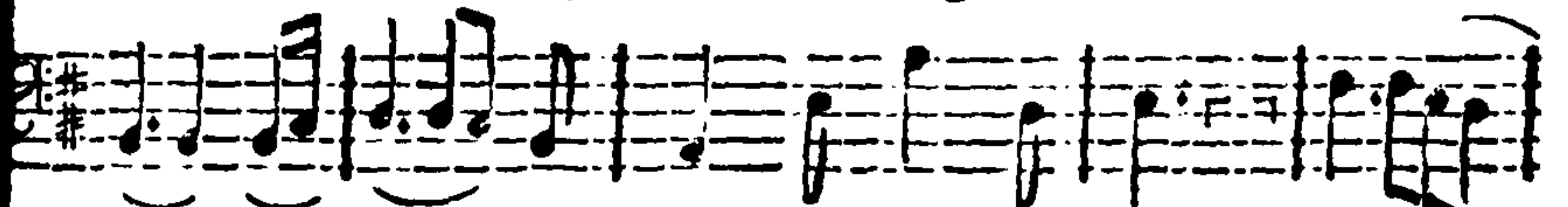
cloy, and grow a mere Dis—ease. The drunk—en Sot, that



duce, and give us ease. The sneak—ing



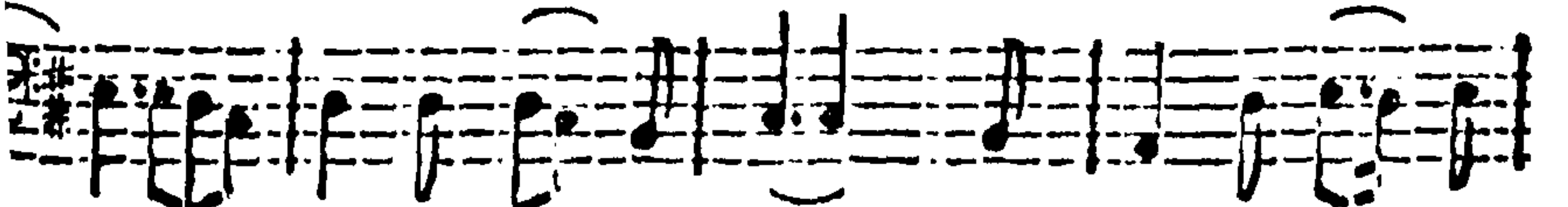
swills his Gut, may court and hug his Lads; Lo—



Fool, proud Wo—man's Tool, is but an Ass; Wi—



ve, grant me but the Fair, no o—ther Blifs I

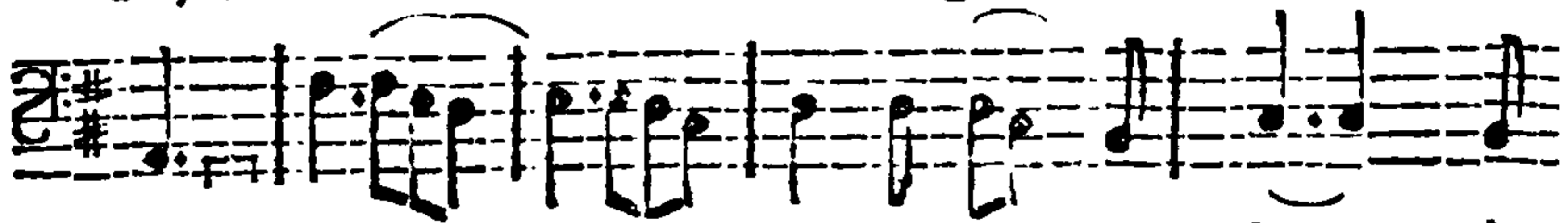


ne frees us from all Cares, then bring a—no—ther

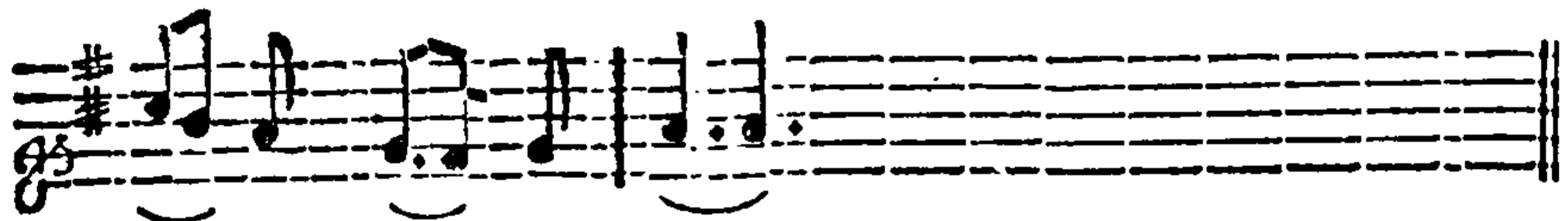
Continued.



ask, Lo—ve, grant me but the Fair, no



Flask, Wi—ne frees us from all Cares, then



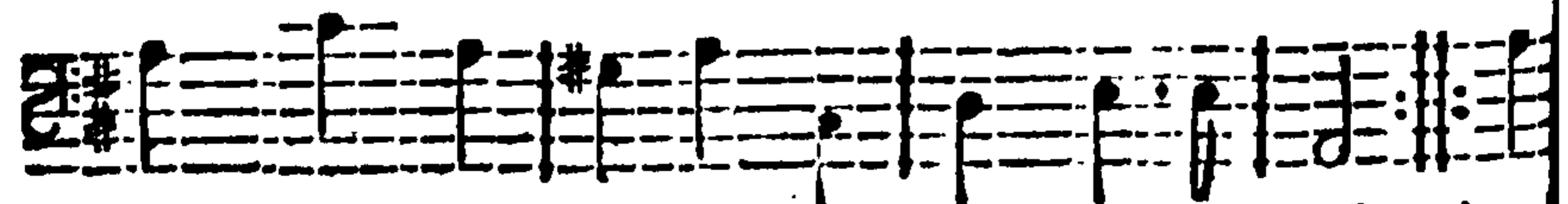
o—ther Blifs I ask.

The Power of Drinking. *Set by Mr. Lampe.*

Fly, Care, to the Winds, thus I blow thee a—way, I



drown thee in Wine if thou dar'st for to stay; with

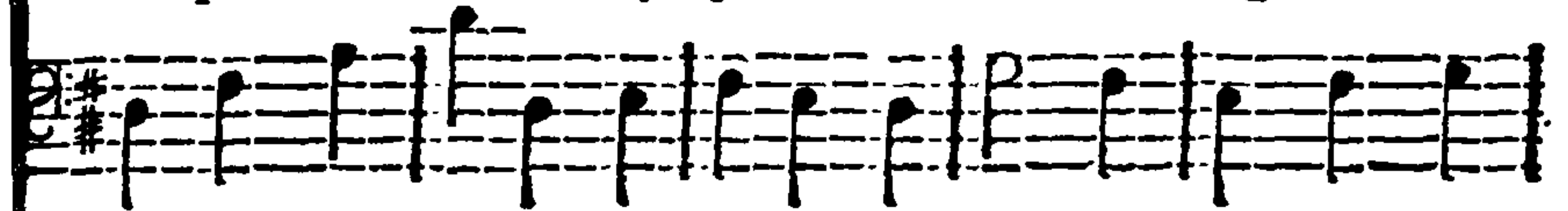


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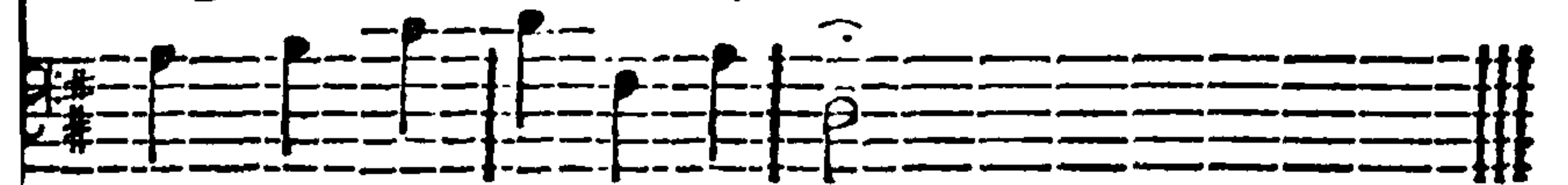
Continued.



Bum-pers of Cla-ret my Spi--rits I'll raise, I'll laugh and I'll



sing all the rest of my Days.



2.

God Bacchus this Moment adopts me his Son,  
 And inspir'd, my Breast glows with Transports unknown ;  
 The sparkling Liquor a new Vigour supplies,  
 And make the Nymph kind who before was too wise.

3.

Then, dull sober Mortals, be happy as me ;  
 Two Bottles of Claret will make us agree ;  
 Will open your Eyes to see Phillis's Charms,  
 And, her Coynefs wash'd down, she'll fly to your Arms.

Bury



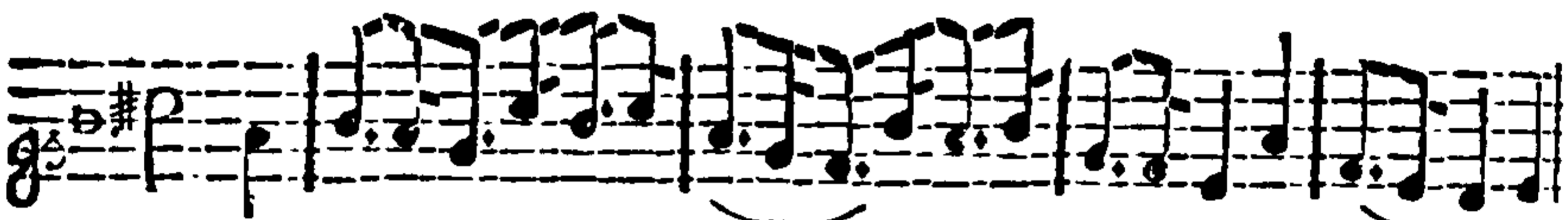
Bury Delights. For two Voices.



Bu—ry De—lights, my ro—ving



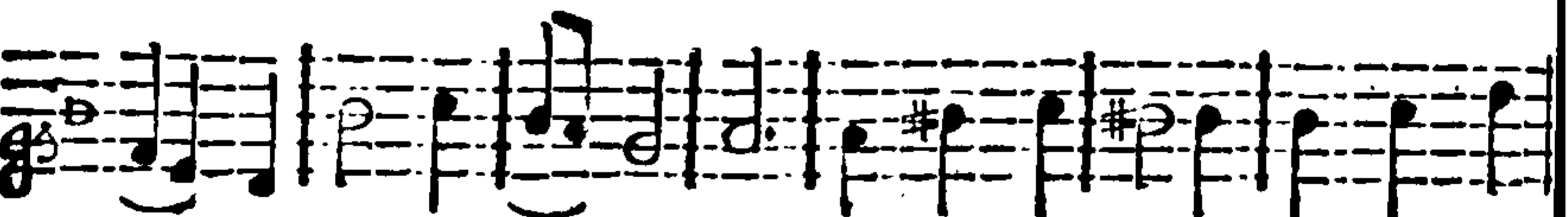
Bu—ry De—lights, my ro—ving, ro—ving



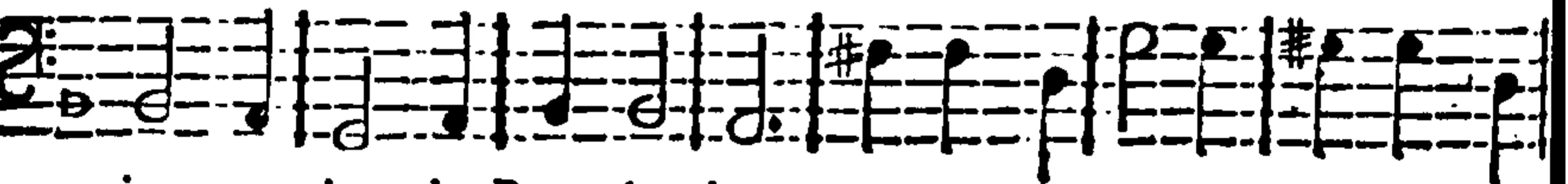
Eye, my ro—ving Eye, to



Eye, my ro—ving, ro—ving, ro—ving Eye, to



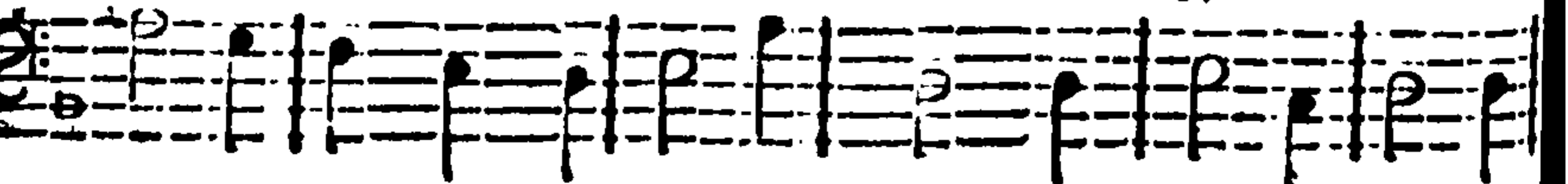
view, to view the Beauties there; but when Af—te—ria, but when Af—



view, to view the Beau-ties there;



—te—ria, but when Af—te—ria I c—spy, I see, I

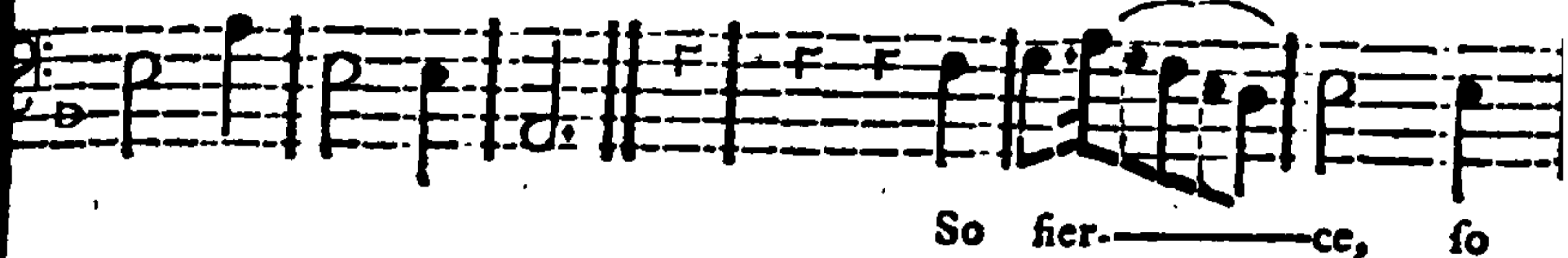


Continued

Continued.



see a brighter Fair. So fier—ce, fo fier—



So fier—ce, fo



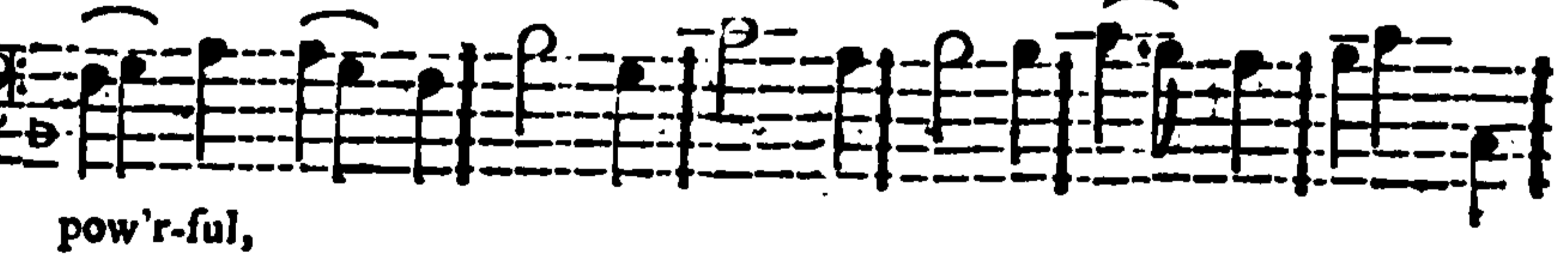
ce, fo fier—



ce her fier—ce, fo fier—ce her



pow'r-ful, pow'r-ful Glan-ces shine, and all, all, all her Charms are



pow'r-ful,



such, we think her some-thing so di—vine, we can—not

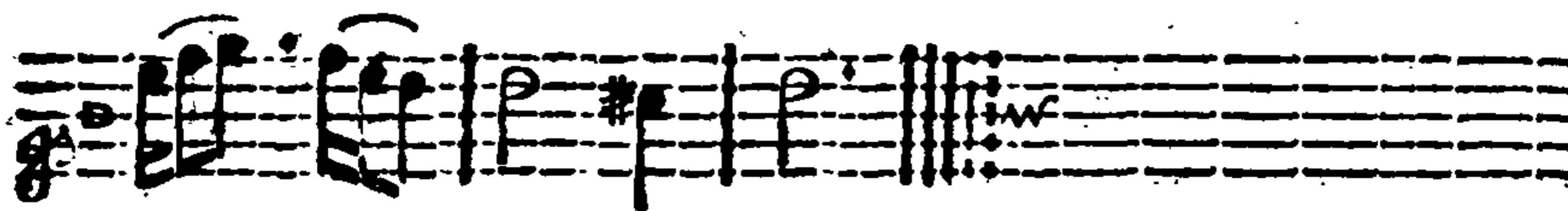


H Con-

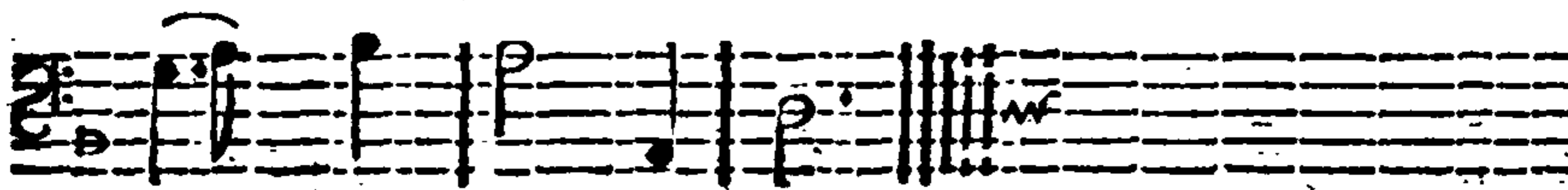
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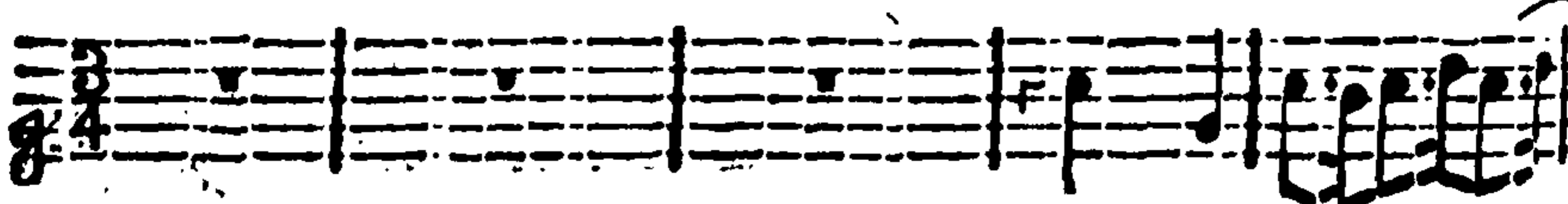
ga — ze, not ga — ze, we can — not,



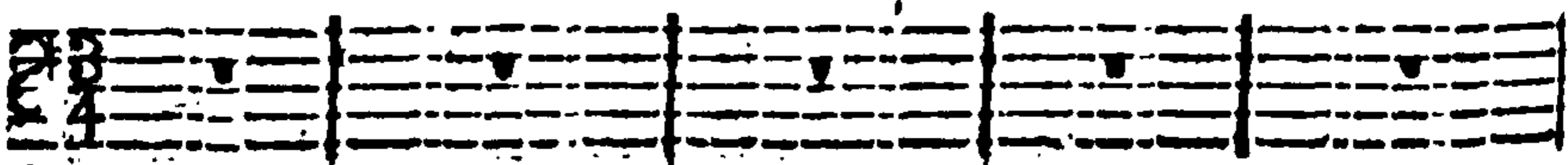
can — not gaze too much.

The Power of Wine. *For three Voices.**Set by Mr. John Eccles.*

Wine does Won — ders, does Won —



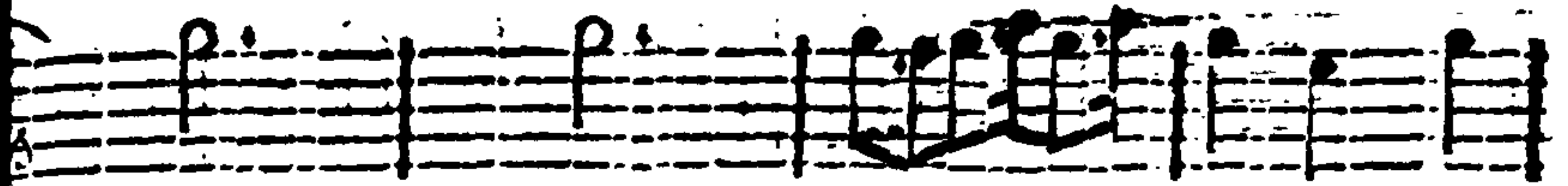
Wine does Won —



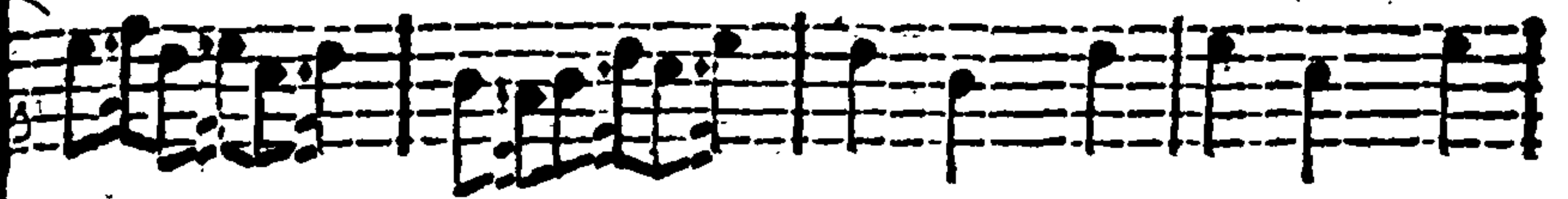
Con.



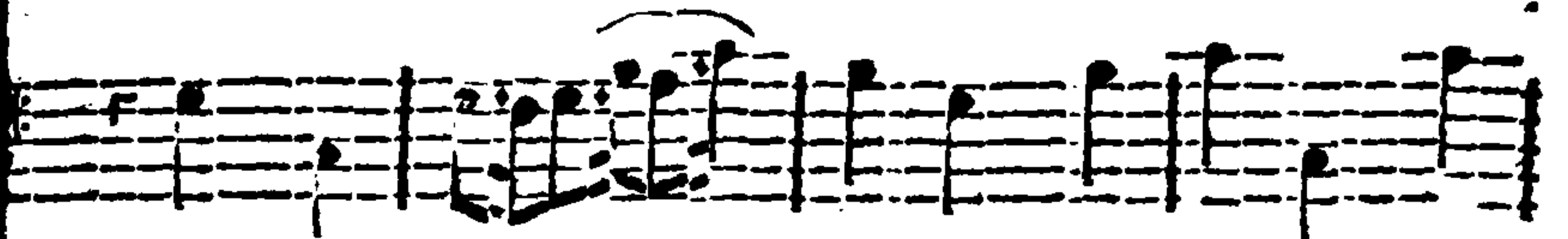
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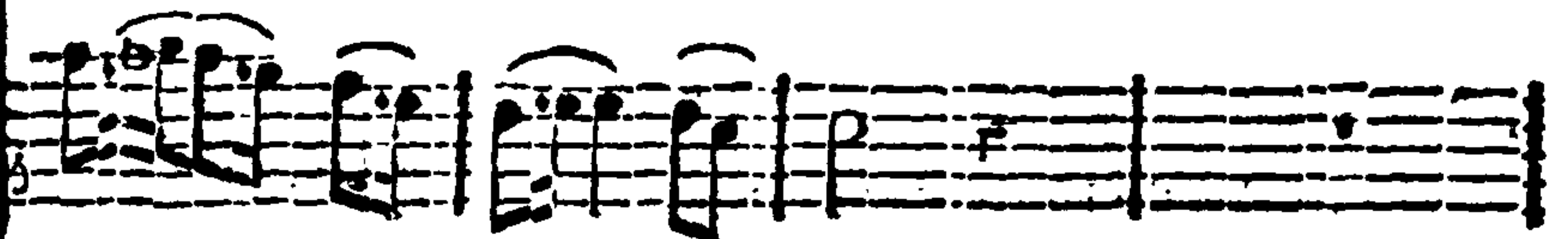
ders, does



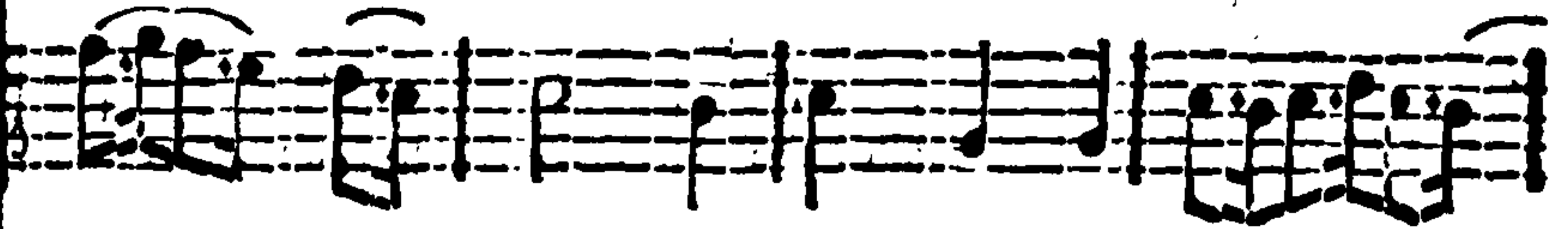
ders, does Won-ders, does



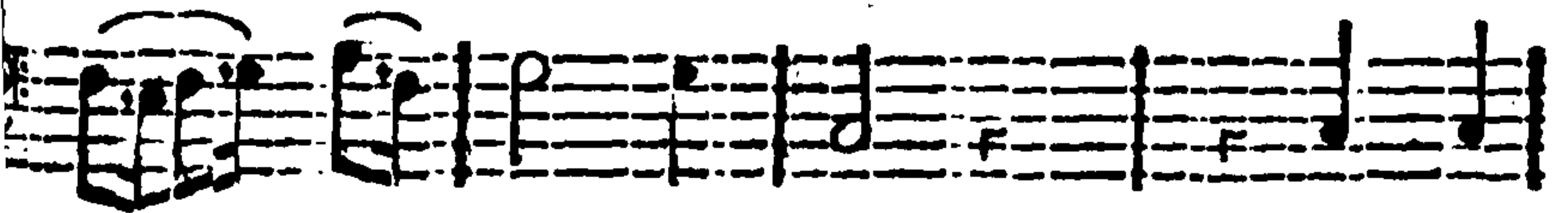
Wine does Won-ders, does Won-ders, does



Won-ders ev'-ry Day,

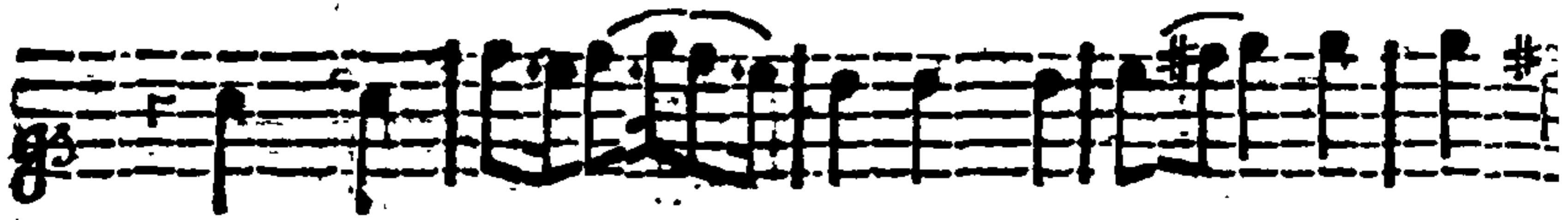


Won-ders ev'-ry Day, Wine does Won-

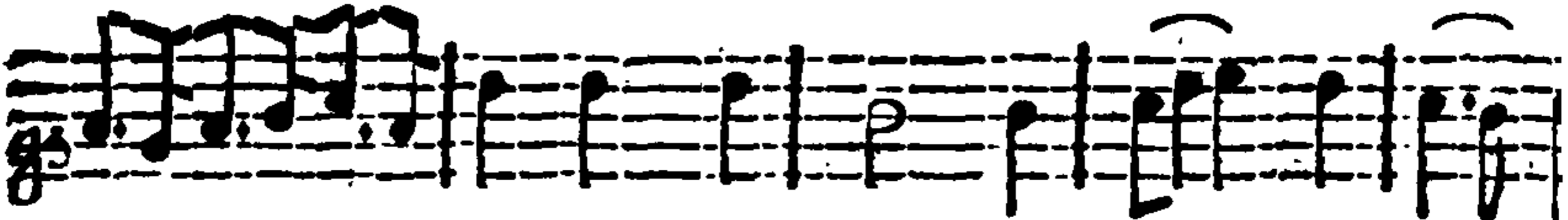


Won-ders ev'-ry Day, Wine does

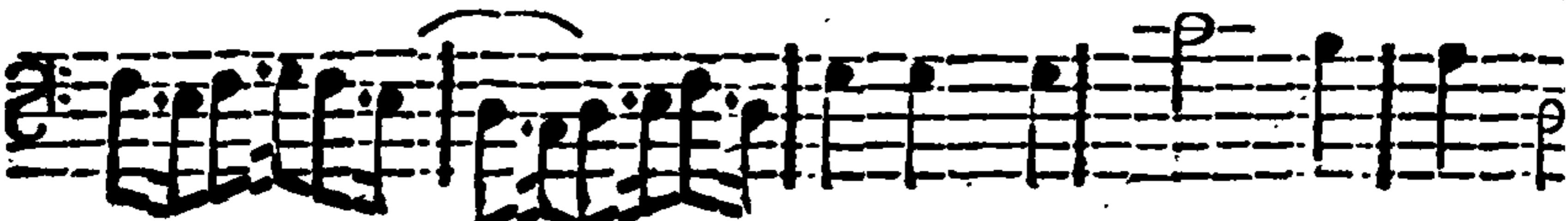
Continued,



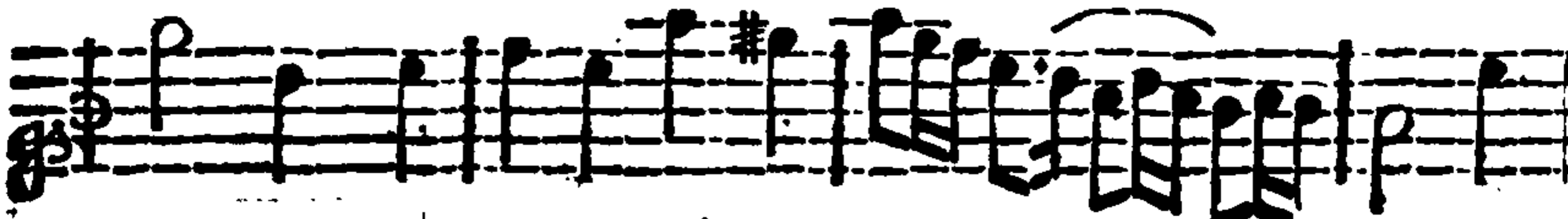
Wine does Wonders, does Wonders ev'ry



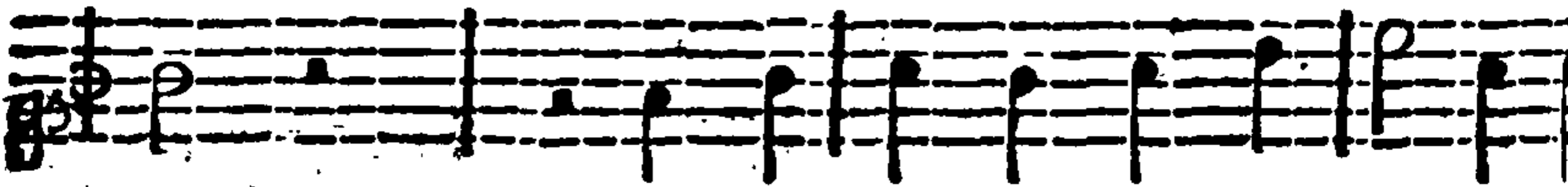
ders, Wine, Wine does Wonders ev'ry



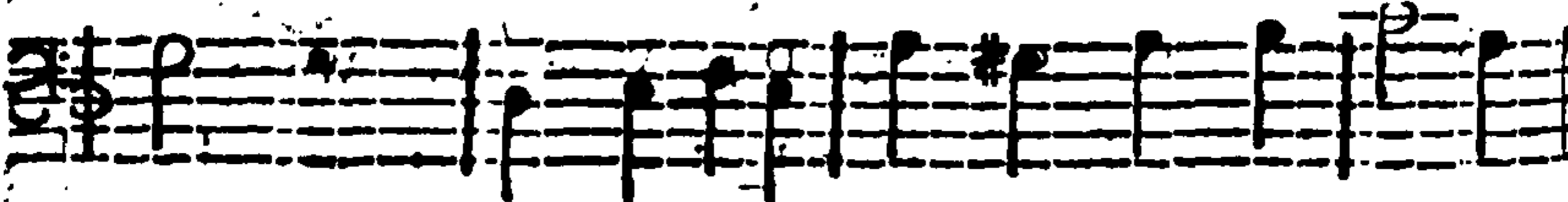
Wonders, does Wonders ev'ry



Day; makes the Heavy light and gay, throws



Day; makes the Heavy light and gay, throws

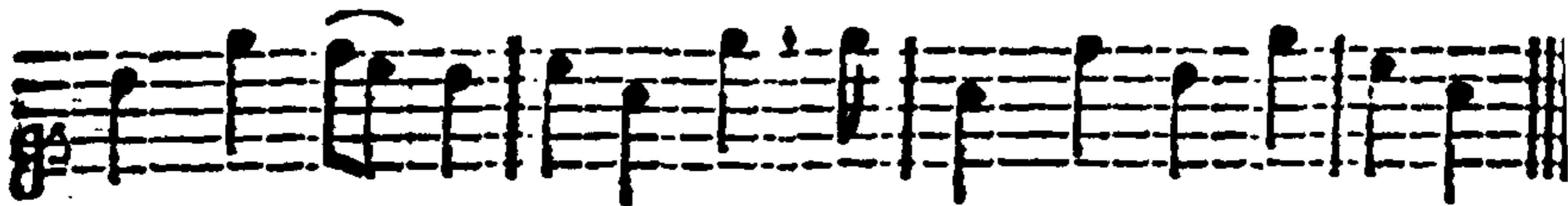


Day; makes the Heavy light and gay, and gay, throws

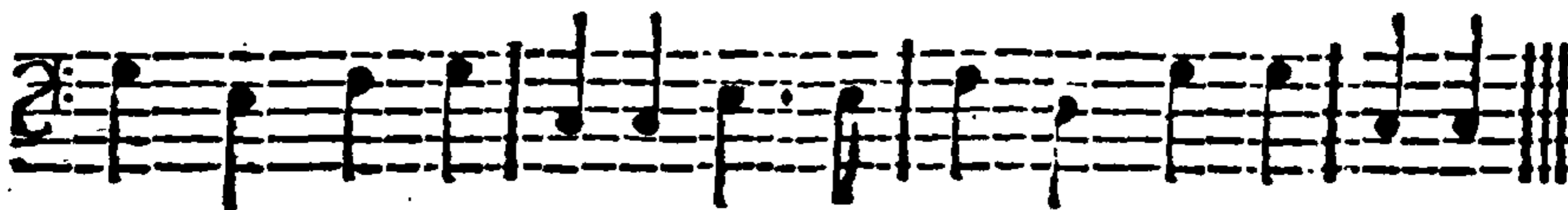
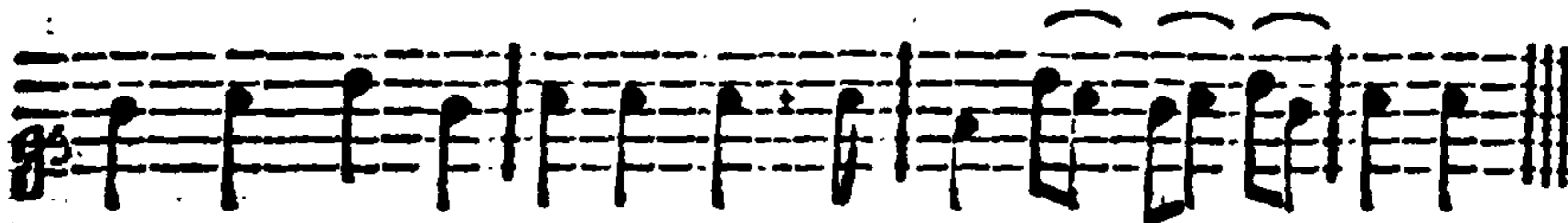




Continued.



Poor and Nee--dy jol--ly, and the Poor and Nee-dy jol-ly.



## II.

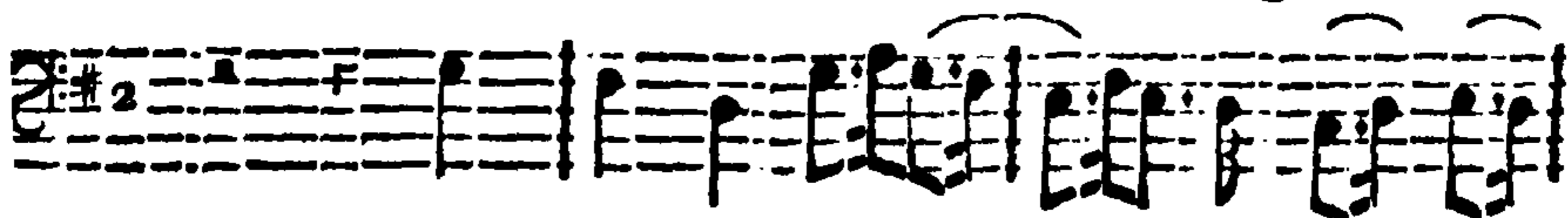
Wine makes trembling Cowards bold,  
 Men in Years forget they're old,  
 Women leave their coy disdaining,  
 Who till then were shy and cold ;  
 Makes a Niggard slight his Gold,  
 And the Foppish entertaining

## A S O N G for two Voices.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.

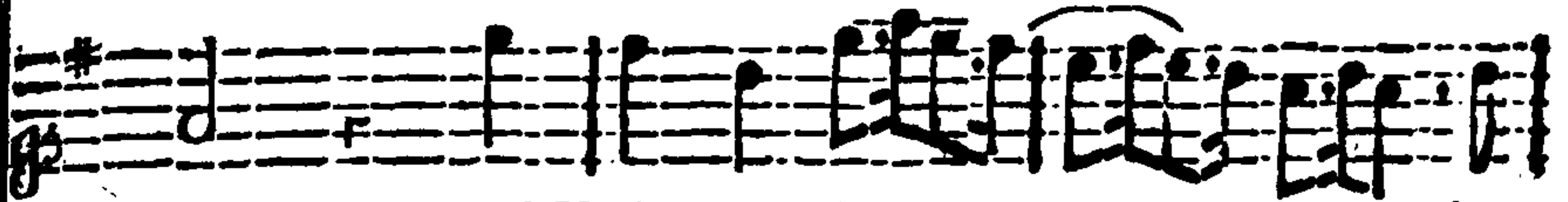


Whilst Health and Bloom-----ing Youth com--

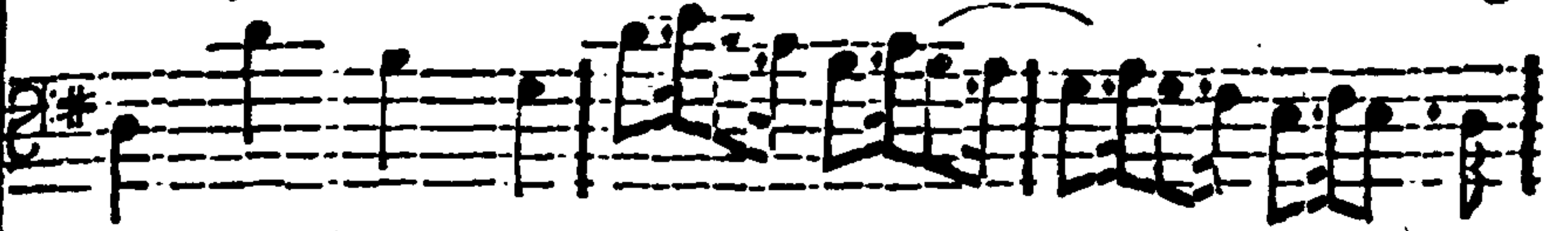


Whilst Health and Bloom-----ing Youth com--

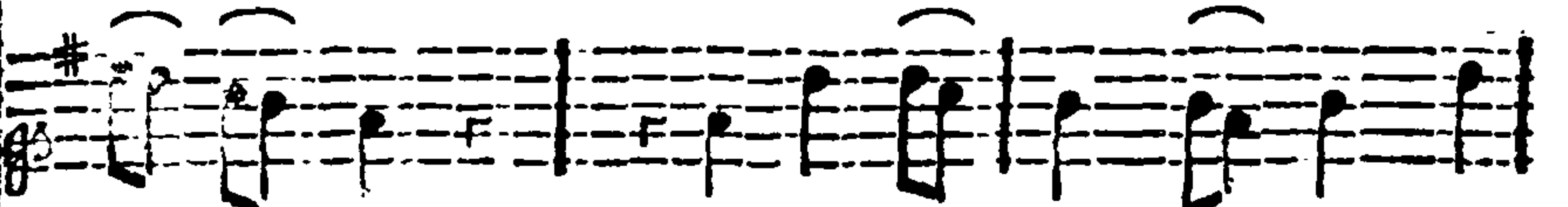
Continued.



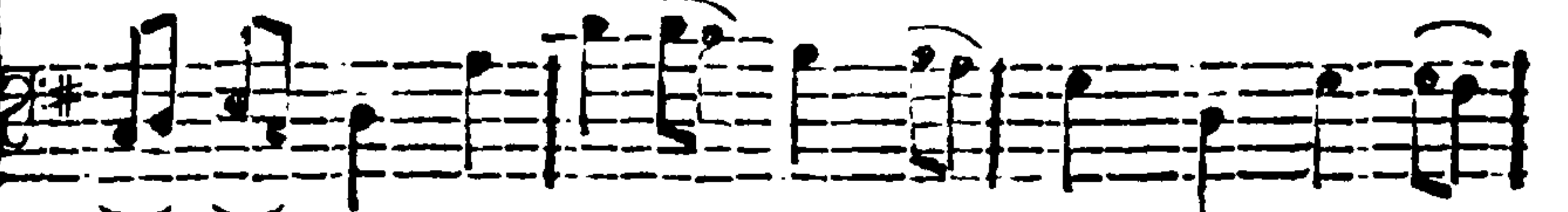
bine, whilst Health and Bloo—ing



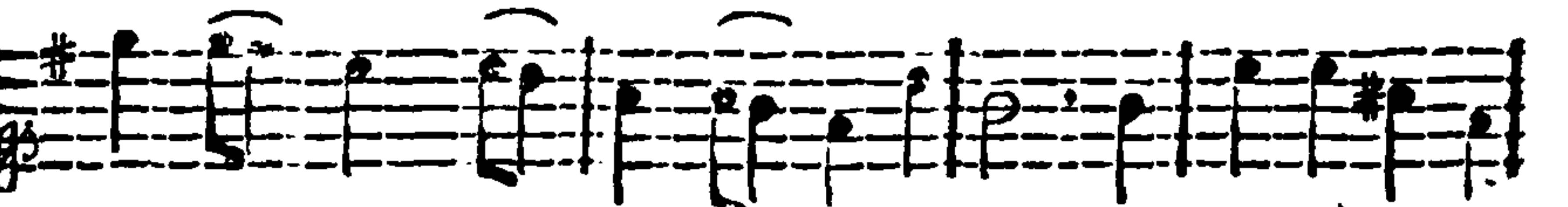
bine, whilst Health and Bloom—ing



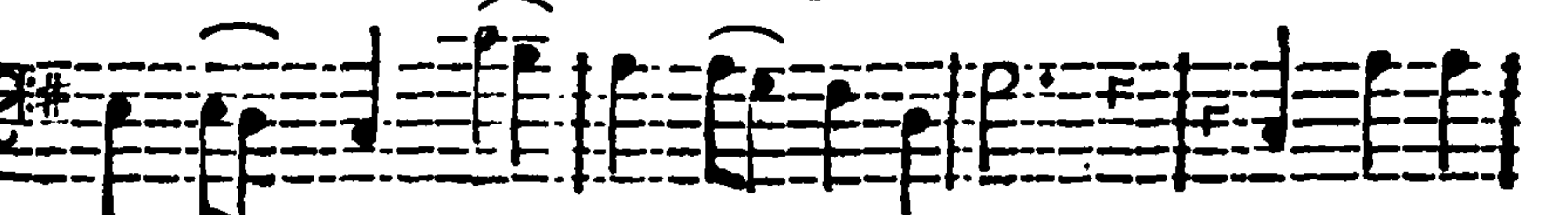
Youth com-bine, be--gin, dear Friend, dear Friend, be--



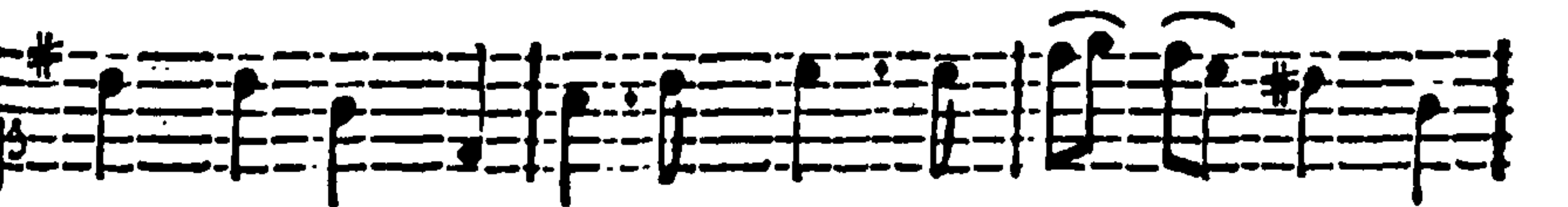
Youth com-bine, be--gin, dear Friend, dear Friend, be--gin, dear



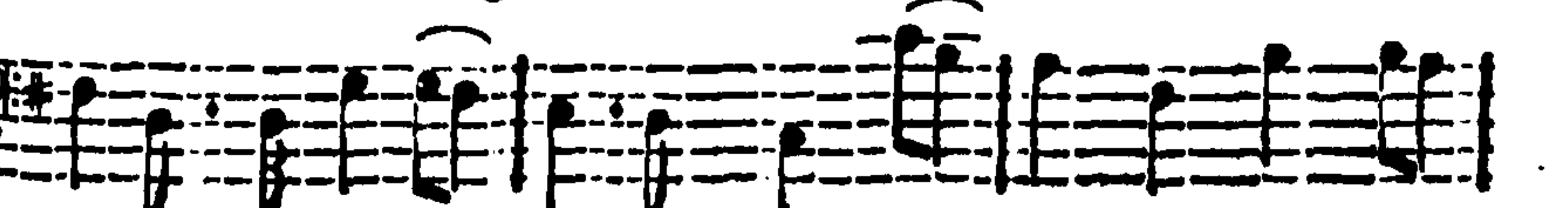
gin, dear Friend, dear Friend, be--gin to live; make this o--bliging.



Friend, dear Friend, dear Friend, be--gin to live; make this o--

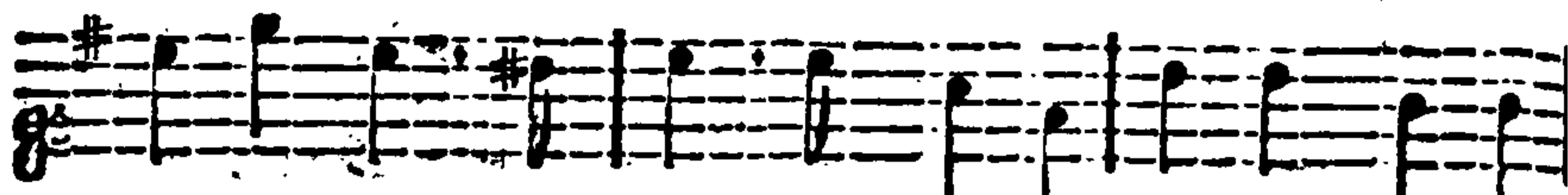


this o--bli--ging Mi-nute thine, left Fate no more, no,

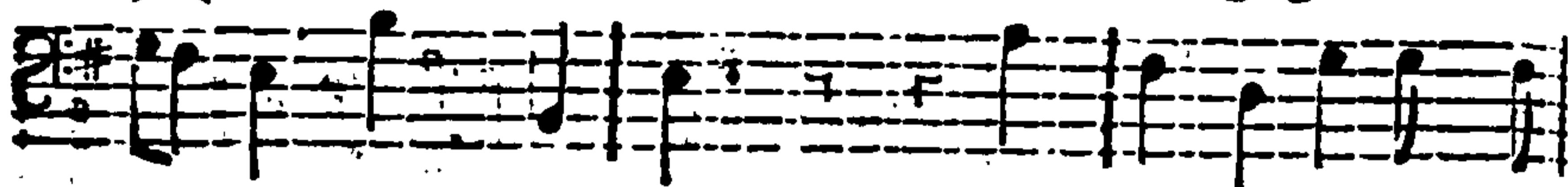


bli-ging, o--bli-ging Mi-nute thine, left Fate no more, no,  
Con-

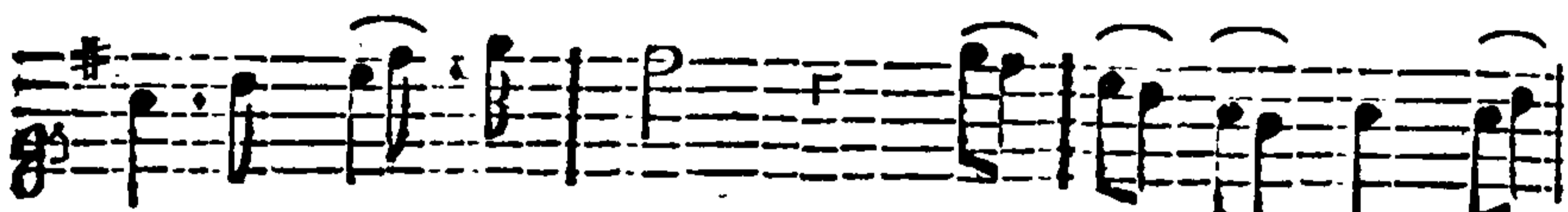
Continued.



no, no more should give, make this o--bli-ging, this o--



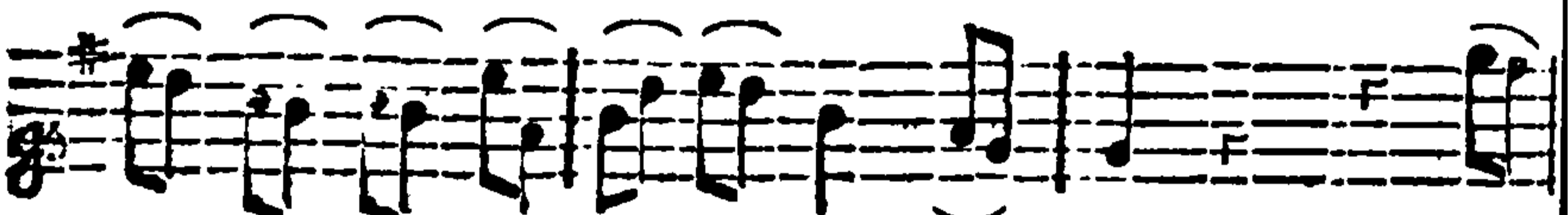
no, no more should give, make this o--bli-ging, o--



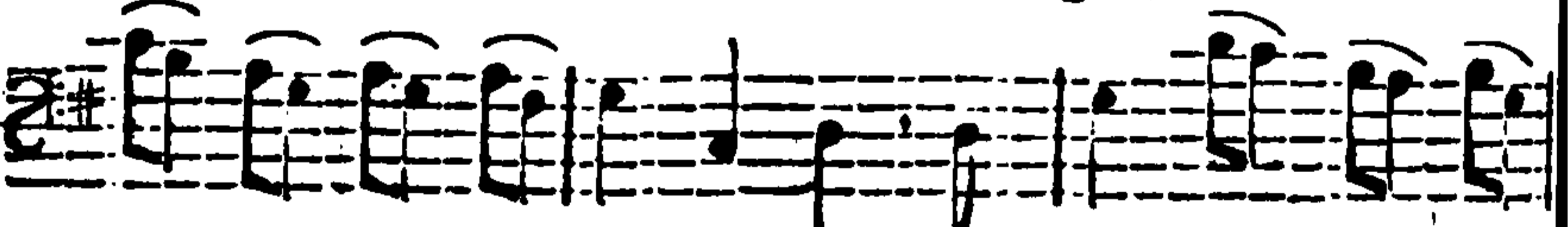
bli-ging Mi-nute thine, left Fate no more, no,



bli-ging Mi-nute thine, left Fate no more, no more, no,



no, no, no, no, no, no more should give, left.



no, no, no, no, no, no more should give, left Fate no



Fate no more, no, no, no, no, no, no, no more should give.



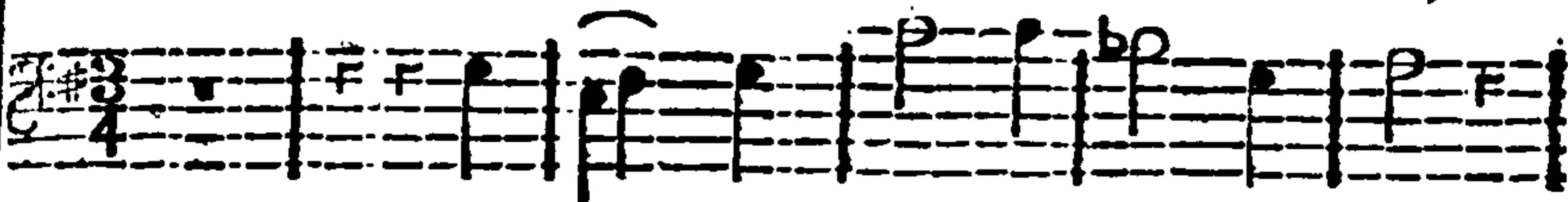
more, no more, no, no, no, no, no, no, no more should give.



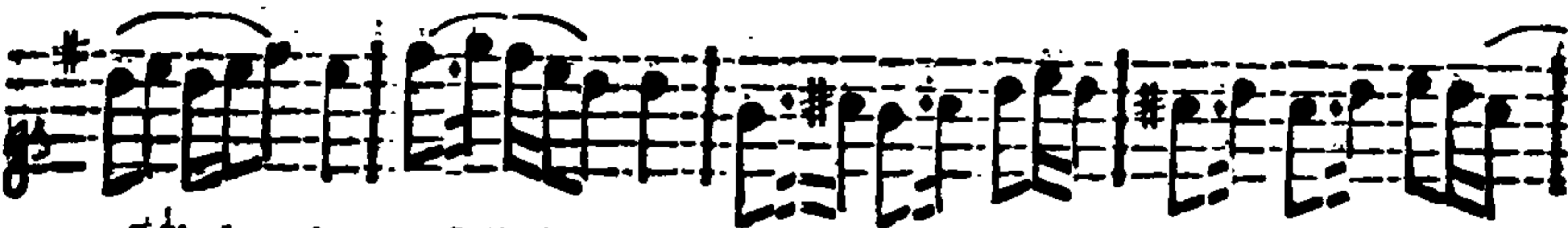
Continued.



The Time kind Heav'n, kind Heav'n to us doth lend, in



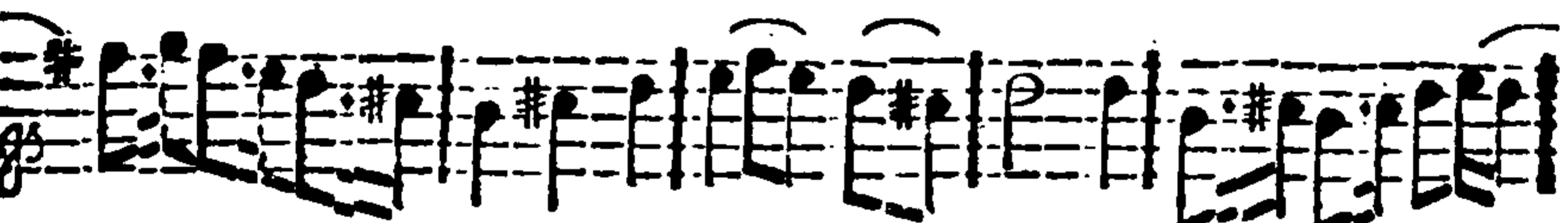
The Time kind Heav'n to us doth lend,



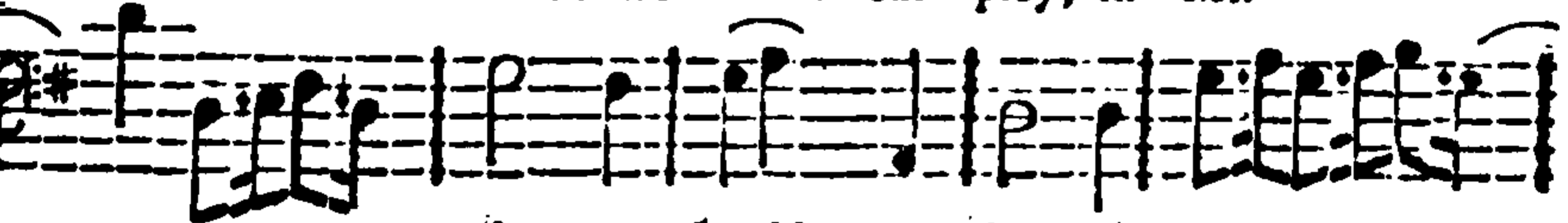
Mirth, in Mirth, in Mir



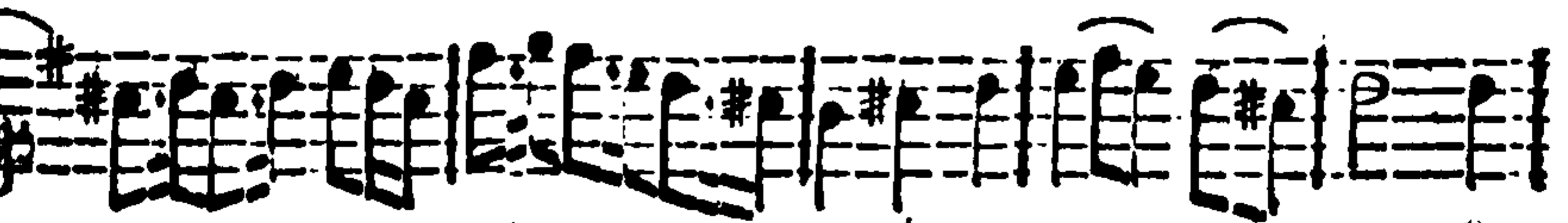
in Mirth, in Mir



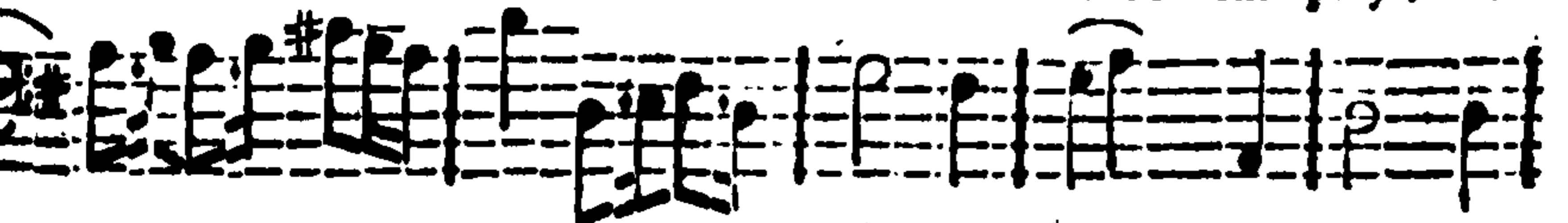
th we should em-ploy, in Mir



th we should em-ploy, in Mir

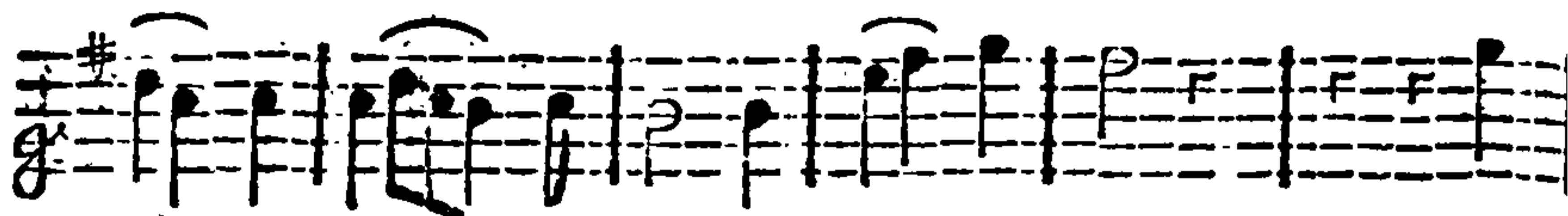


th we should em-ploy; the

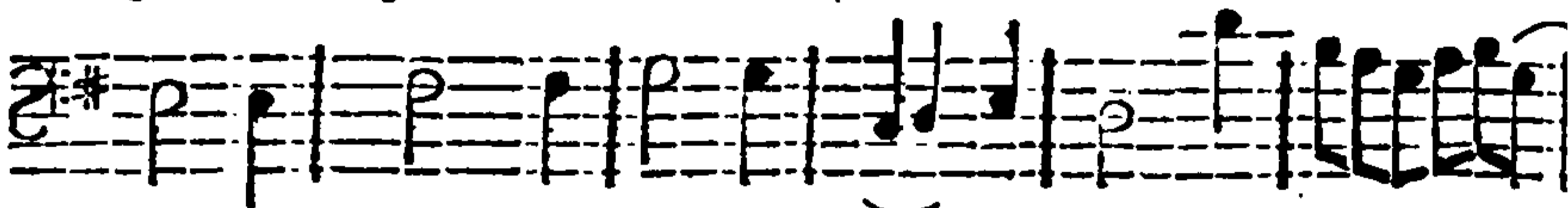


th we should em-ploy; the  
I Cont

Continued.



pee--vish, pee--vish Do-tards dis-com-mend the



pee--vish, pee--vish Do-tards dis-com-mend the Bli



Bli Is they can't en-



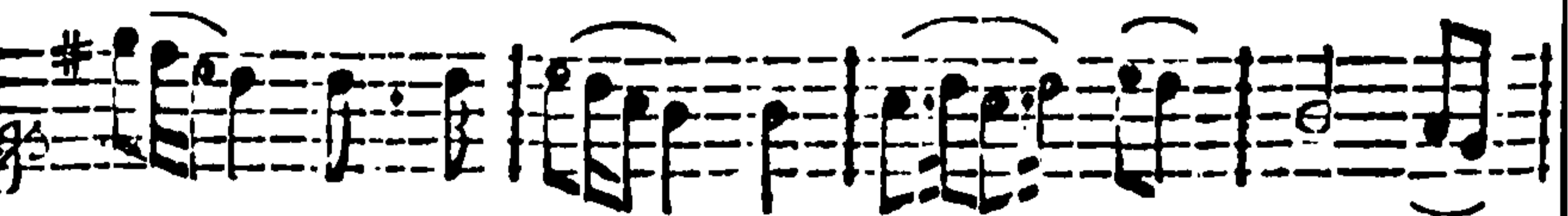
Is they can't en-



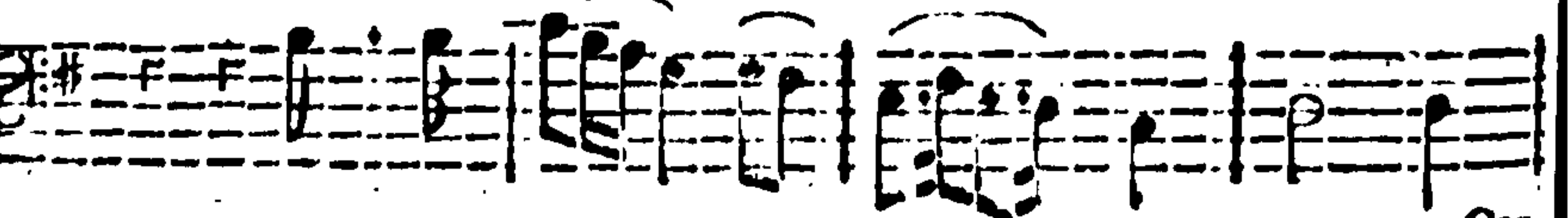
jo y, dis-com-



jo y,

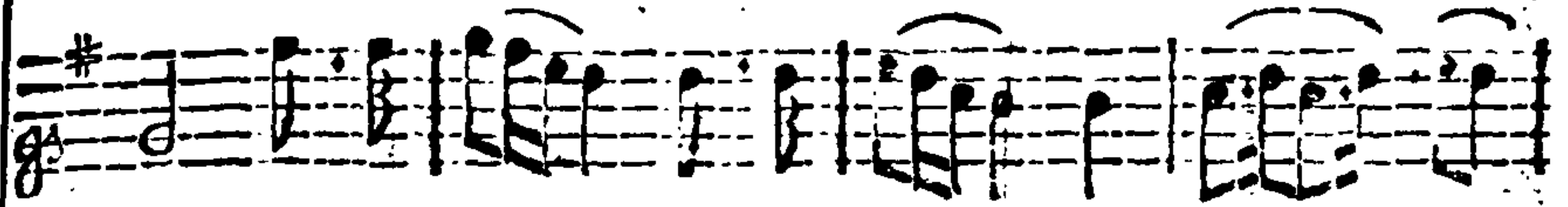


mend, dis-com-mend the Blifs they can't en-

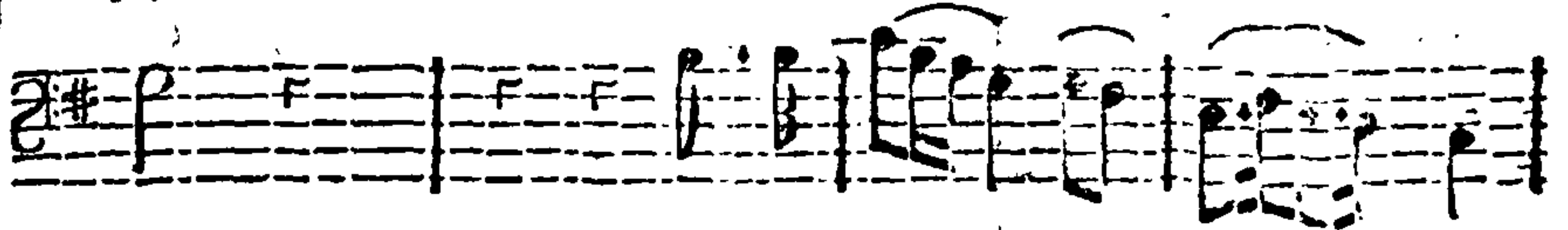


Con-

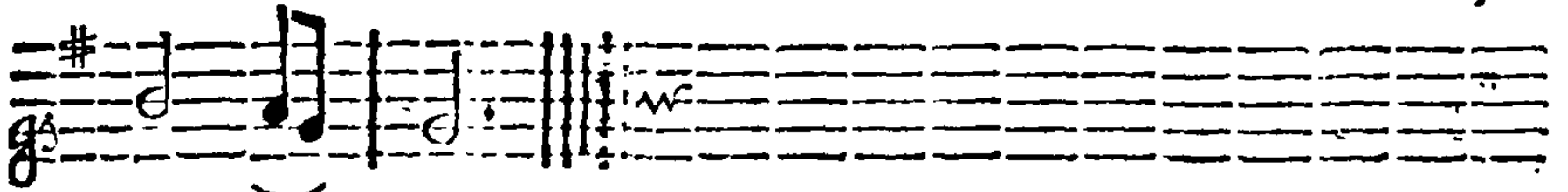
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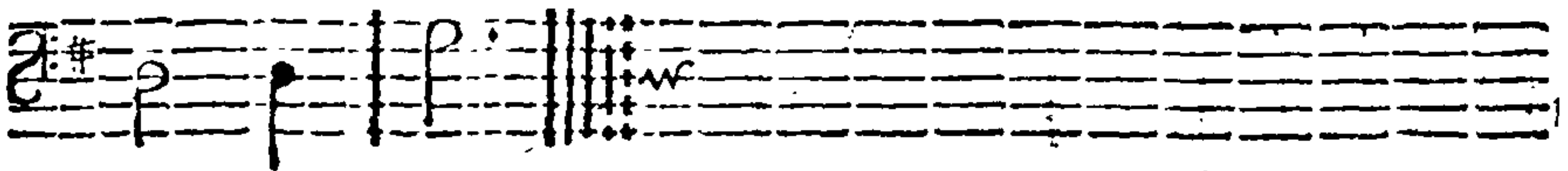
— joy, dis-com—mend, dis-com—mend the Blifs they



dis-com—mend the Blifs they



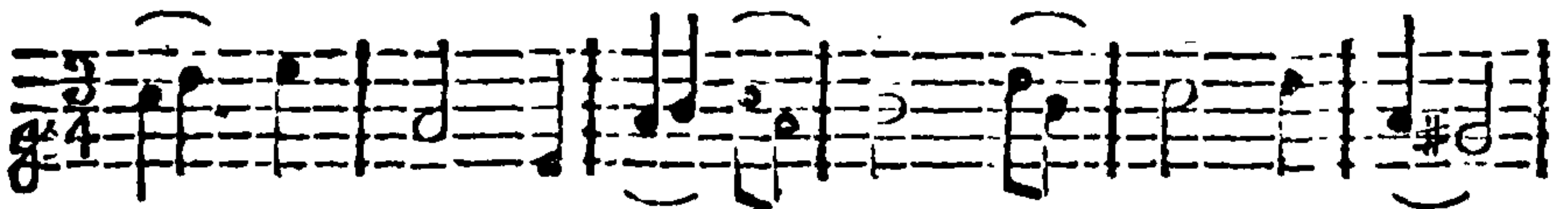
can't en—joy.



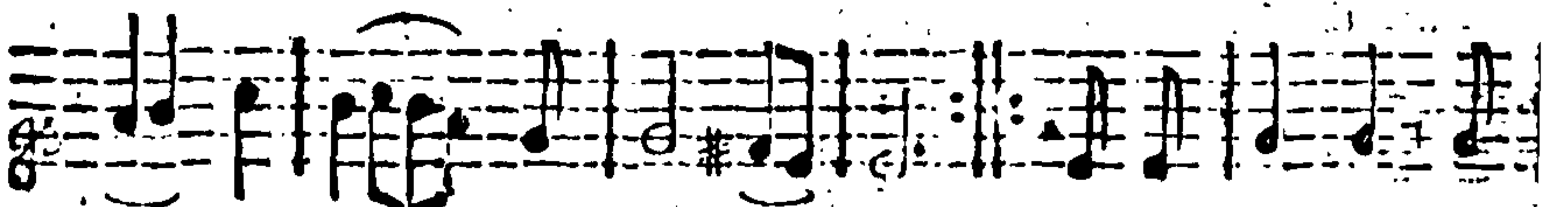
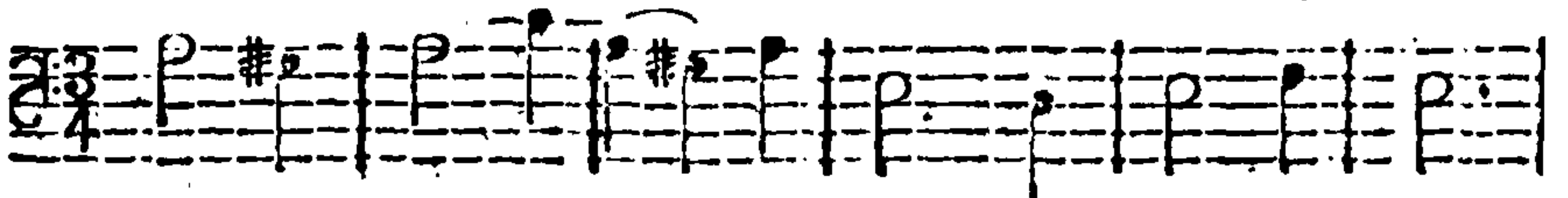
can't en—joy.

*A two Part SONG, with a Chorus for three Voices.*

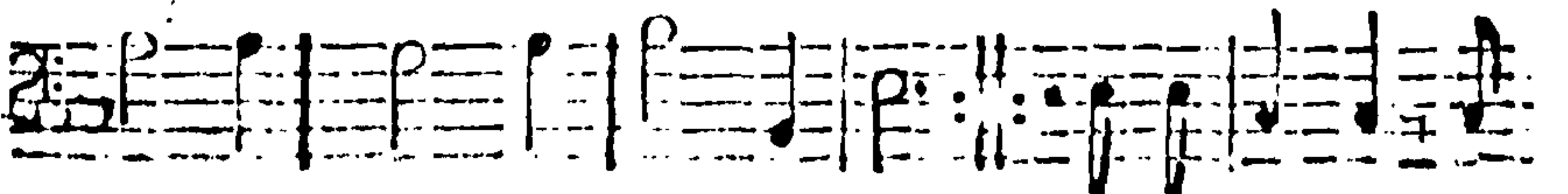
*Set by Mr. Hicks.*



Boast no more, no more fond Love, fond Love thy Pow'r,



or thy Passi—on sweet and sow'r; but to Ce—lia, to





# The ESSEX HARMONY.

Continued.

Ce-lia, to Ce-lia, shew thy Du-ty; Ce-lia, sways, Ce-lia,

sways, sways [the World of Beau-ty.

## CHORUS.

Slow.

A. 3. Voc.

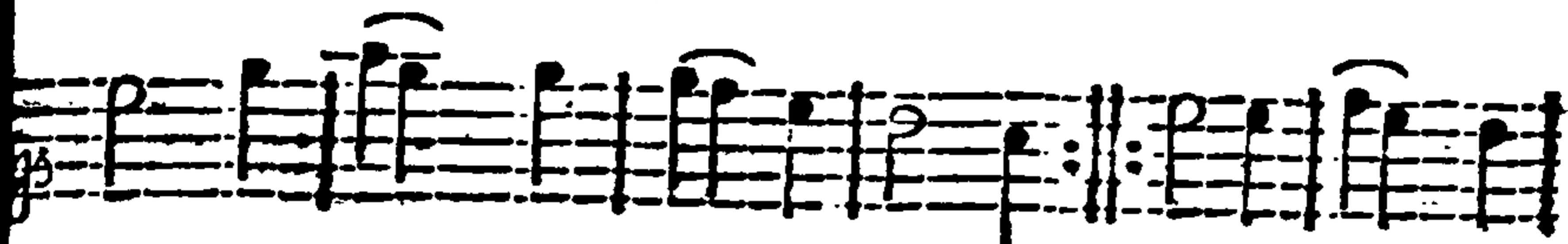
Like the Sun that gilds the Morn-ing, Ce-lia shines, but

Like the Sun that gilds the Morn-ing, Ce-lia shines, Ce-lia

Ce-lia

Con-

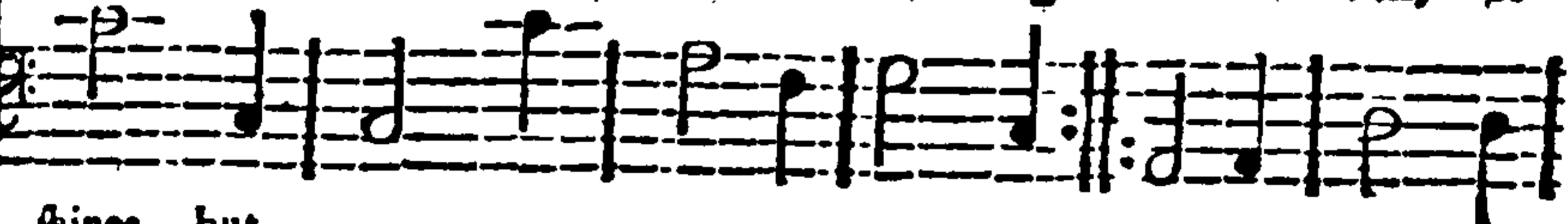
Continued.



more, but more, more, more a—dorn—ing; She can kill, or



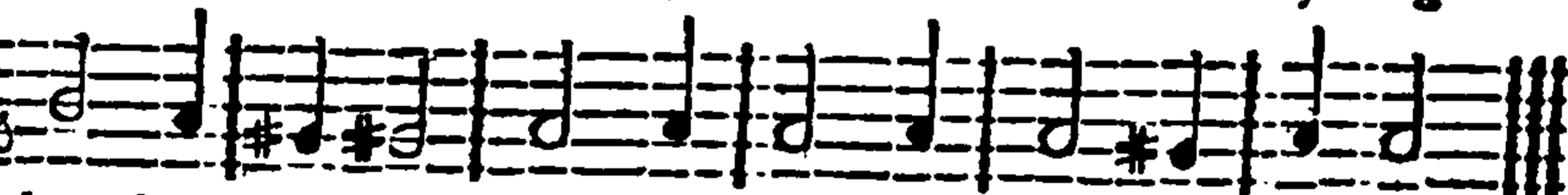
shines, but more, more, more a—dorn—ing: She can kill, or



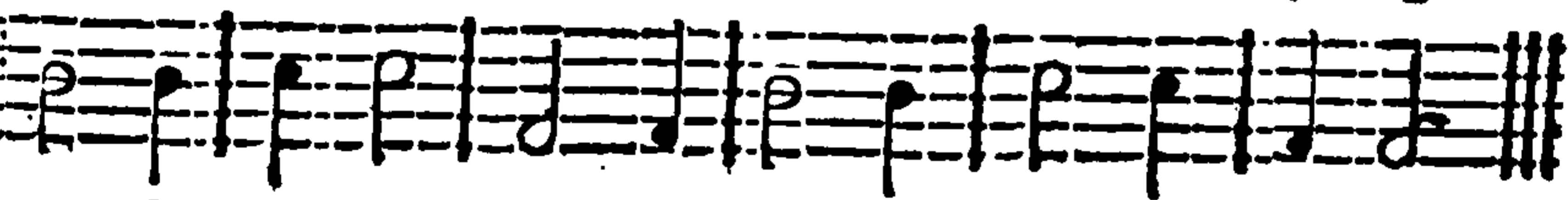
shines, but



save from dy—ing, when the ra—vish'd Soul is fly—ing.



save from dy—ing, when the ra—vish'd Soul is fly—ing.



A S O N G

## The ESSEX HARMONY,

A SONG for two Voices.

Set by Mr. Purcell.

My Dear—est, my Dear—est, I

My Fair—est, my Fair—est,

lan—guish, I lan—guish, I

I lan—guish, I

lan—guish, I lan—

lan—guish, I lan—

—guish, I lan—guish for you.

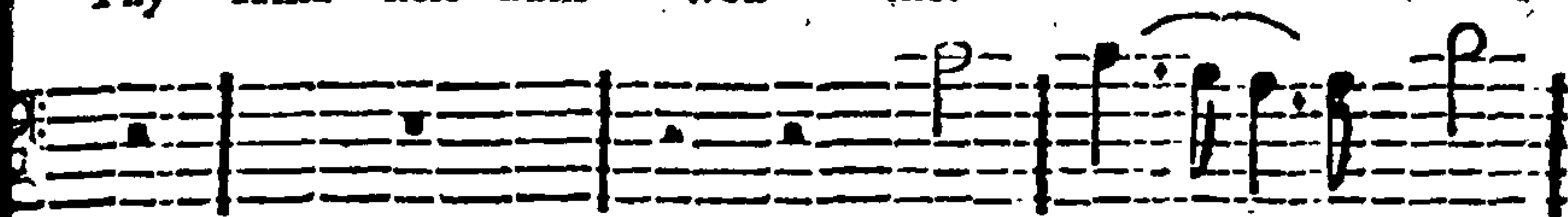
—guish, I lan—guish for you.



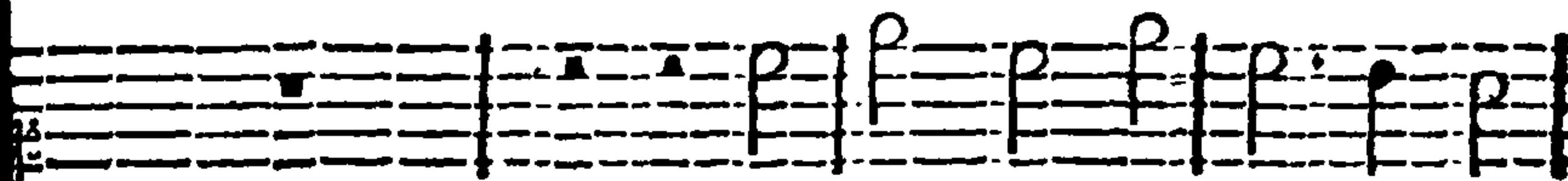
Continued.



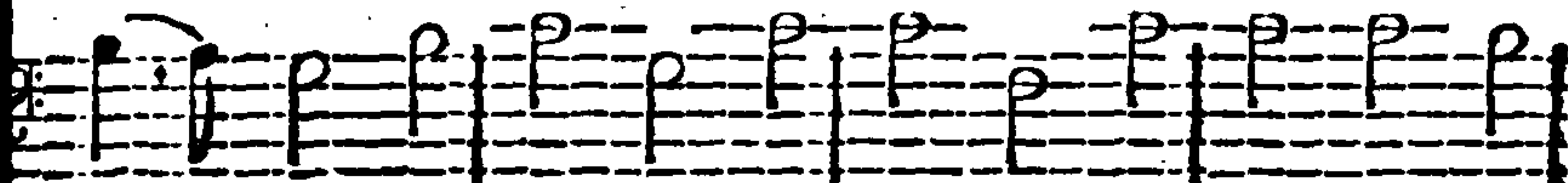
Thy Kind-ness hath won me.



Thy Charms has



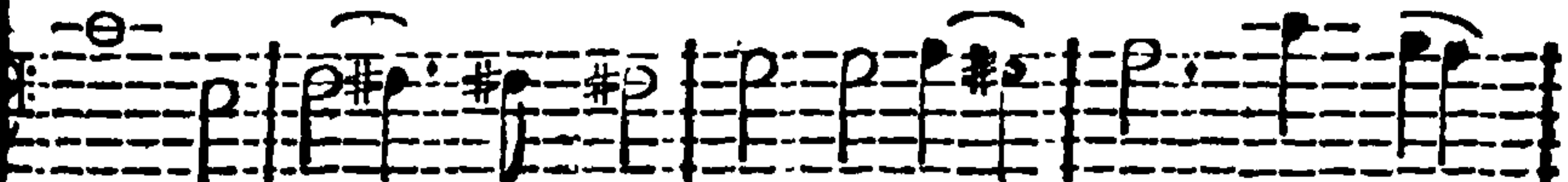
I ne'er, ne'er, no ne'er shall be



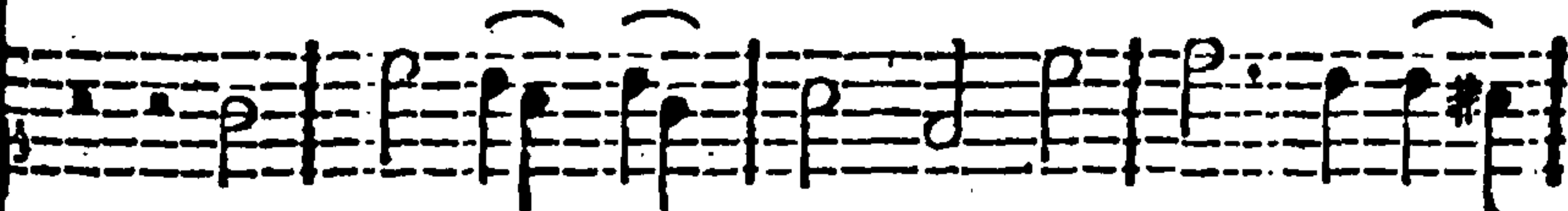
undone me, I ne'er, ne'er, I ne'er, ne'er, no ne'er shall be



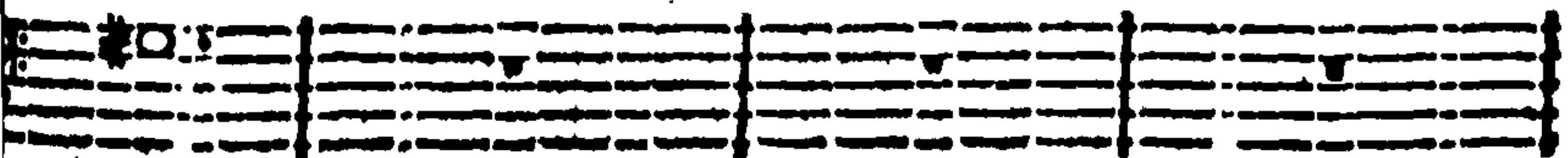
free,



free, I faint with the Plea-sure I fain would re-



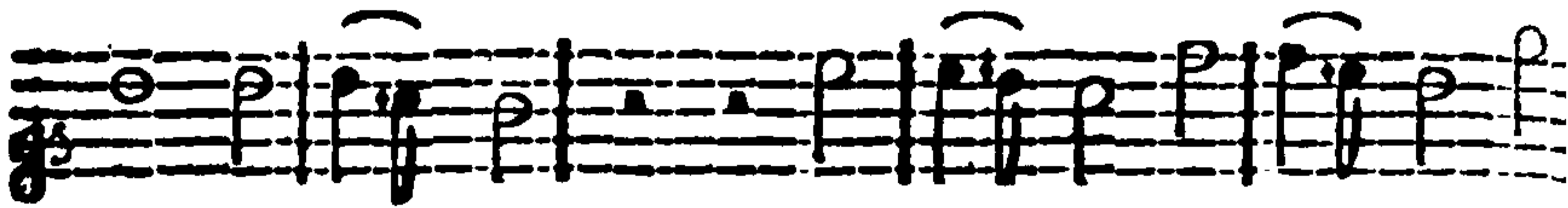
Ah! Why are Love's Rap-tures so short and so



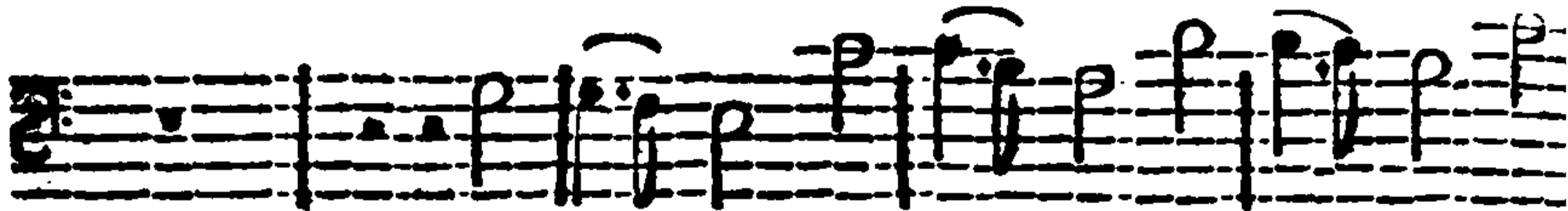
peat,

Con-

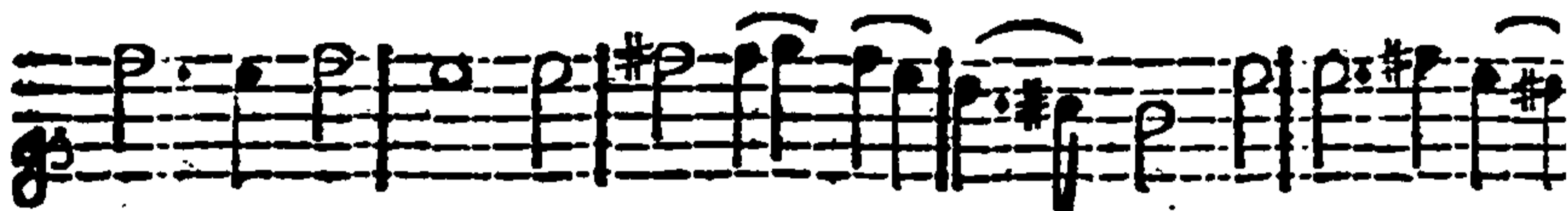
## Continued.



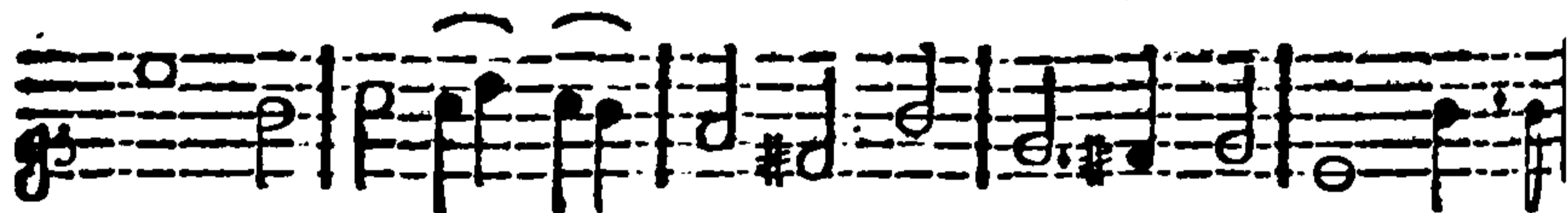
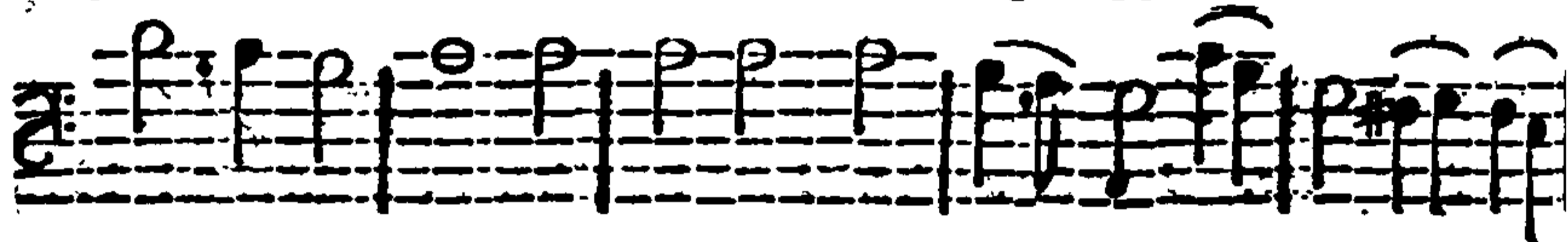
sweet, thus pres-sing,                      thus pres-sing and kis-sing fresh



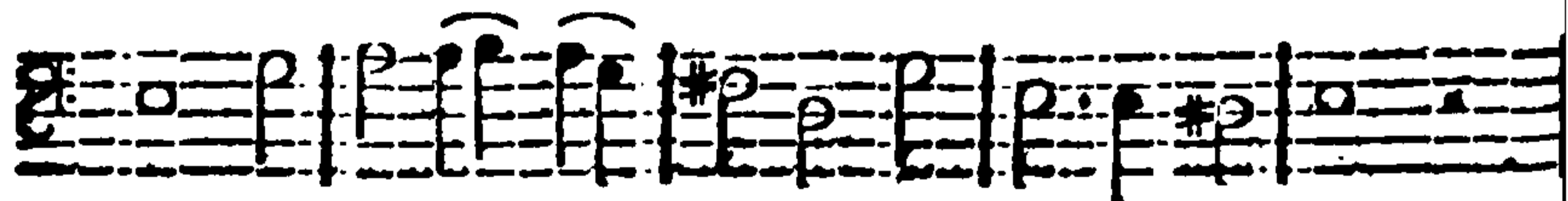
and kis-sing, thus pres-sing and kis-sing fresh



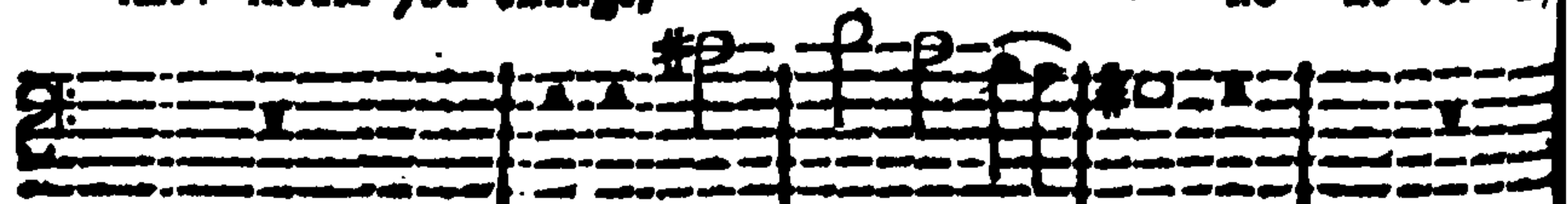
Jays will pur-sue, and e-ver be hap-py, and e-ver be



true, and e-ver. be hap-py, and e-ver be true, but a-

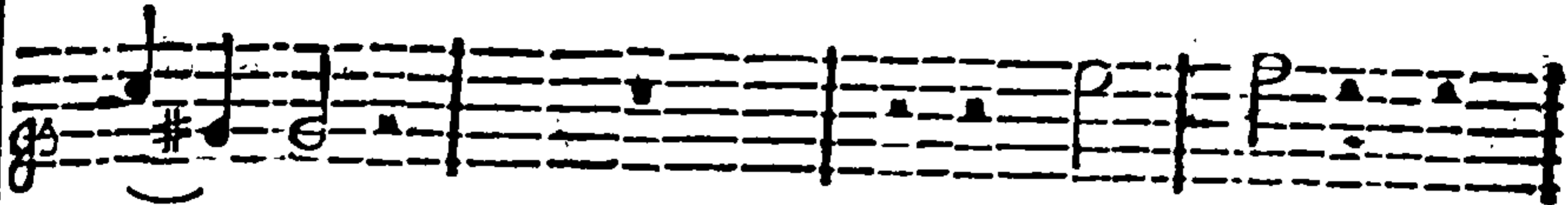


—lafs! should you change,                      no ne-ver my



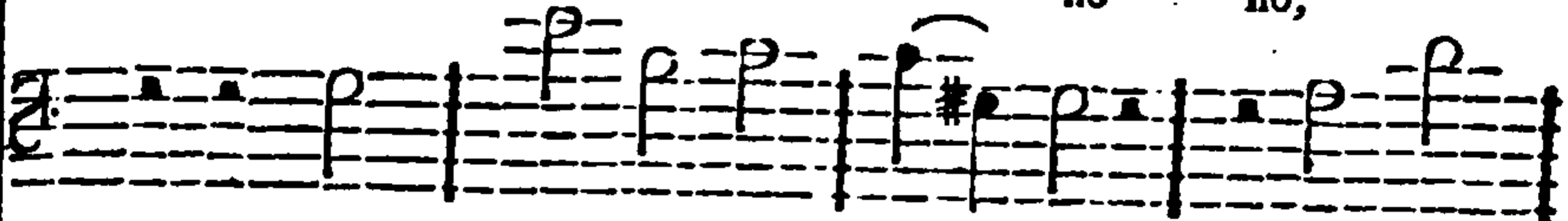
Ah! tell me not so,

Continued.

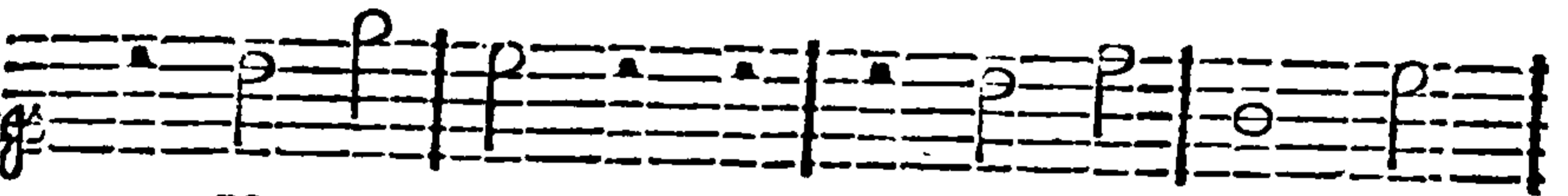


Dear—est,

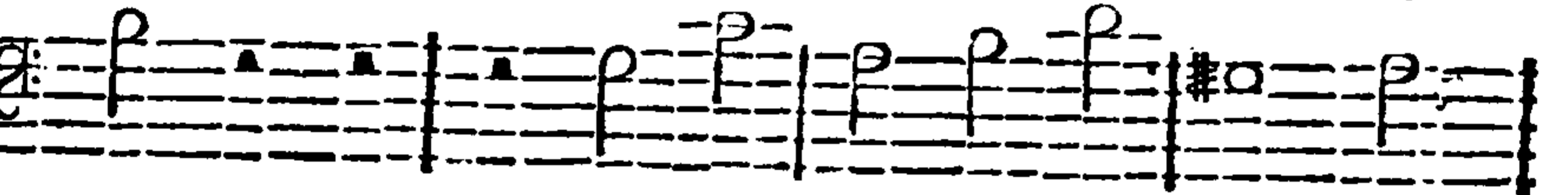
no no,



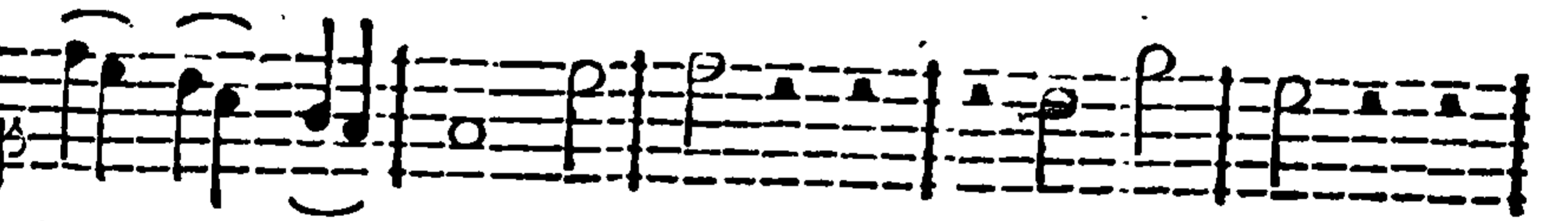
no ne--ver my Fair—est, no, no,



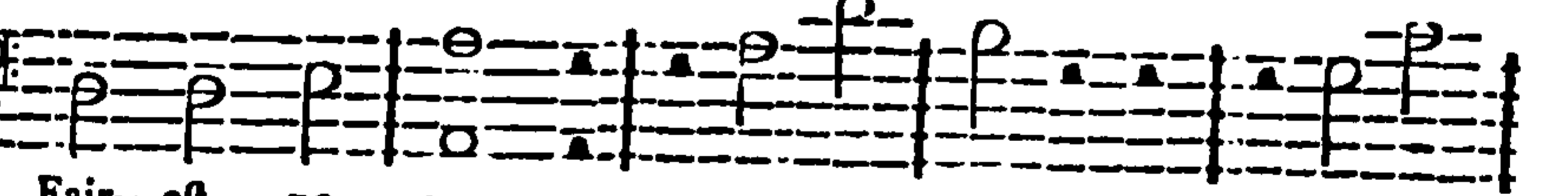
no, no, no, no, no, no, my



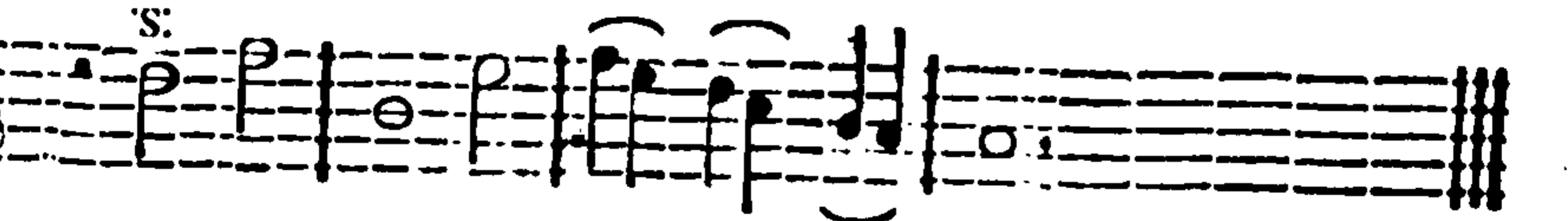
no, no, no, no, no, no, my



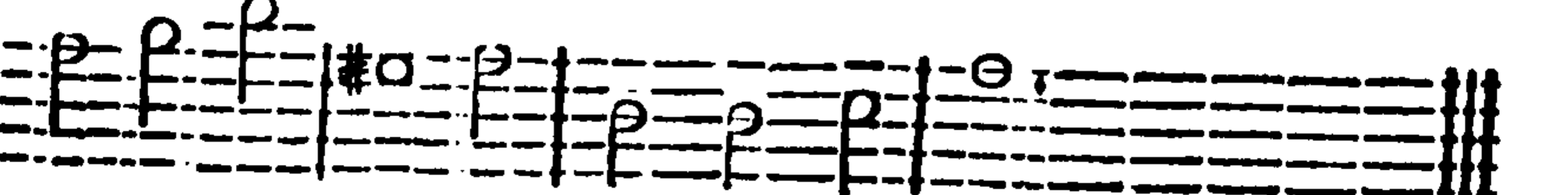
Dear—est, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



Fair—est, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



no, no, no my Dear—est, no, no.



no, no, no, no, my Fair—est, no, no.

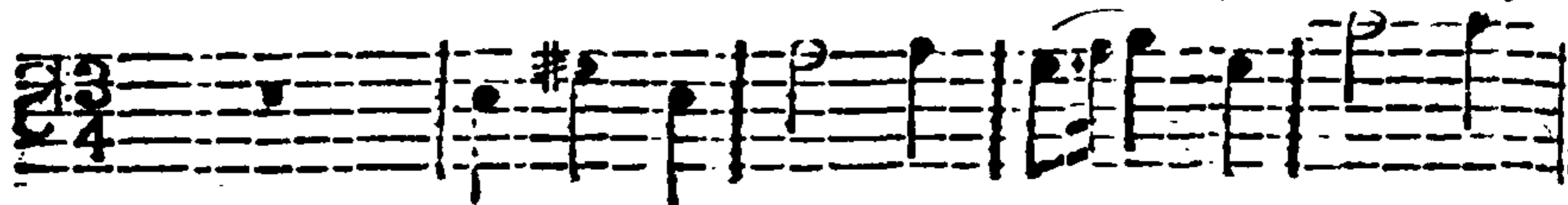
K

A SONG

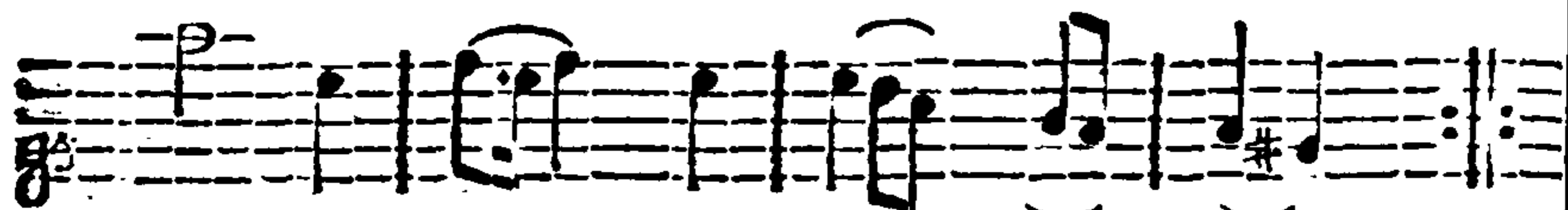
## A SONG for two Voices. By Mr. Travers.



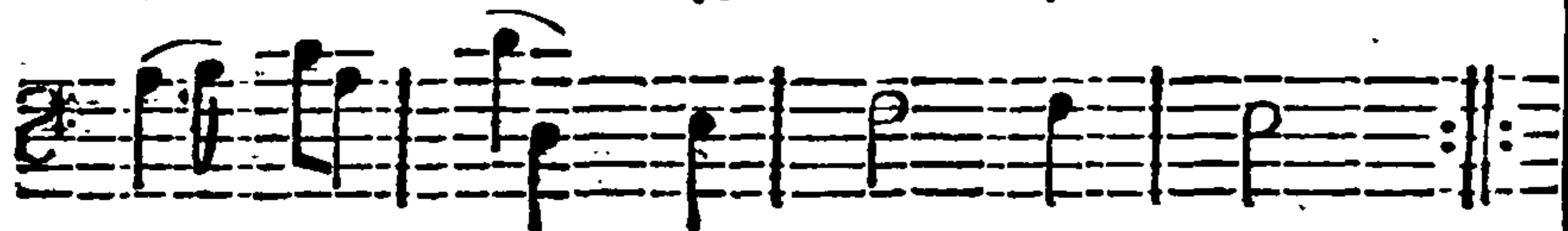
I like the Bee with Toil and Pain, fly hum—bly



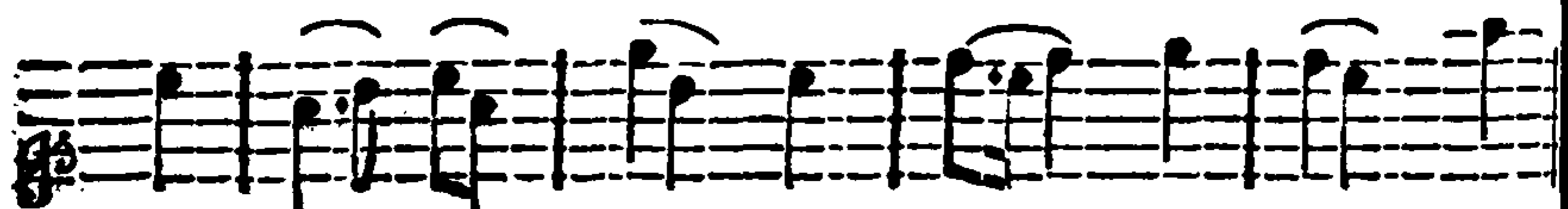
I like the Bee, with Toil and Pain, fly



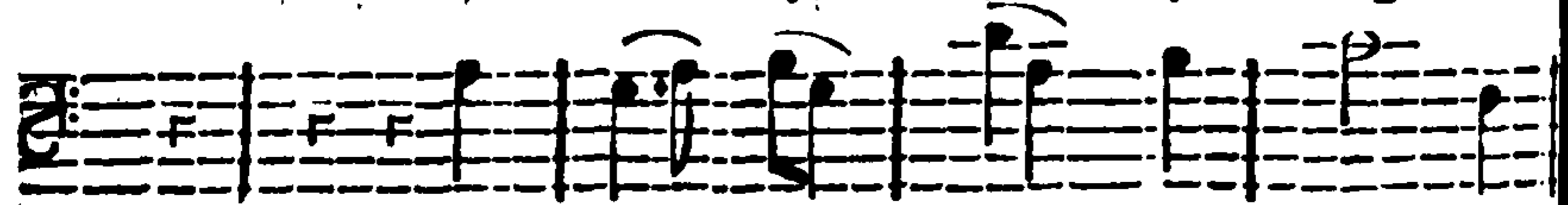
o'er the flow'—ry, flow'—ry Plain.



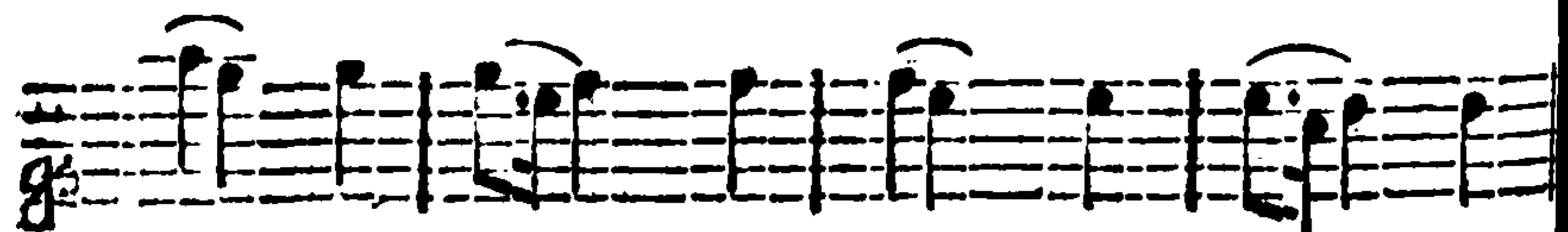
hum—bly o'er the flow'—ry Plain.



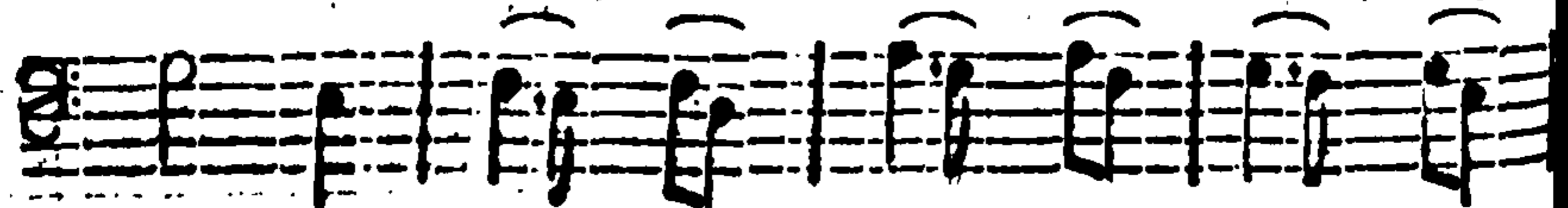
And with the bu—sy, bu—sy Throng, the



And with the bu—sy, bu—sy



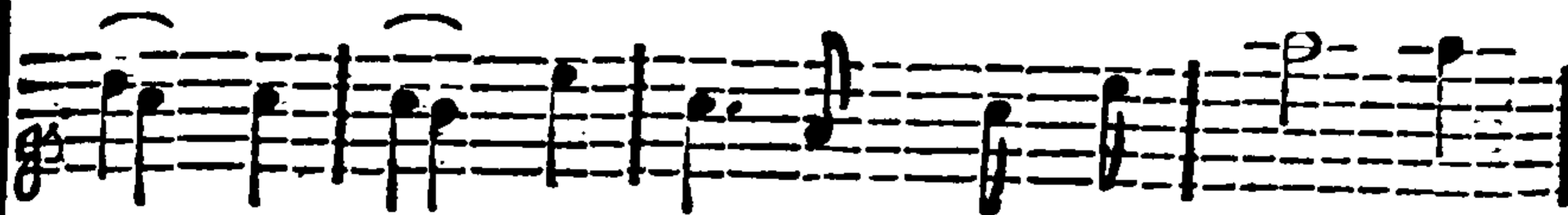
lit—tle Sweets, the lit—tle Sweets, my



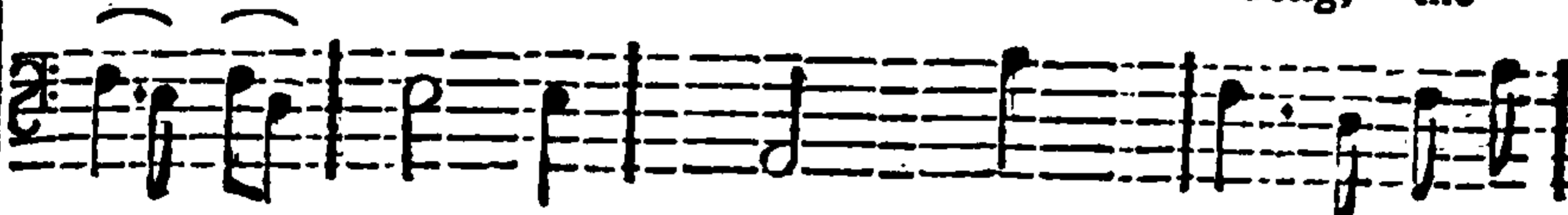
Throng, the lit—tle Sweets, the lit—tle



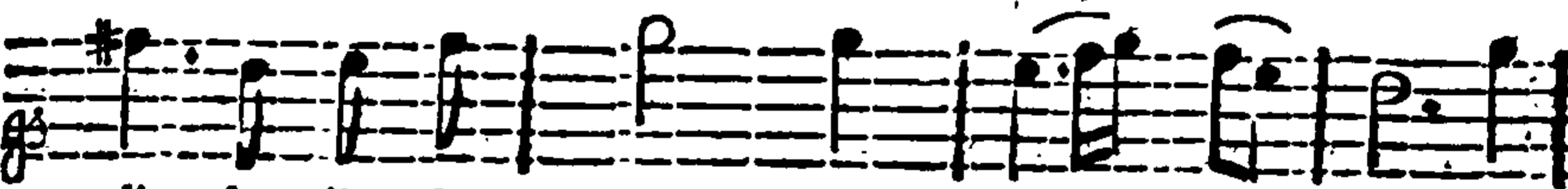
Continued.



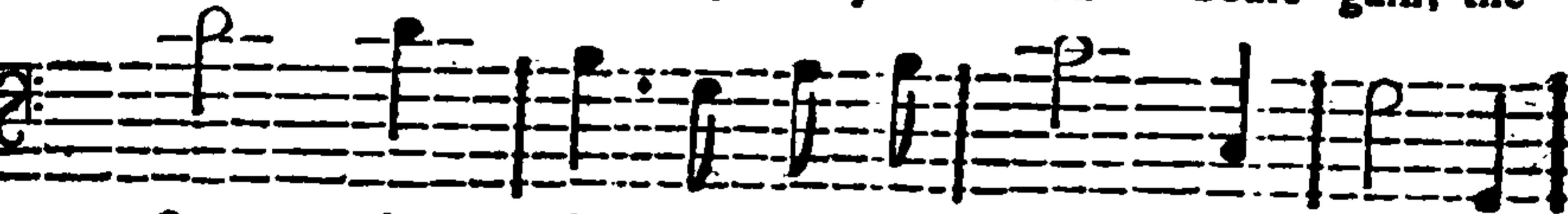
La—bours gain, I work in—to a Song, the



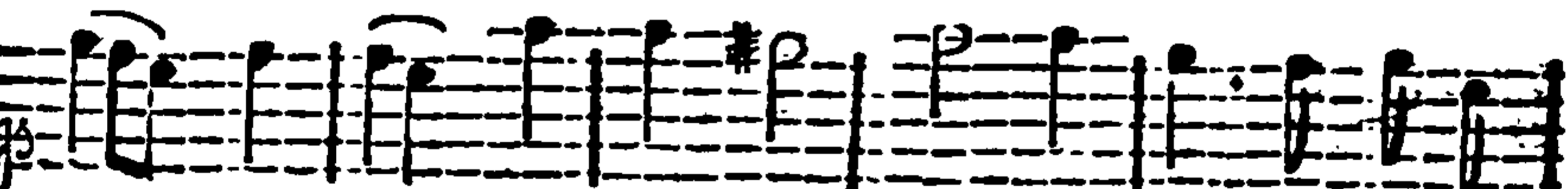
Sweets, my La—bours gain, I work in-to a



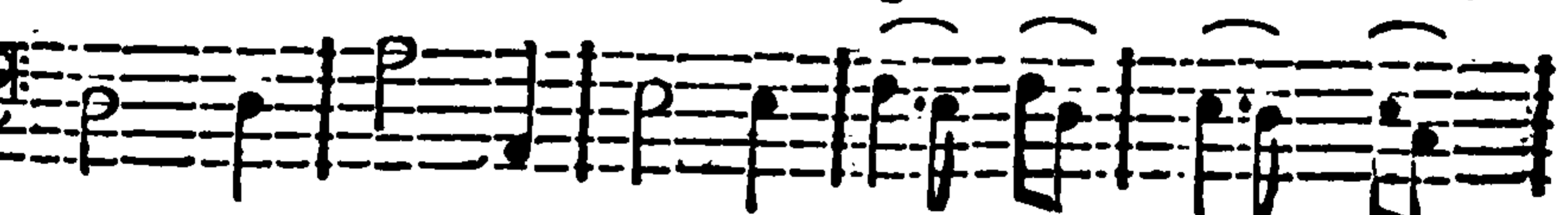
lit—tle, lit—tle Sweets, my La—bours gain, the



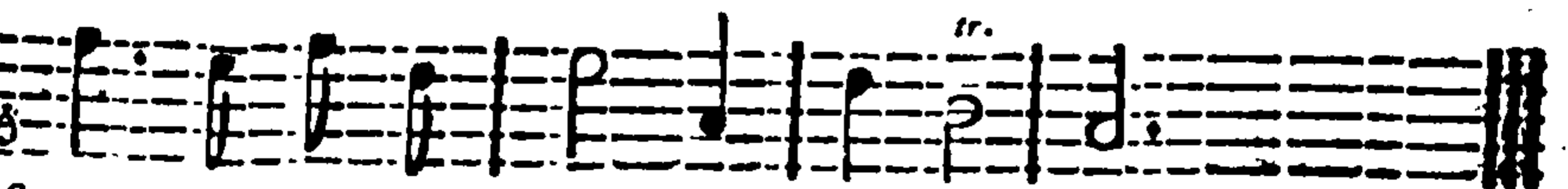
Song, the lit—tle, lit—tle Sweets, my Labours



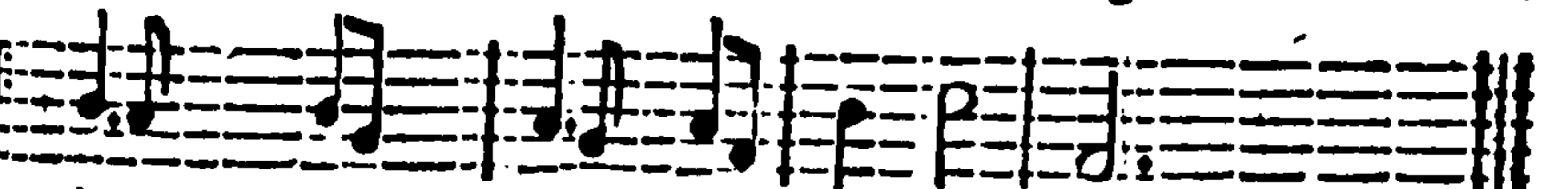
lit—tle Sweets, my La—bours gain, I work the lit—tle



gain, the lit—tle Sweets, my La—bours gain, I

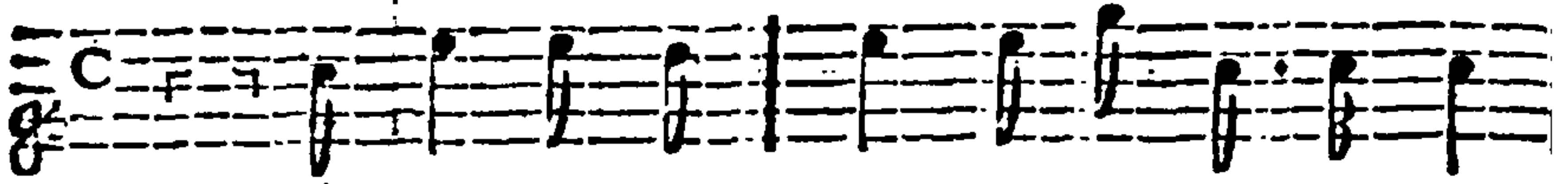


Sweets, my Labours gain in—to a Song.

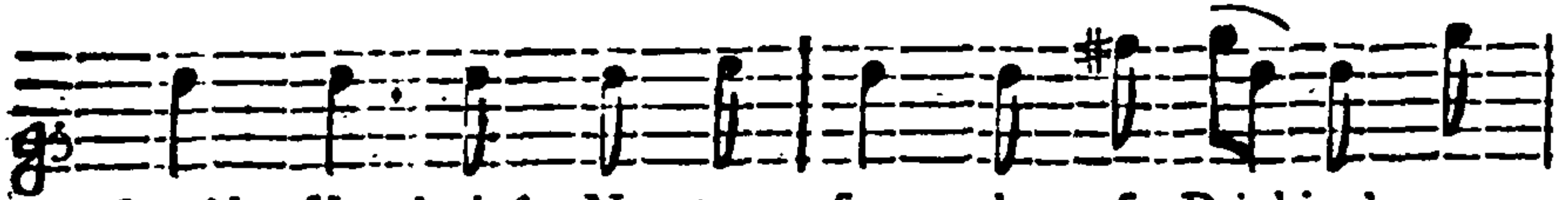
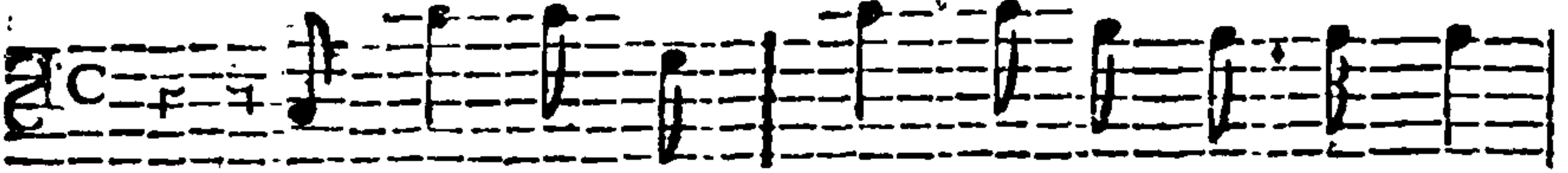


Work, I work in—to a Song.

## A Drinking SONG for two Voices.



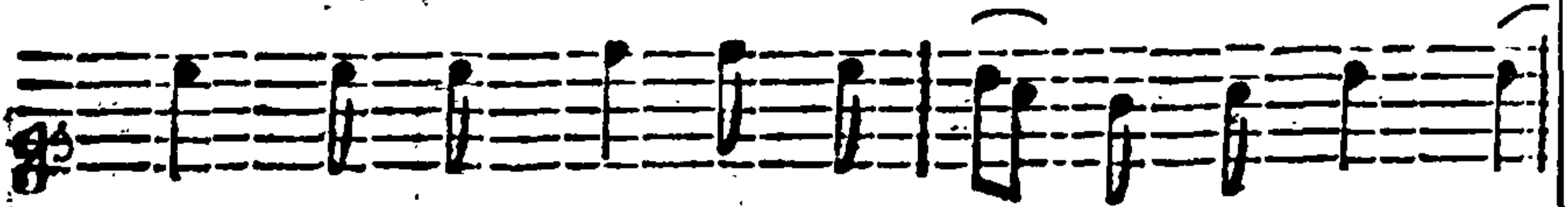
Since Na—ture Man—kind for So—ci—e—ty



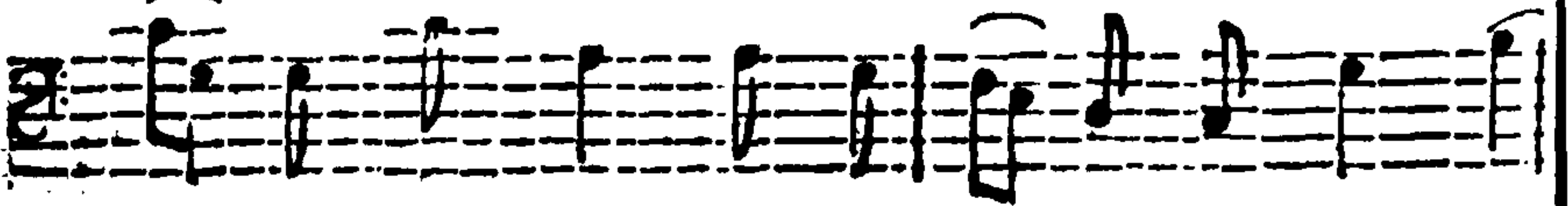
fram'd, He 'gainst Na—ture sins, who of Drinking's a—



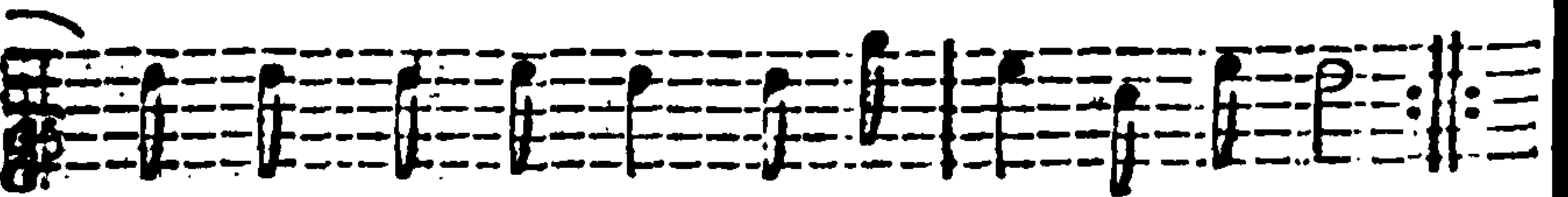
H—e 'gainst Na—ture sins, who of



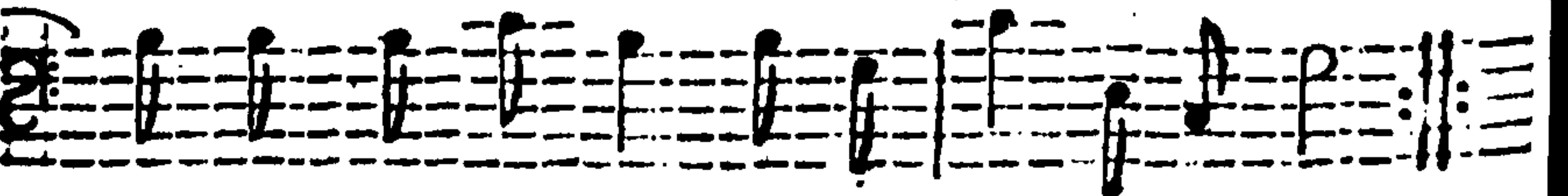
—sham'd, who of Drinking's, of Drink-ing's a—sham'd, H—



Drink--ing's a—sham'd, who of Drink-ing's a—sham'd, H—

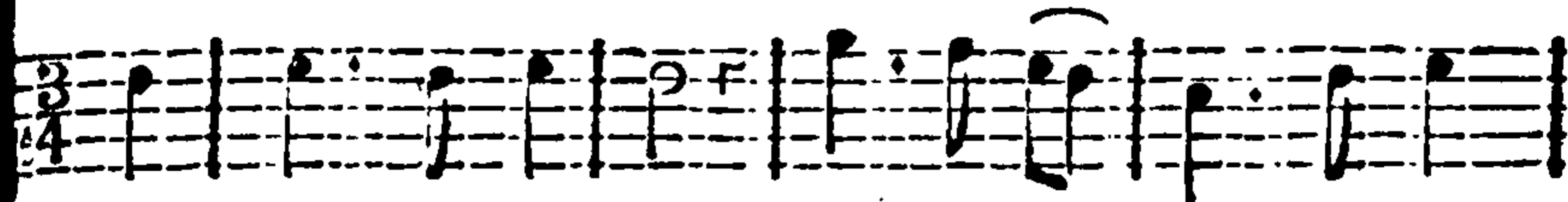


—e 'gainst Na—ture sins, who of Drink-ing's a—sham'd.

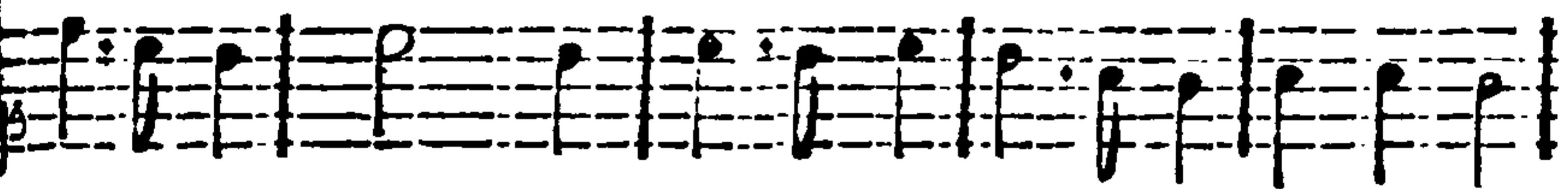
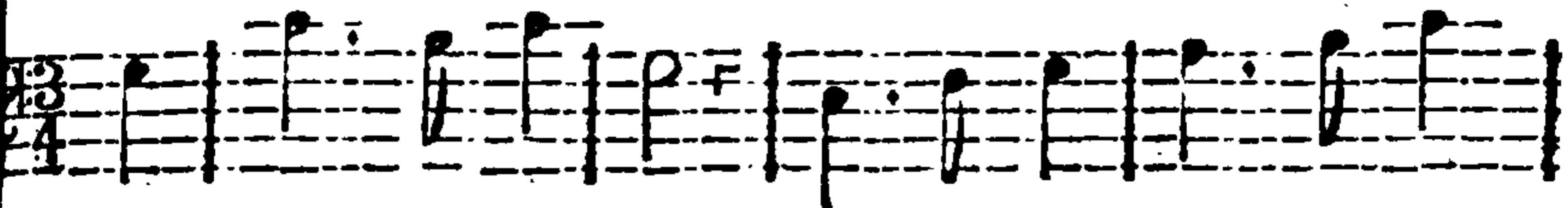


—e 'gainst Na—ture, &c.

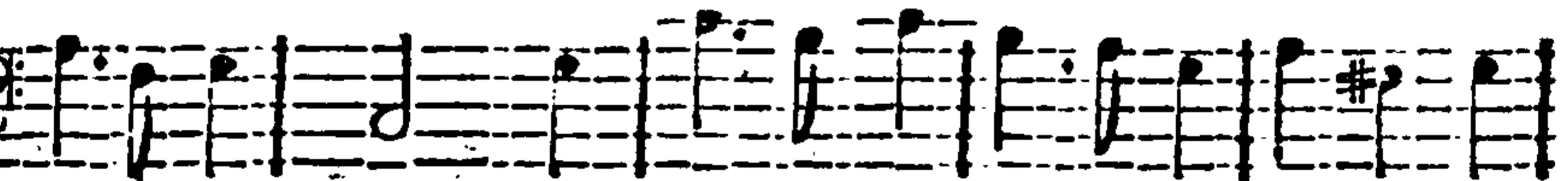
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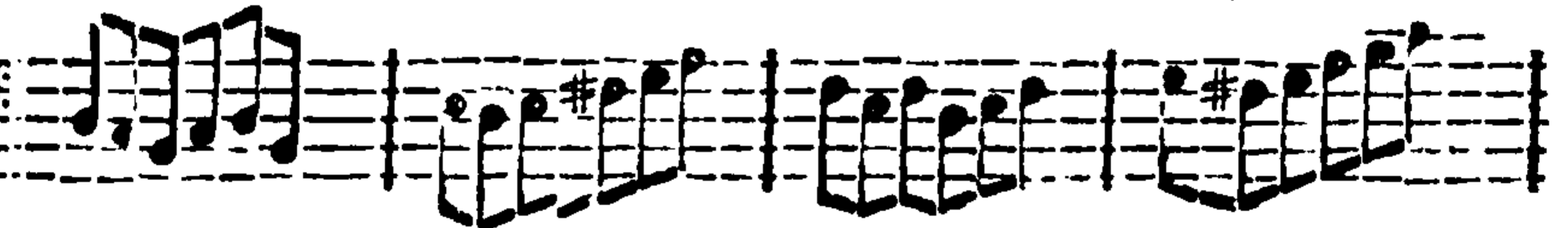
Drink, drink then a—bout; drink then a—bout, while all



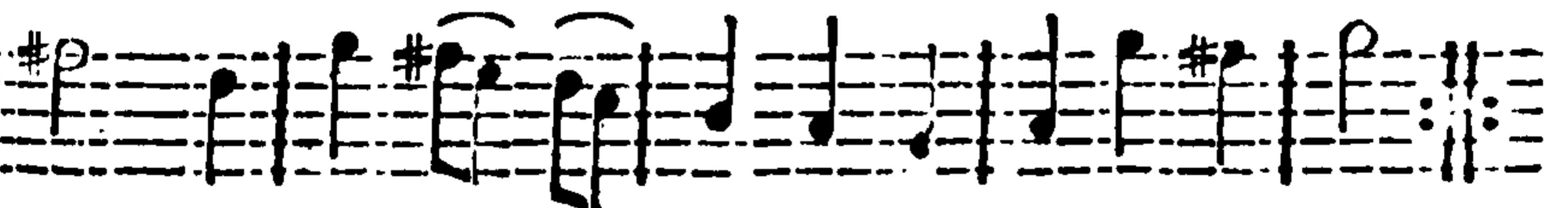
In-terest's drown'd; Mirth, Humour, and Wit with the Cup shall fail



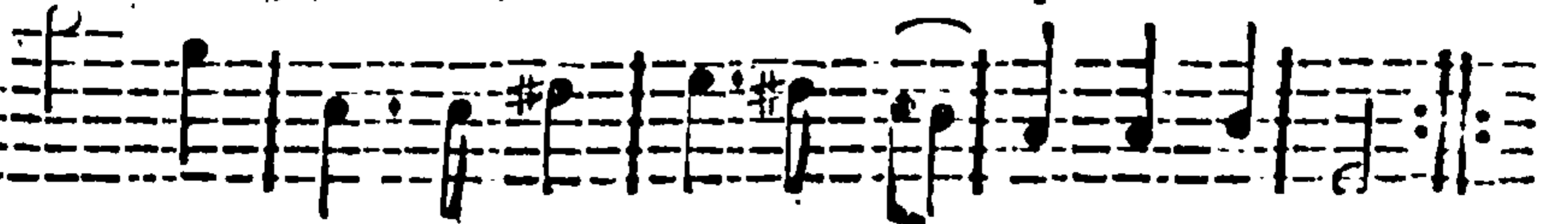
you ————— nd, shall fail



you —————



round; Mirth, Hu-mour, and Wit with the Cup shall fail round.

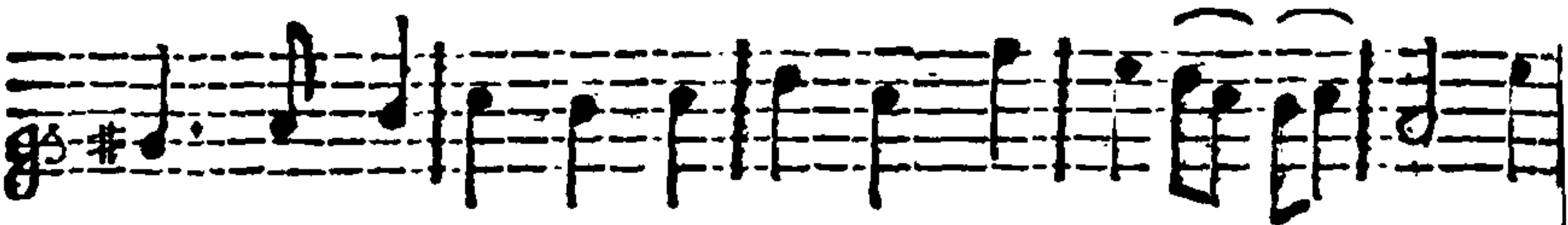


nd; Mirth, &c.

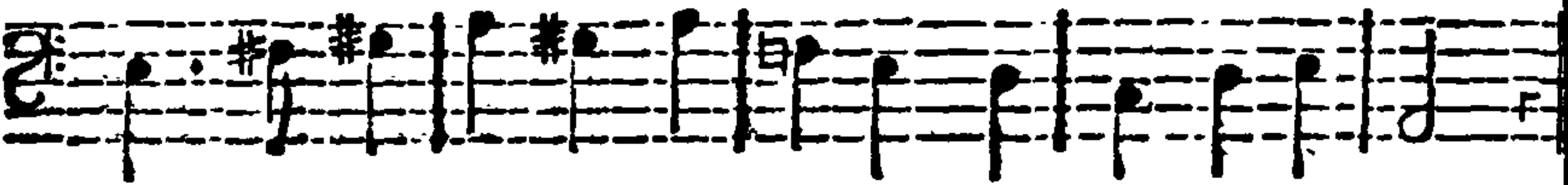
Continued.



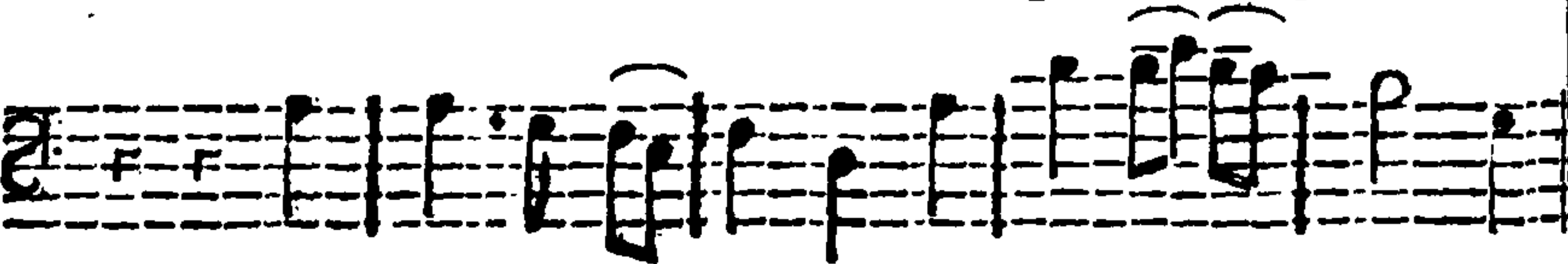
We'll lau—gh, and we'll fin—g, be bold and fin—



—cere; and re—mo—ving all Dan—gers, we'll ba—nish all Fear; we'll



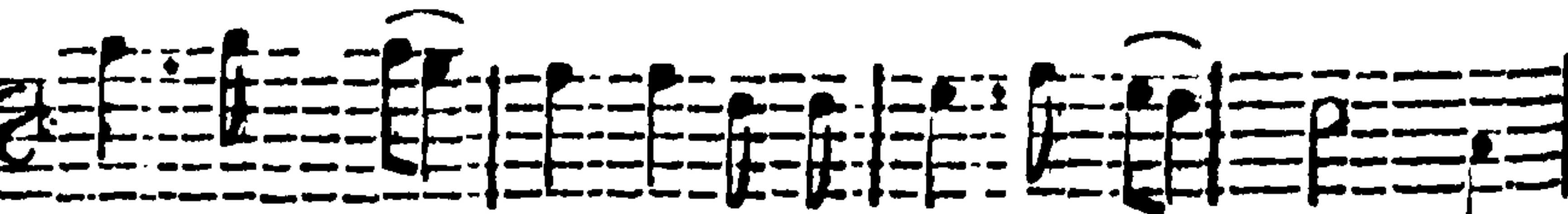
mock at the Cautious, and scorn all Dis—guise; be—gin to be



we'll mock at the Cautious, and scorn all Dis—guise, be



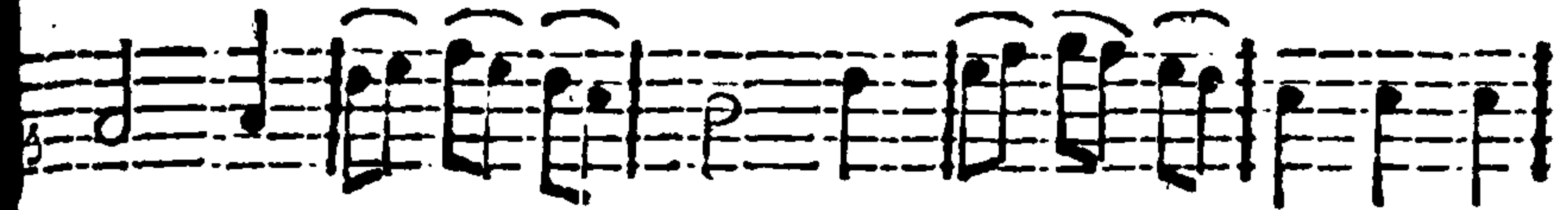
fro—lick, as we cease to be wise; 'till void of Re—



—gin to be fro—lick, as we cease to be wise; 'till



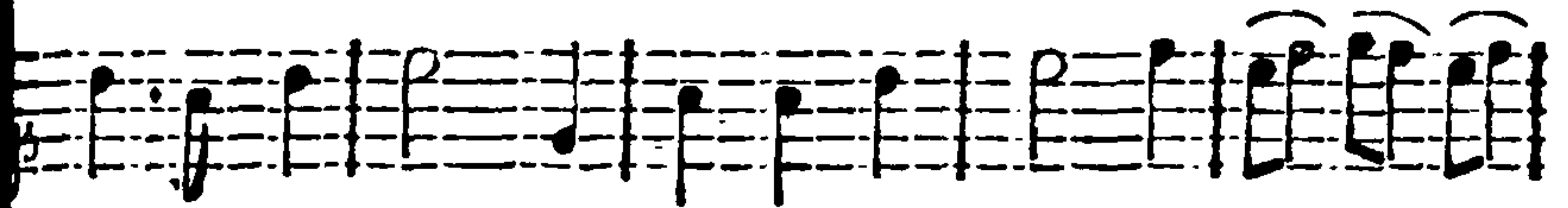
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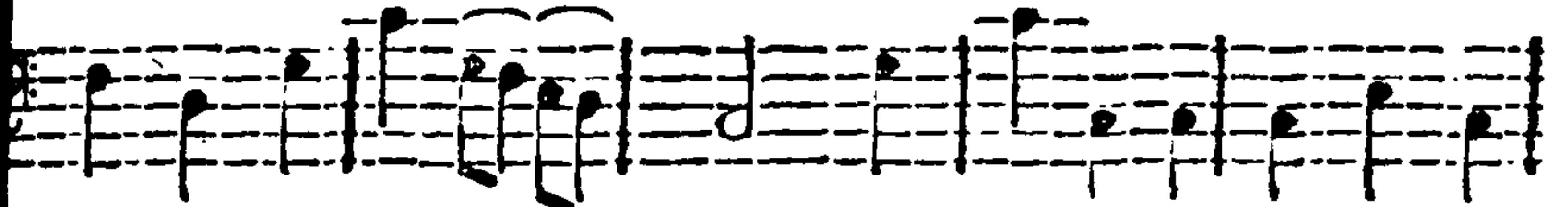
...serves, our jol—ly free Souls, prove clear as our Li-quer, and



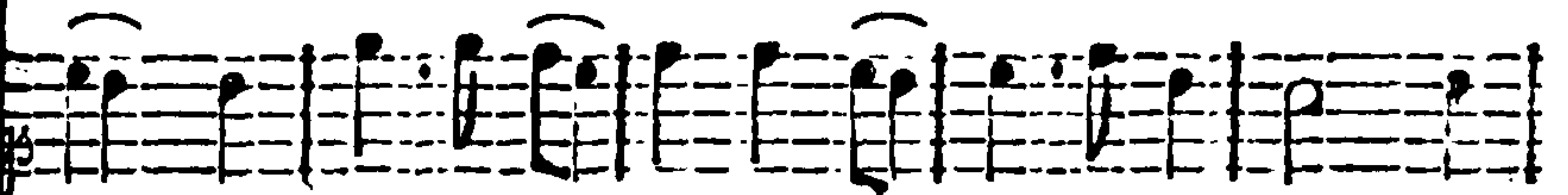
void of Re—serves, our jol—ly free Souls, prove clear as our



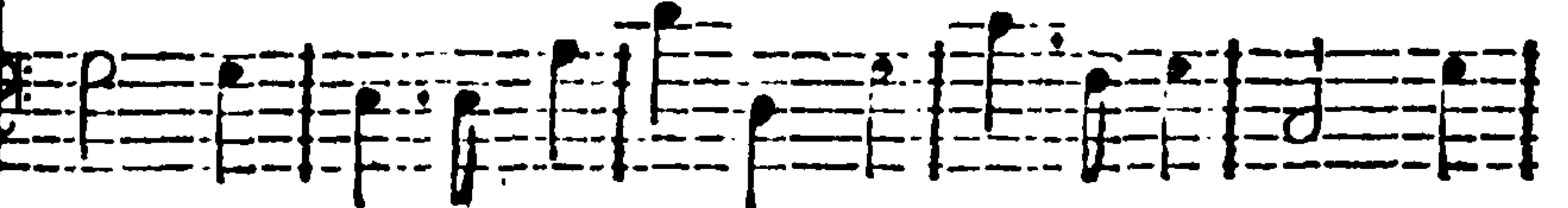
large as our Bowls; 'till void of Re--serves, our jol—ly free



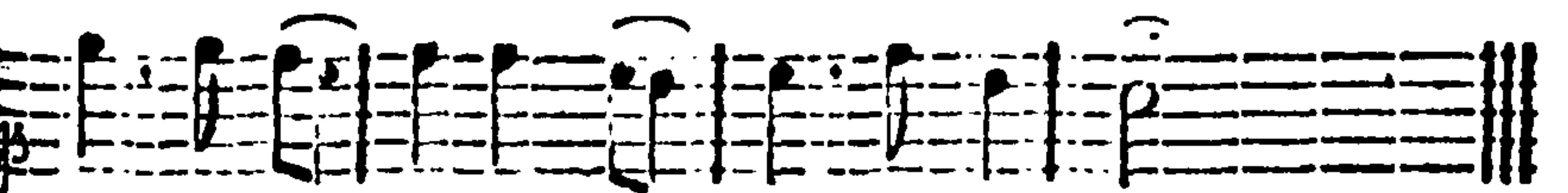
Liquor, and large as our Bowls; our jol-ly, our jol—ly free



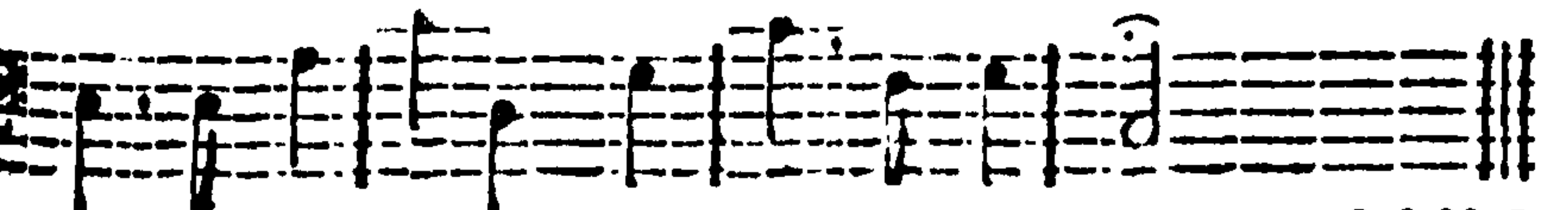
Souls, prove clear as our Li-quer, and large as our Bowls, prove



Souls,

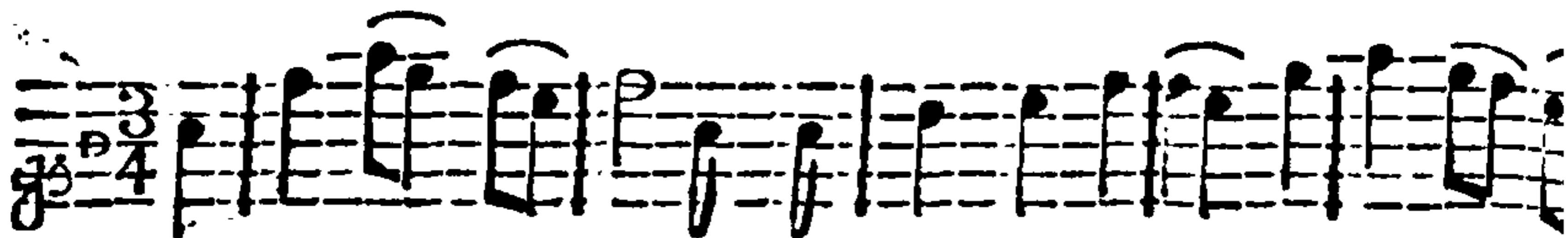


clear as our Liquor, and large as our Bowls.

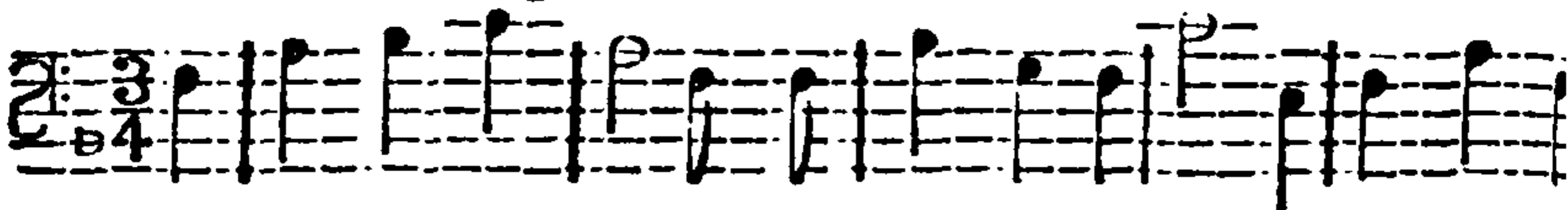


## A SONG for two Voices.

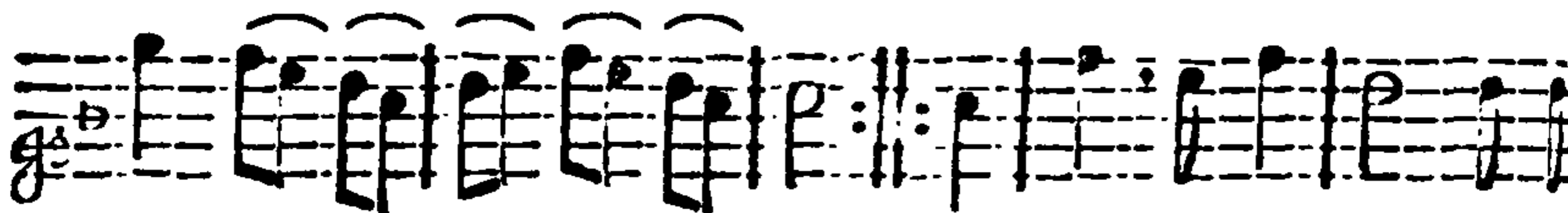
The Words by Matt. Prior. Set by Mr. Travers.



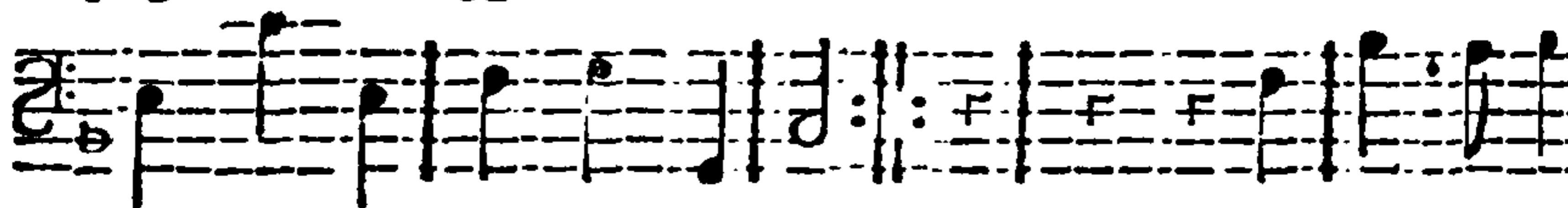
When Bi—bo thought fit from this World to retreat, as full of Cha



When Bi—bo thought fit from this World to re-treat, as full of Cha



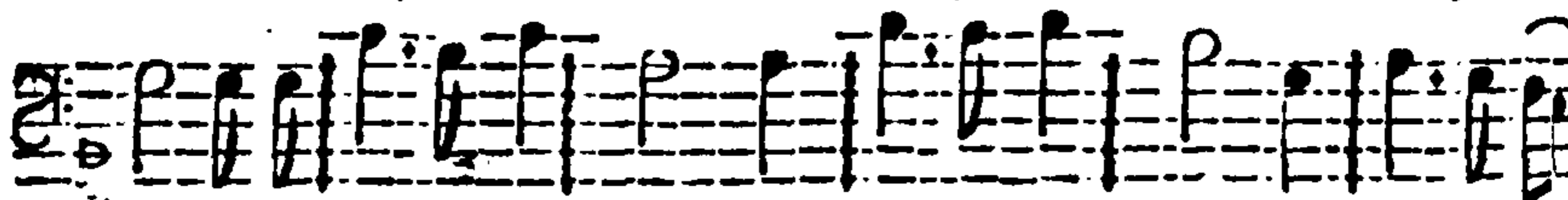
—paign, as an Egg's full of Meat: He wak'd in the Boat, and to



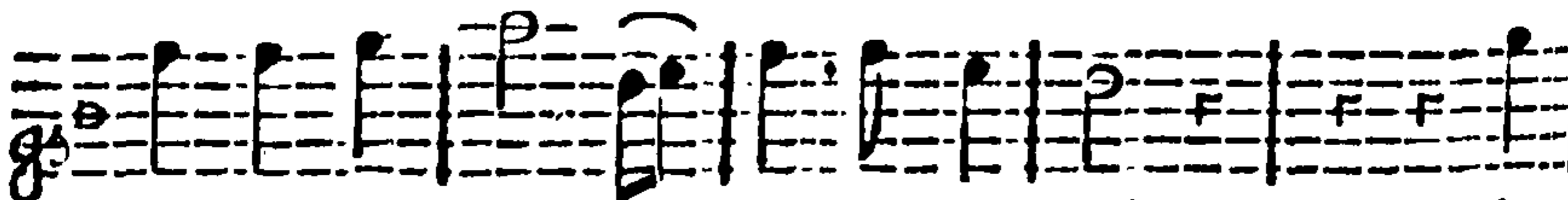
—paign, as an Egg's full of Meat: He wak'd in the



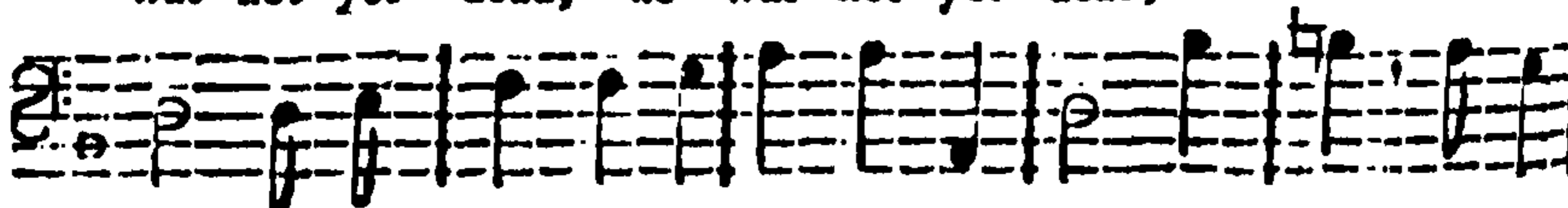
Cha ron he said, he wou'd be row'd back, he wou'd be row'd back, for he



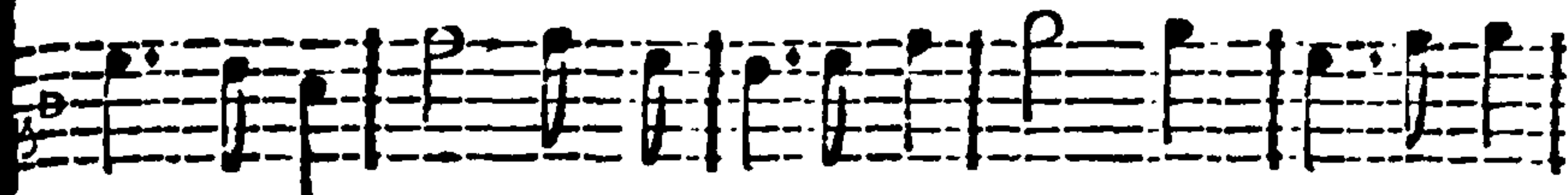
Boat, and to Cha-ron he said, he wou'd be row'd back, he wou'd be row'd



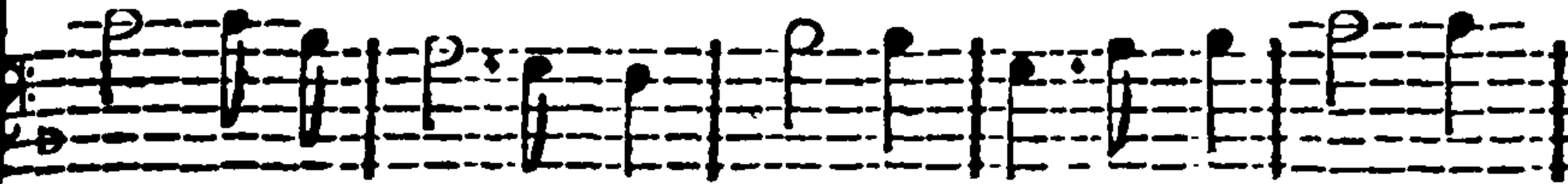
was not yet dead, he was not yet dead, he

back, for he was not, he was not yet dead, he 'wak'd in the  
Con.

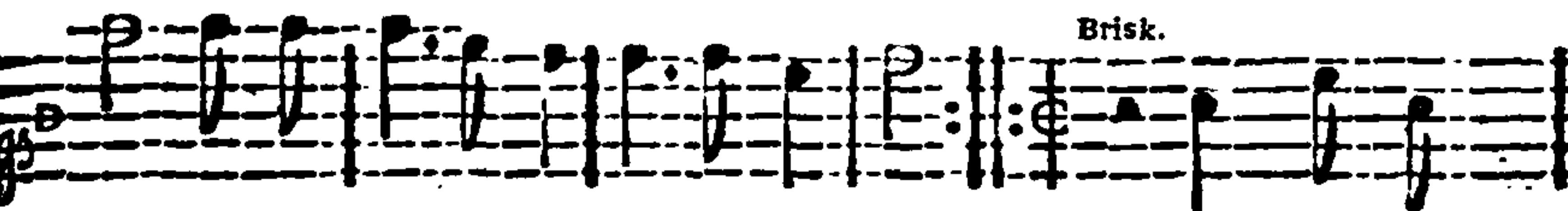
Continued.



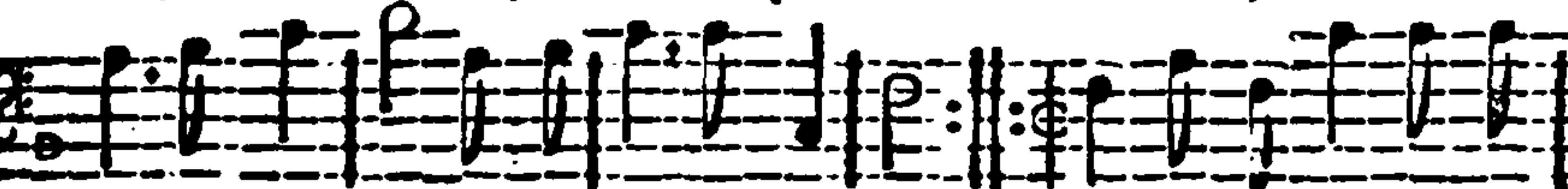
wak'd in the Boat, and to Charon he said, he wou'd be row'd



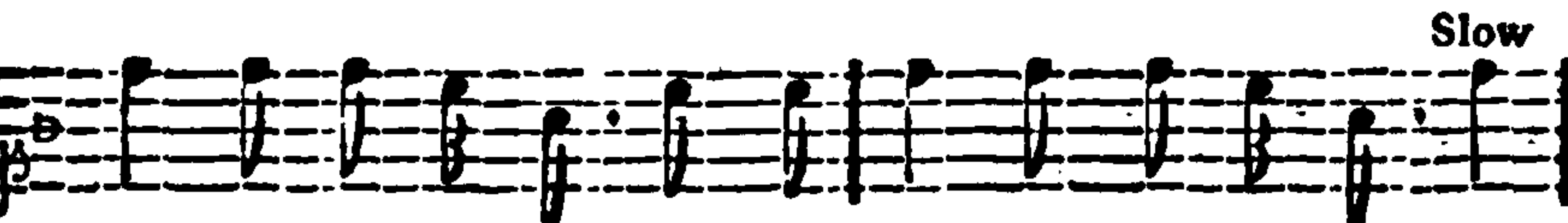
Boat, and to Cha-ron he said, he wou'd be row'd back, he



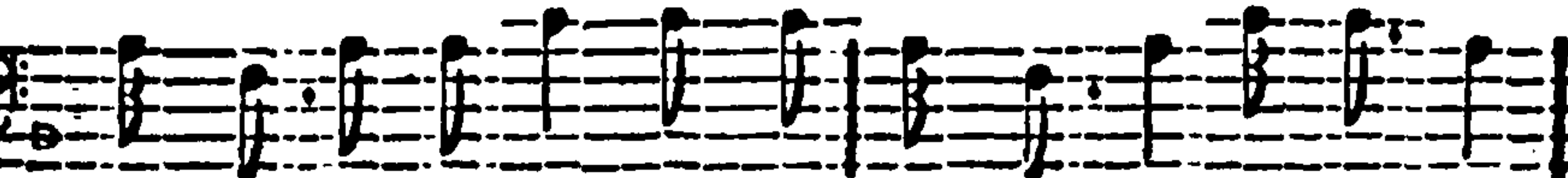
back, for he was not, he was not yet dead. Trim, trim the



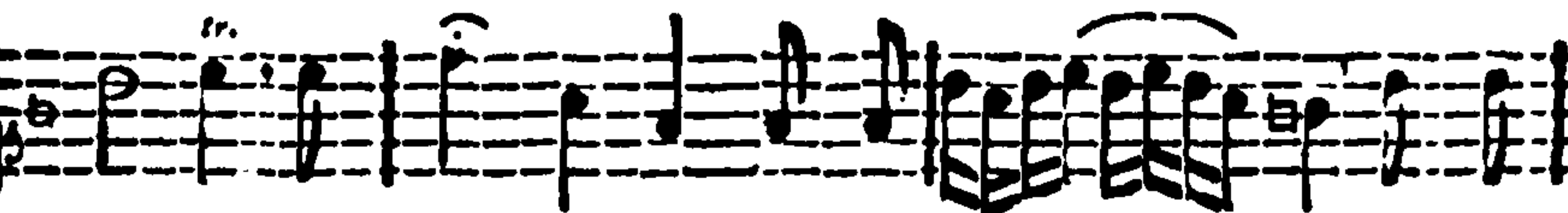
wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead. Trim, trim the Boat, and fit



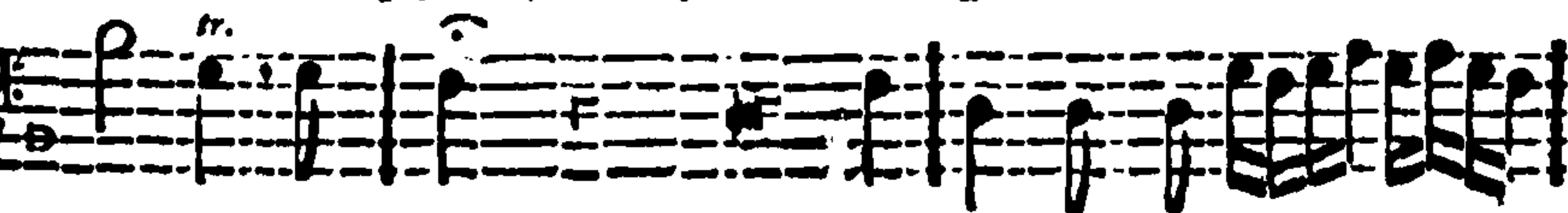
Boat, and fit qui-et, trim the Boat, and fit qui-et, stern



qui-et, trim the Boat, and fit qui-et, fit qui-et, stern



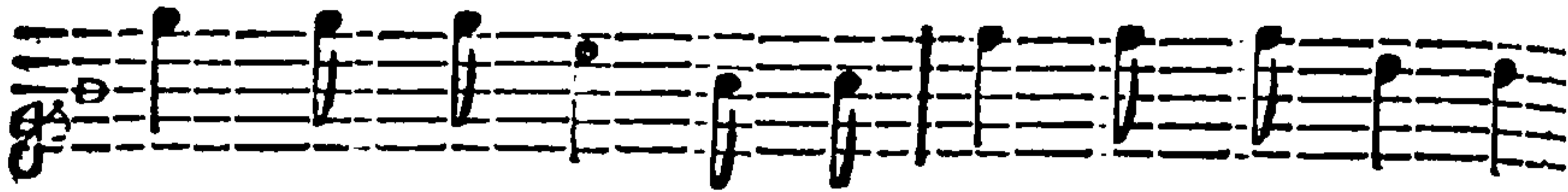
Cha-ron re-ply'd, you may have for-g—t, you were



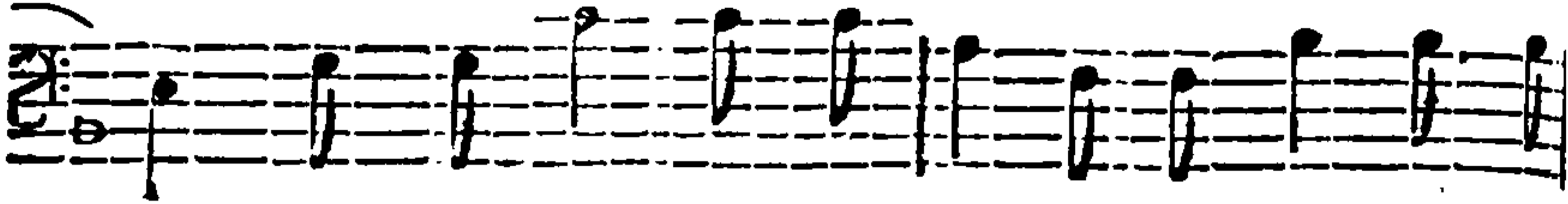
Cha-ron re-ply'd, you may have for-go—  
L Con-



Continued.



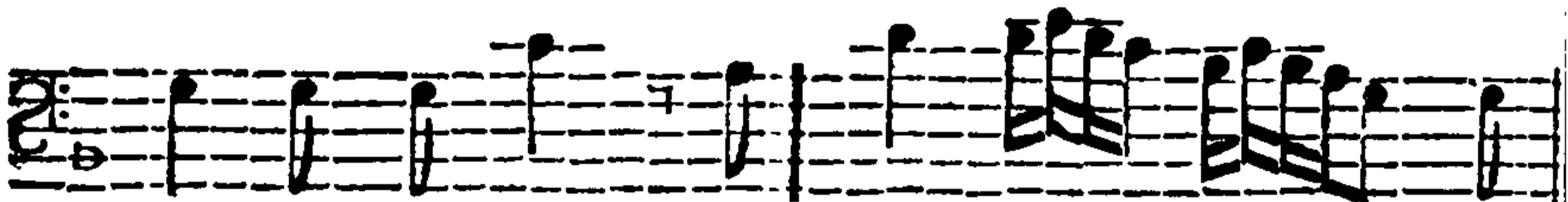
drunk when you dy'd, you were drunk when you dy'd, you



—t you were drunk when you dy'd, you were drunk when you



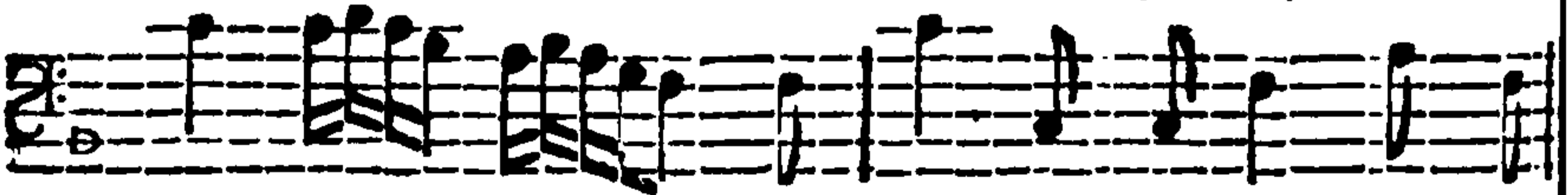
were drunk, were dru — nk, were dru —



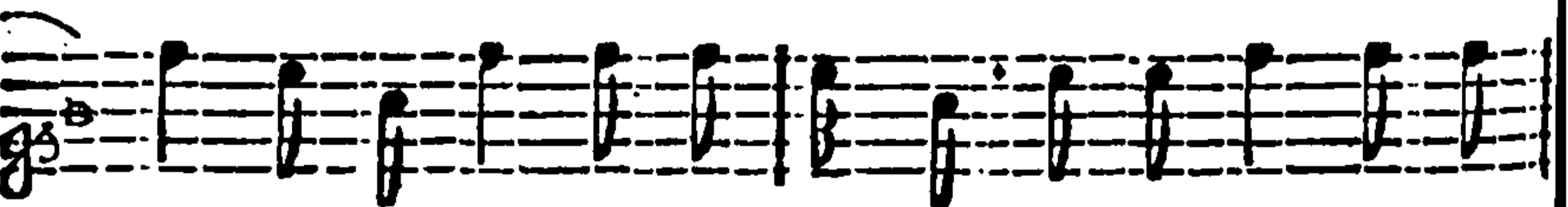
dy'd, you were drunk, were dru — nk, were



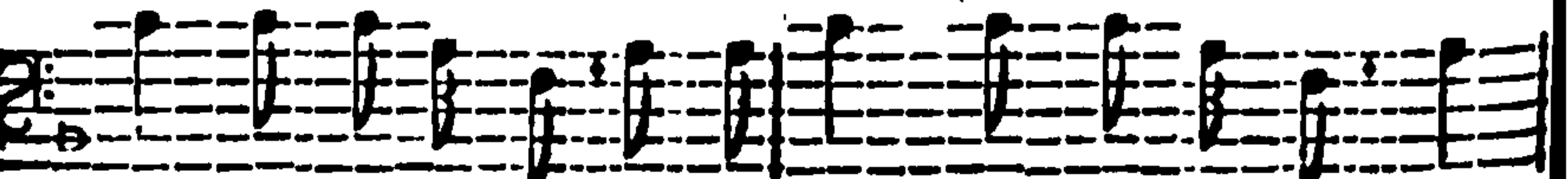
— nk, were drunk when you dy'd; tri —



dru — nk, were drunk when you dy'd; trim the



— m, trim the Boat, and sit qui — et, trim the Boat, and sit



Boat, and sit qui — et; trim the Boat, and sit qui — et, sit



Continued.

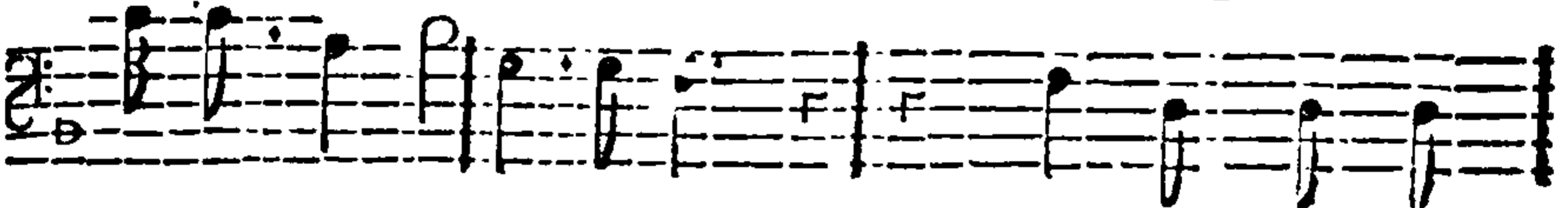
Slow.

*tr.*

Faster.



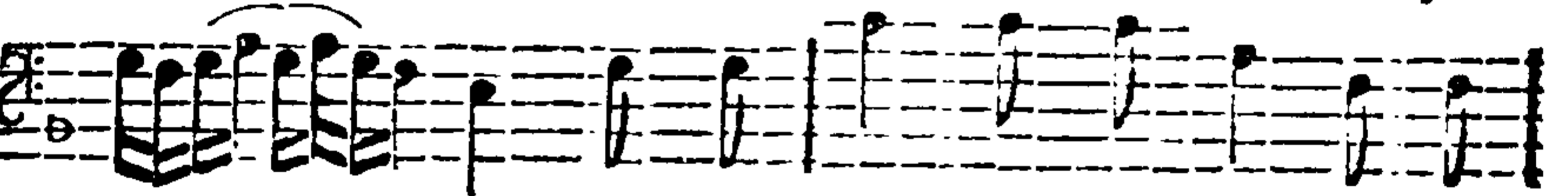
qui-et, stern Cha-ron reply'd, you may have for-go



qui-et, stern Charon reply'd, you may have for



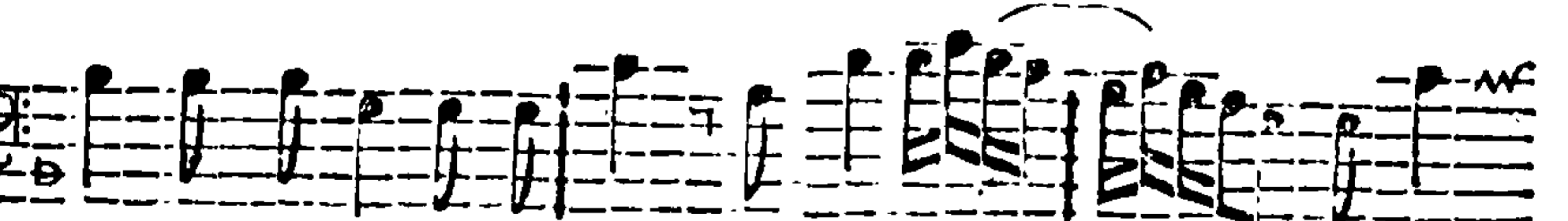
t, you were drunk when you dy'd, you were drunk when you



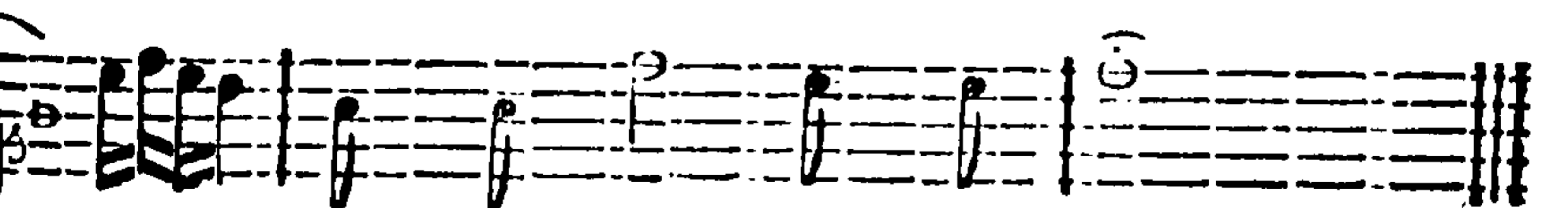
go t you were drunk when you dy'd, you were



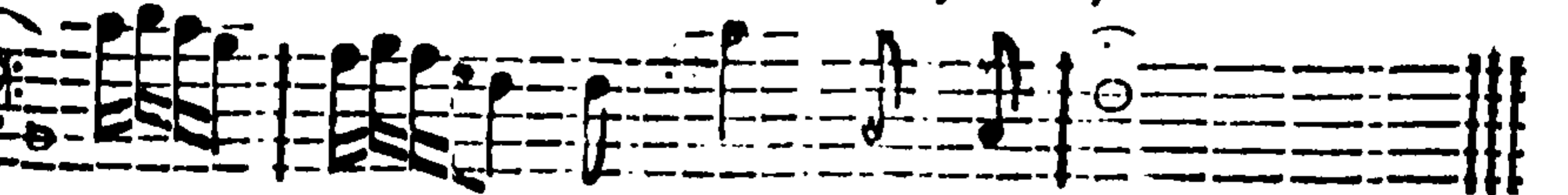
dy'd, you were drunk, were dru nk, were dru



drunk when you dy'd, you were drunk, were dru nk, were dru

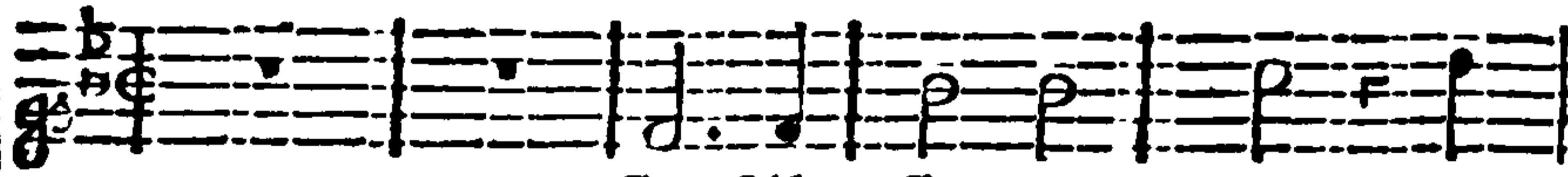


nk, were drunk when you dy'd.

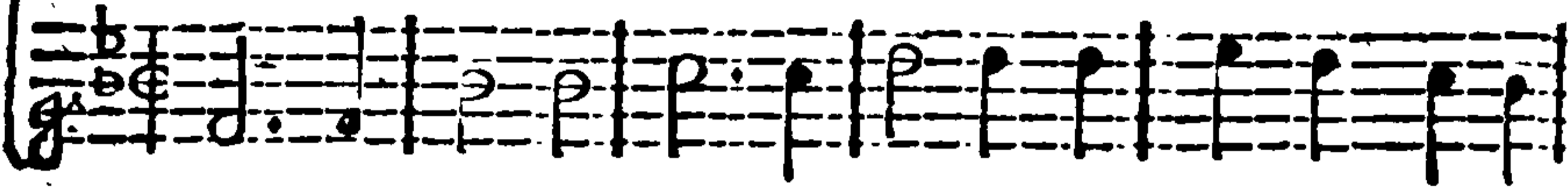


nk, were drunk when you dy'd.

DAMON and CLORA. A SONG for two Voices.



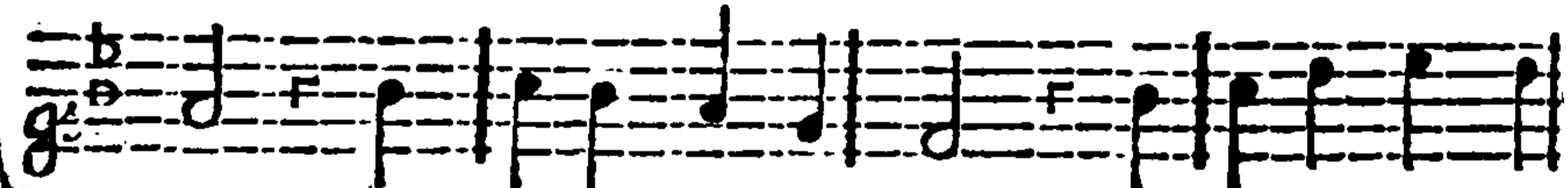
Go, false Da—mon, go, your



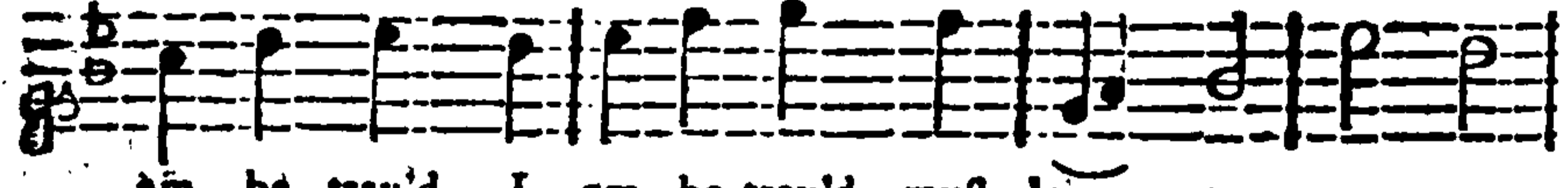
Turn, fair Clo—ra, turn, fair Clo—ra, Ah! Cru—el, turn a—



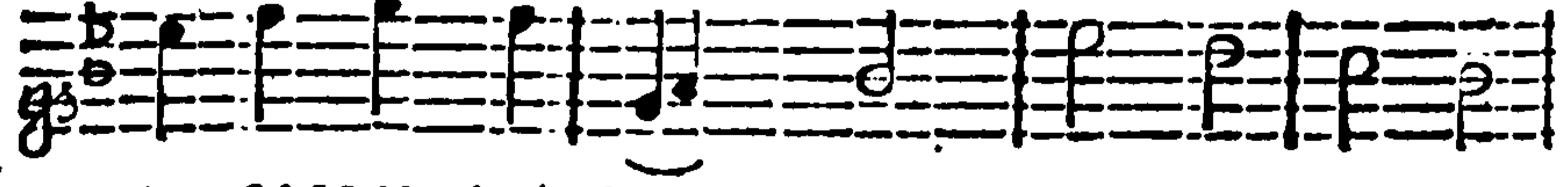
Su—ing is in vain, your Su—ing is in vain. I



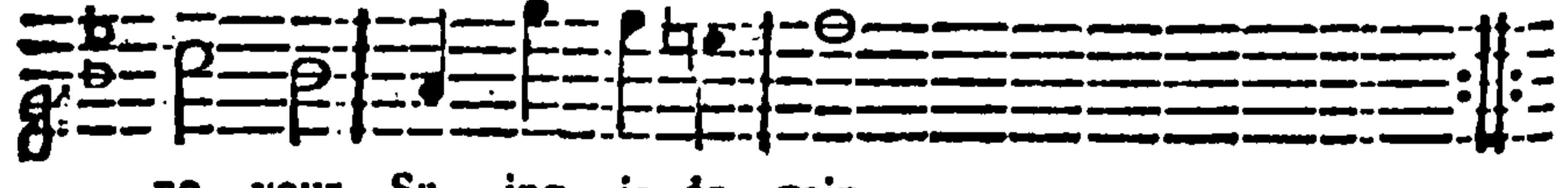
gain, Ah! Cru—el, turn a—gain; un—grate—ful Maid, un—



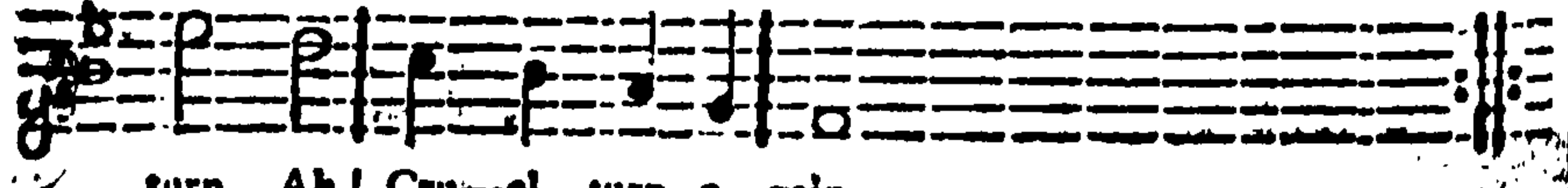
am be—tray'd, I am be—tray'd, must leave you; no, no,



grate—ful Maid, don't leave me; turn, turn, Clo—ra,



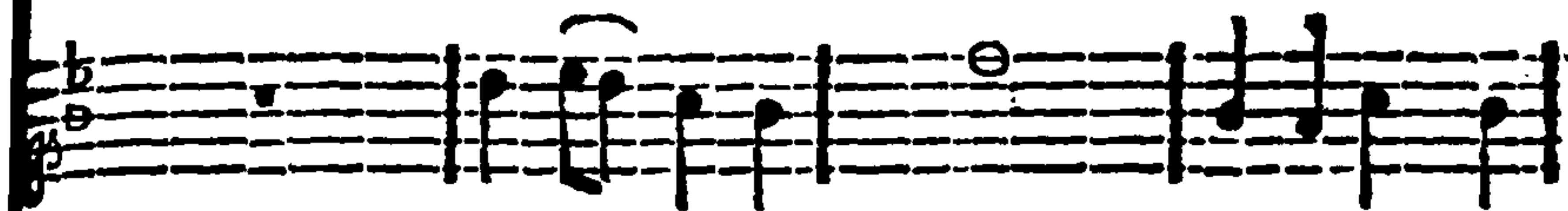
no, your Su—ing is in vain.



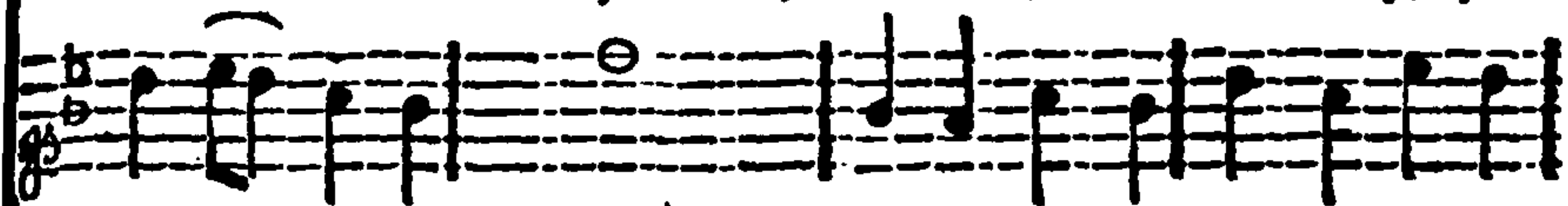
turn, Ah! Cru—el, turn a—gain.

# The ESSEX HARMONY.

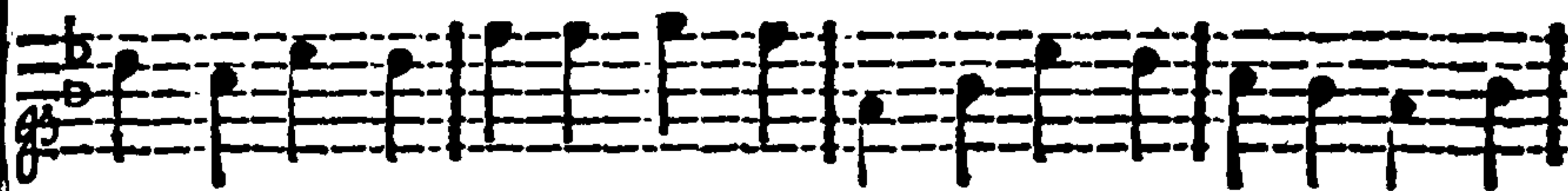
Continued.



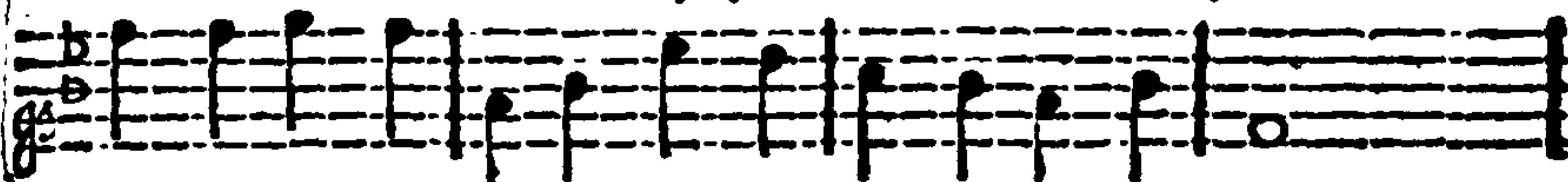
See thy Clo-ra, flies; if I stay, you



See thy Damon dies; if you go none can relieve me,



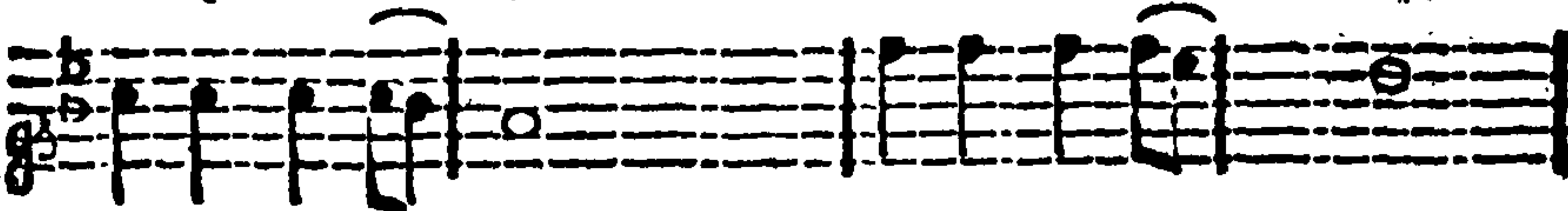
will deceive me, if I stay you will deceive me, you in-constant



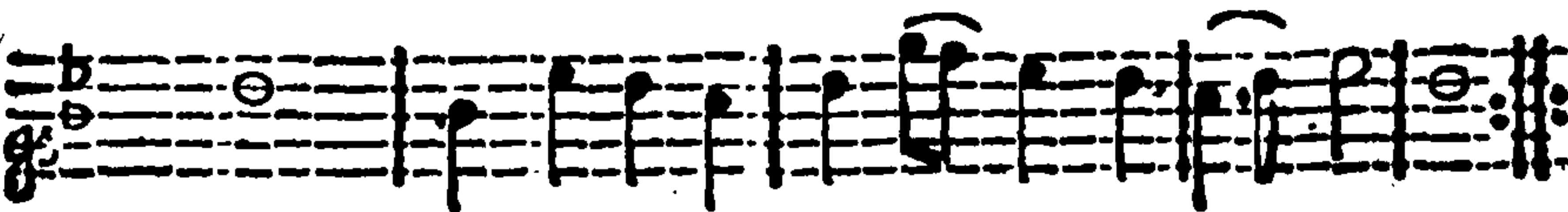
if you go, none can re-lieve me, yield to Damon's Love.



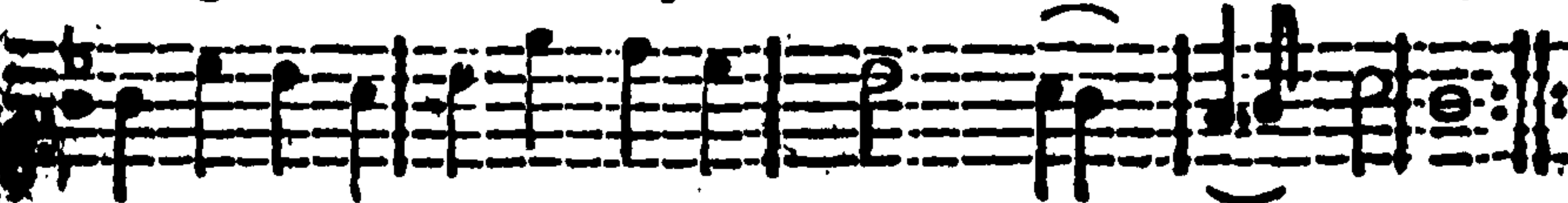
prove. No, I'll hear no more, no, I will be



Clo ra, I a-dore, thee I love a-lone,



gone; faithless Shepherd, faith-less Shepherd, I must go.



cru-el Beauty, cru-el Beauty turn, nor leave me so.

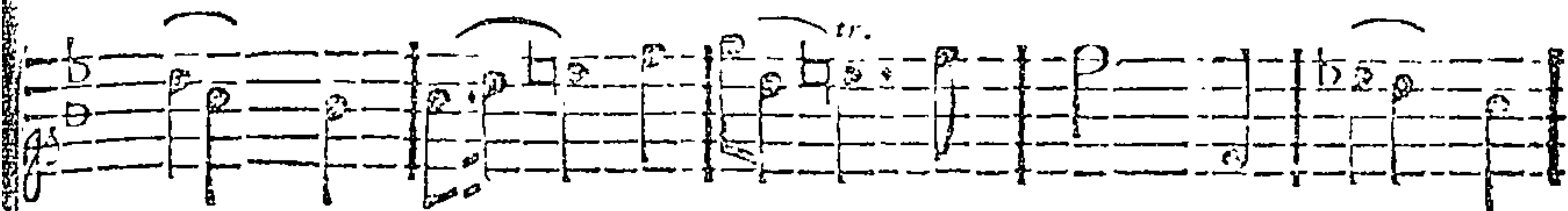
Con.



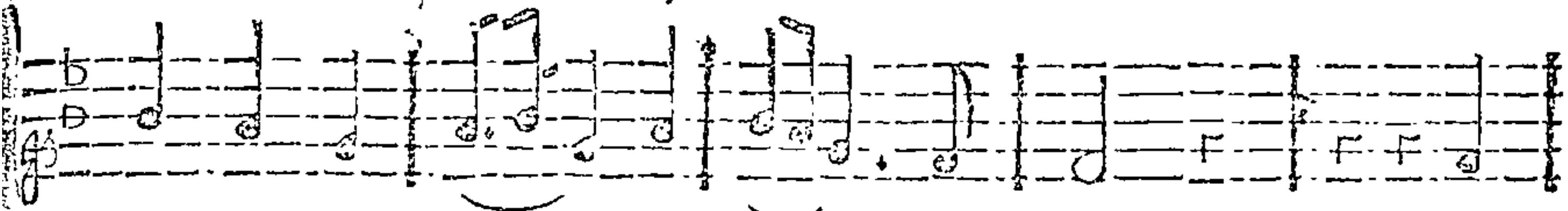




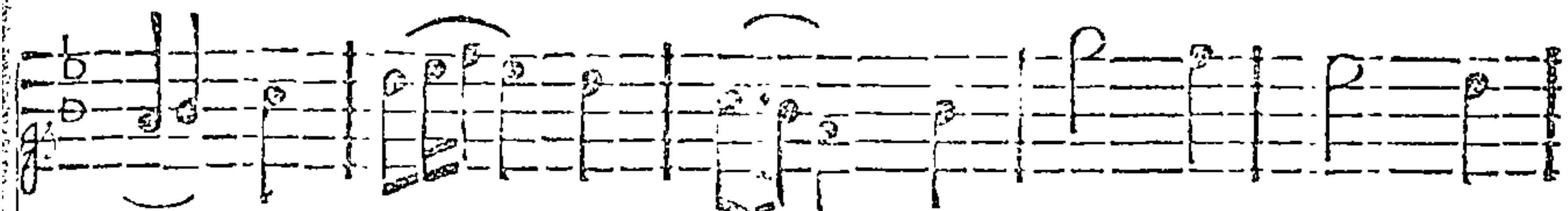
Continued.



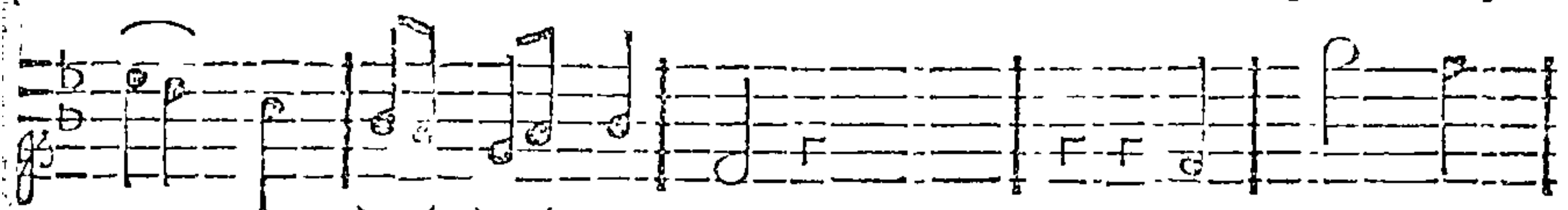
turn, or else thy Clo—ra dies. Let Tears fast



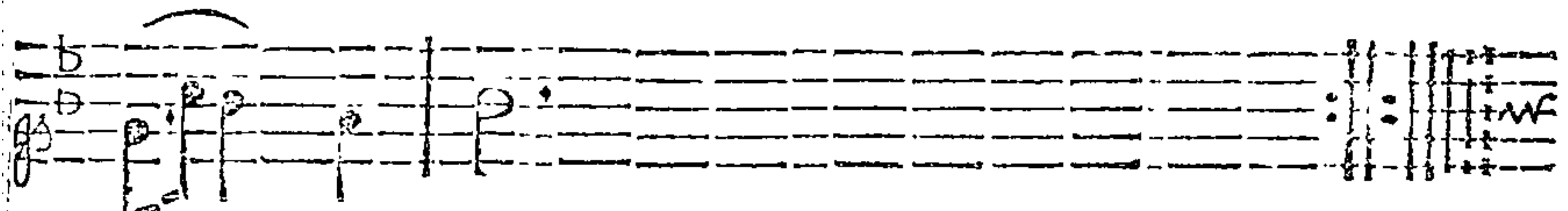
no more I'll court your whin—ing Sex, no



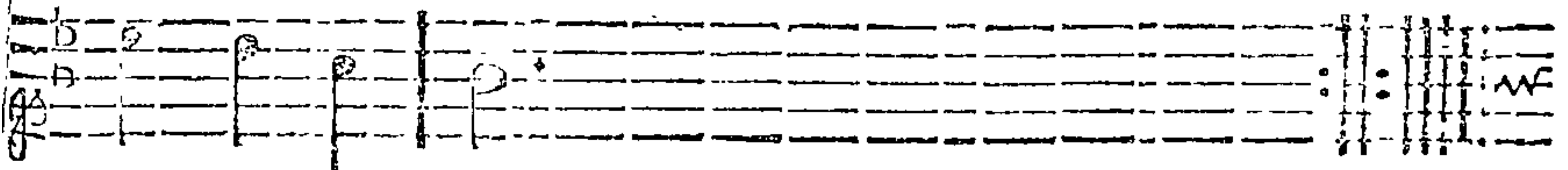
flow—ing, Love re—new, re—turn and prove thy



more your Art shall per—plex, no more, no



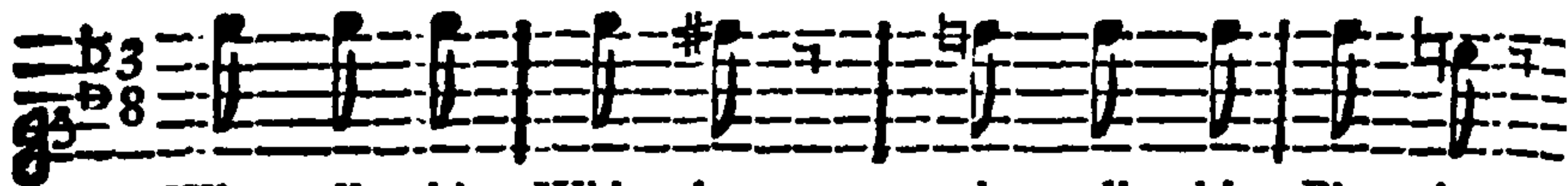
Clo—ra true.



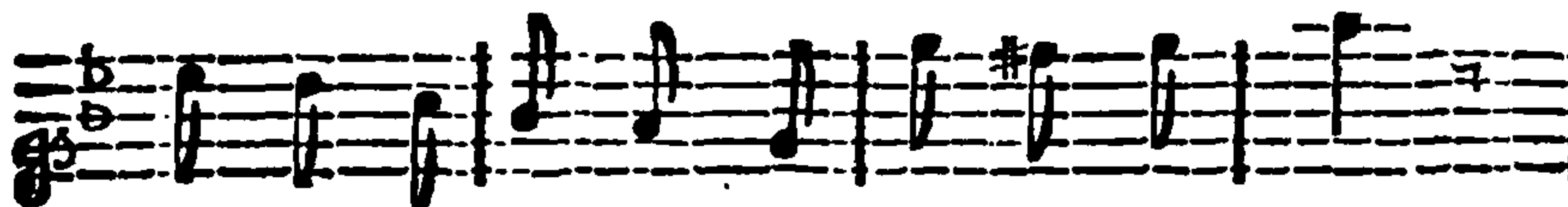
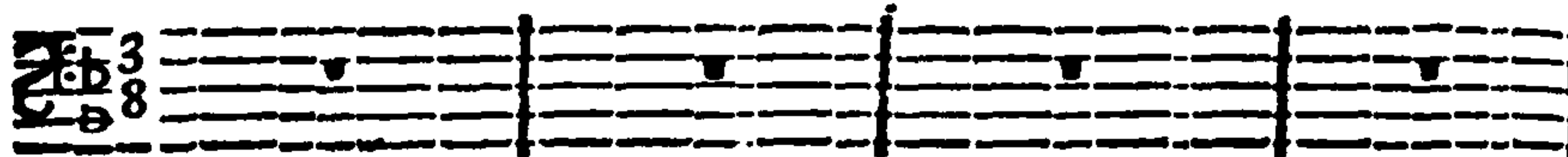
more shall per—plex.

## A SONG for two Voices.

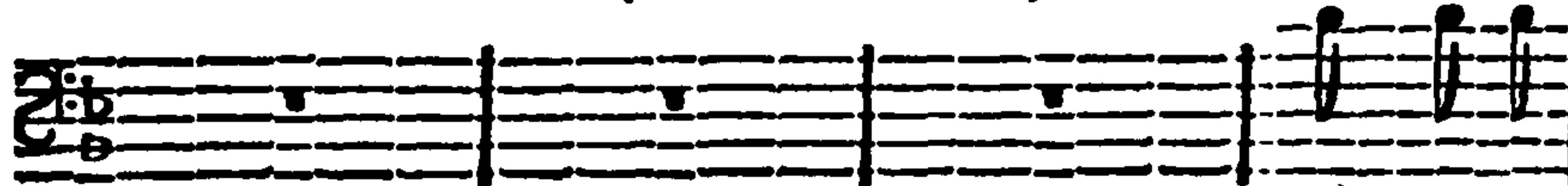
Set by Dr. Green.



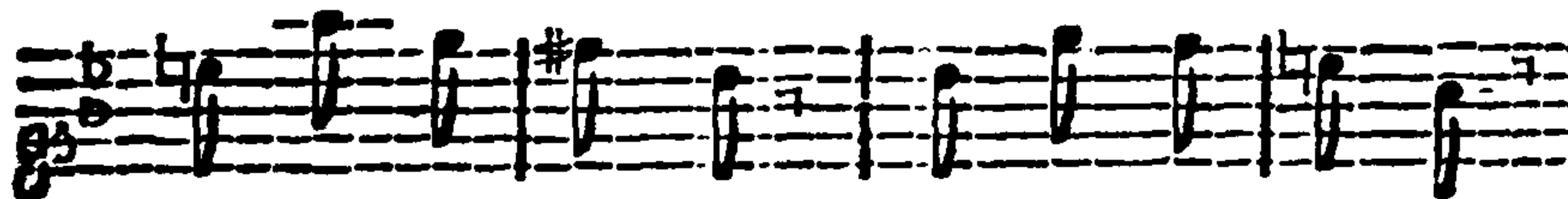
Why all this Whin—ing,                      why all this Pin—ing,



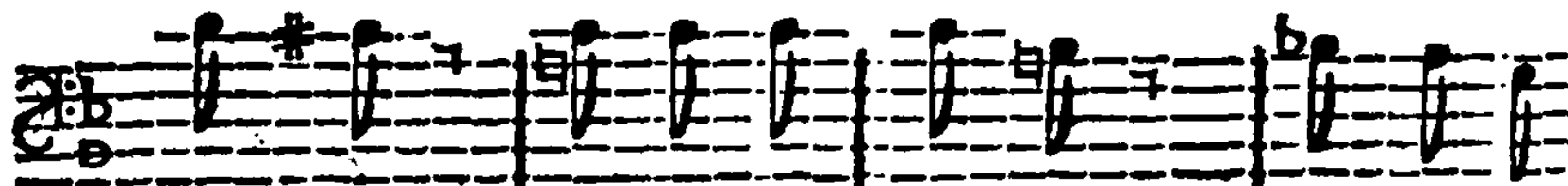
Love is a Fol—ly, and Beau—ty is Vain.



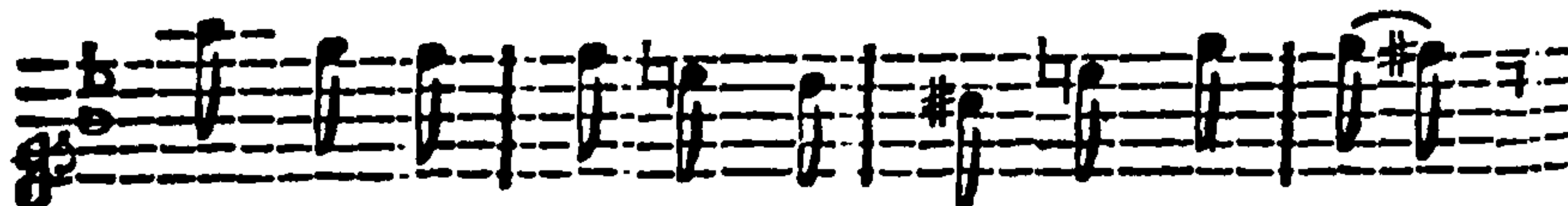
Why all this



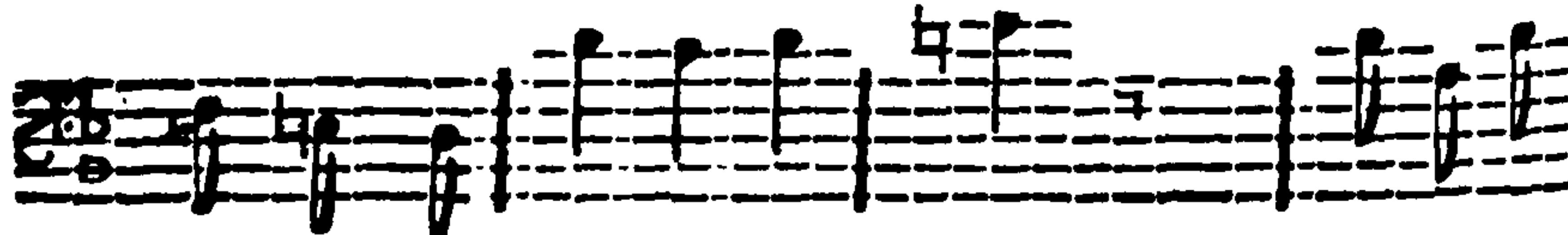
Why all this Whin—ing,                      why all this Pin—ing,



Whin—ing,                      why all this Pin—ing,                      Love is a

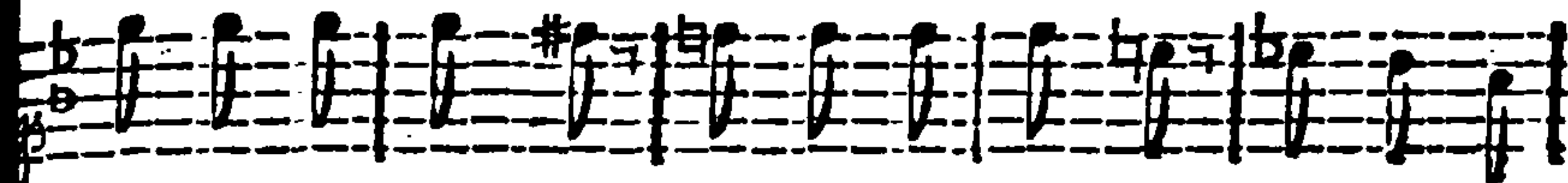


Love is a Fol—ly, and Beau—ty is vain.



Fol—ly, and Beau—ty, is                      Vain,                      Beauty is  
Can

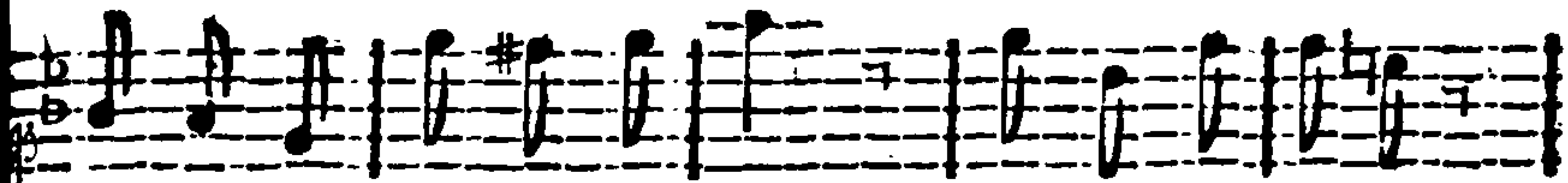
Continued.



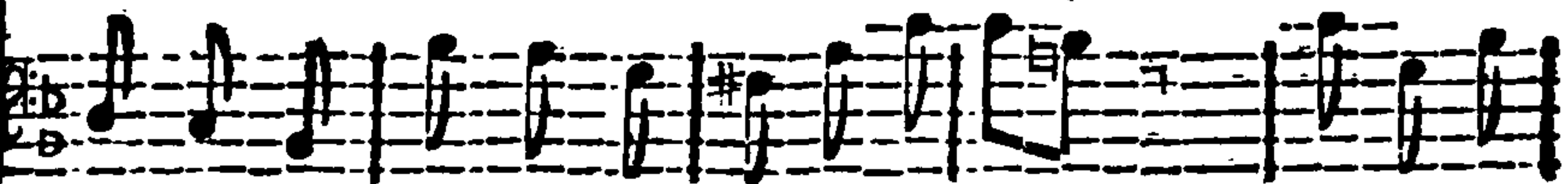
Why all this Whin—ing, why all this Pin—ing, Love is a



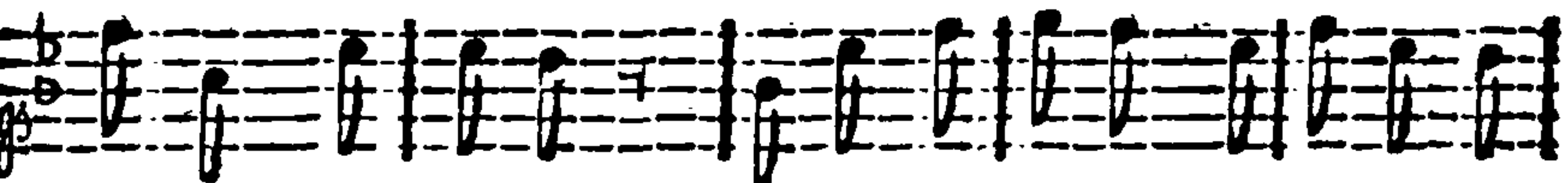
vain. Why all this Whin—ing, why all this Pin—ing,



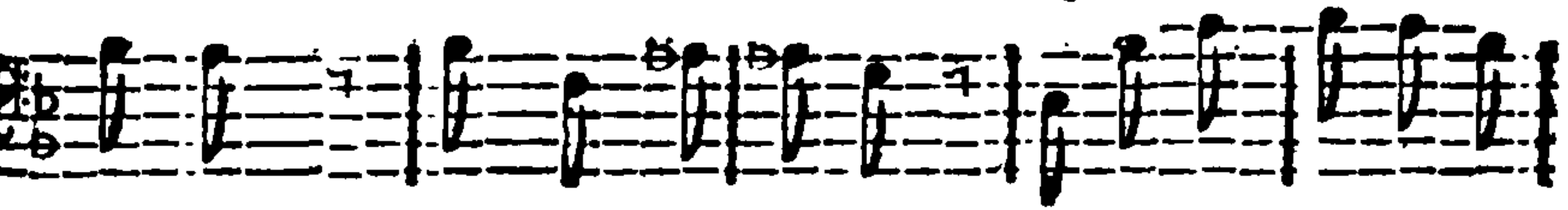
Fol—ly and Beau—ty is vain; no—thing so common



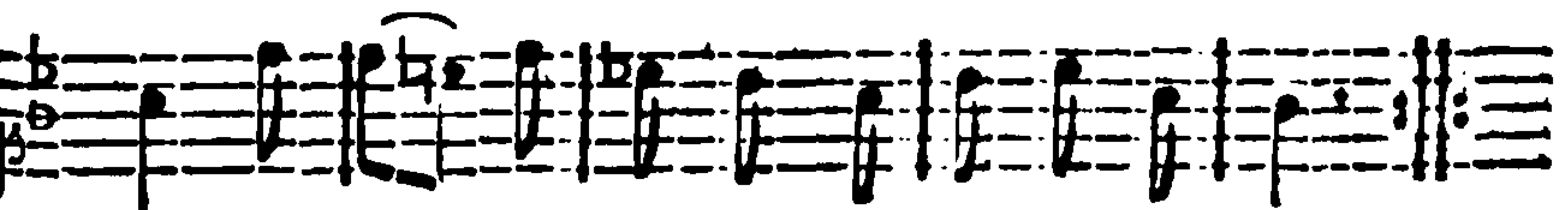
Love is a Fol—ly; and Beau—ty is vain, nothing so



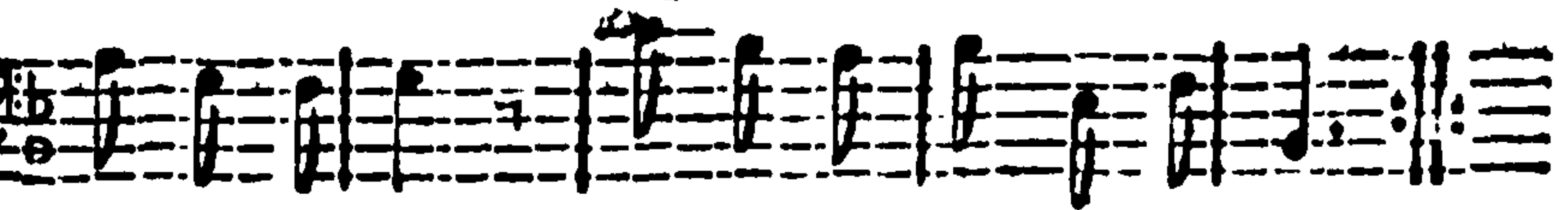
as Wealth and Woman to raise the Vapours, and so dull the



common, as Wealth and Woman, to raise the Vapours and

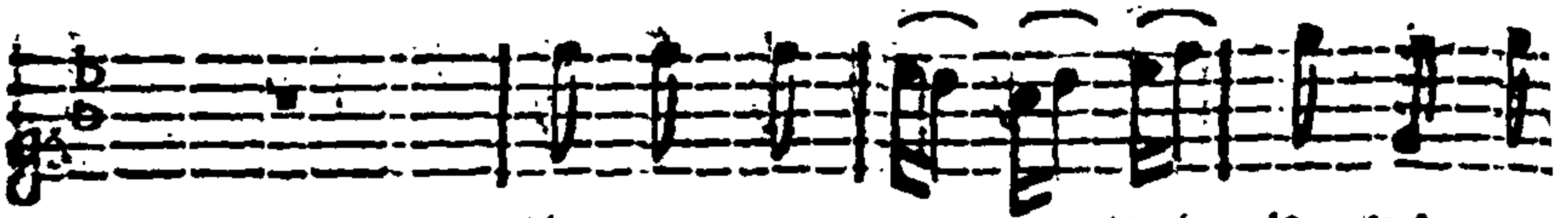


Brain, to raise the Vapours, and so dull the Brain.

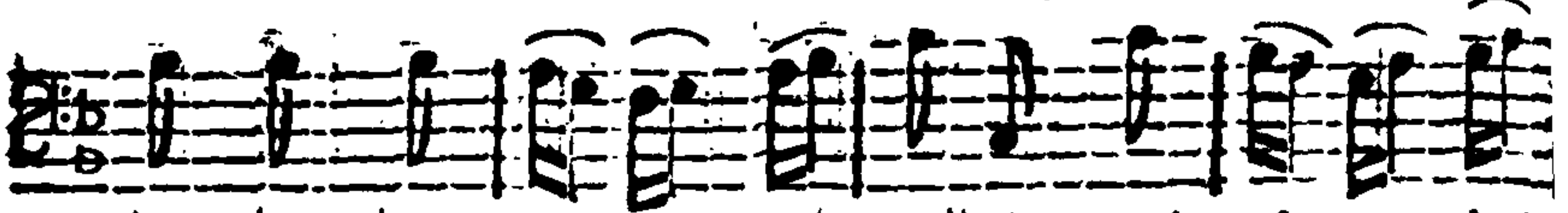


so dull the Brain, so dull the Brain, dull the Brain.

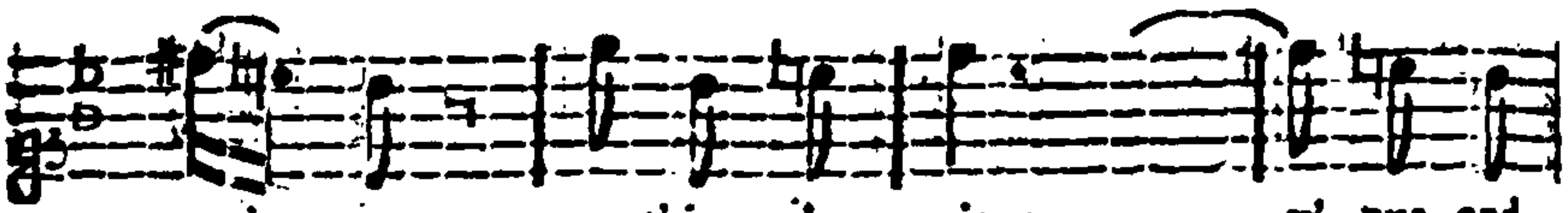
Continued.



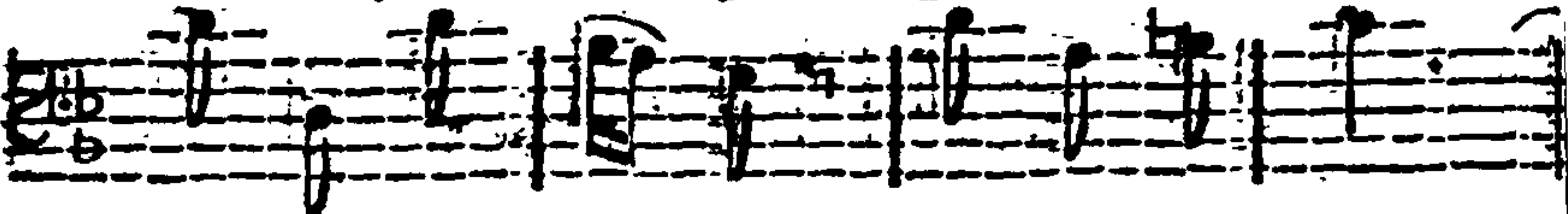
To him that's mer-ry, that's fro-lick and



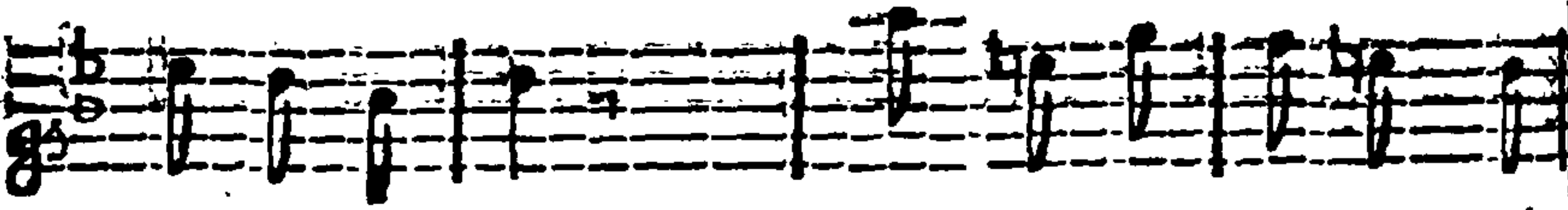
To him that's mer-ry, and fro-lick and ai-ry, that's



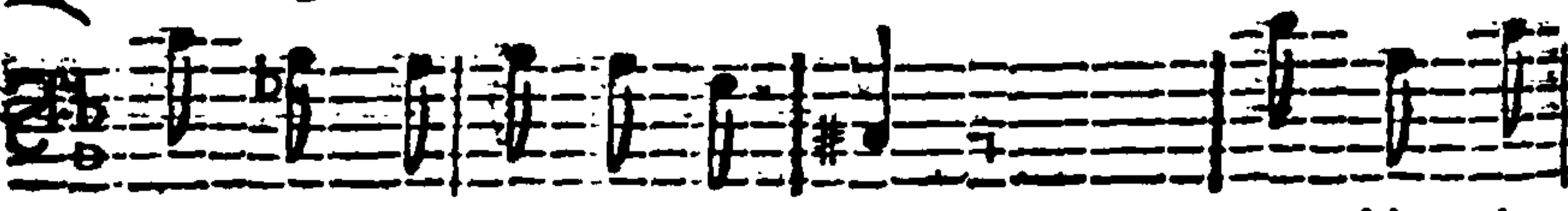
ai-ry, no-thing is grie-vous, and



fro-lick and ai-ry, no-thing is grie-



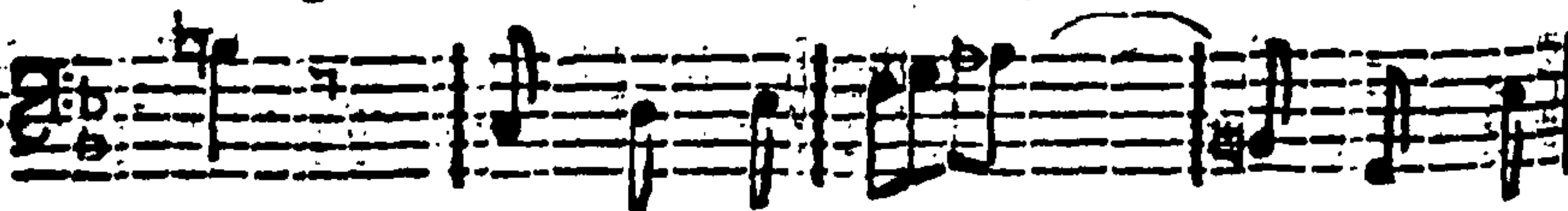
no-thing is sad, no-thing is grievous, and



v'ous, and no-thing is sad, no-thing is



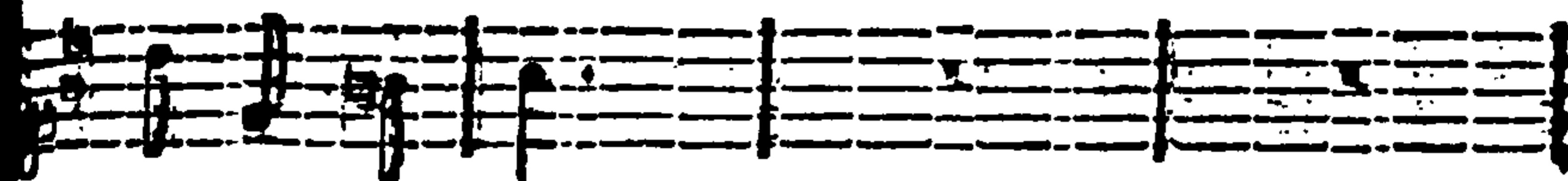
no-thing is sad, no-thing is grie-vous, and



sad, no-thing is grie-vous, and



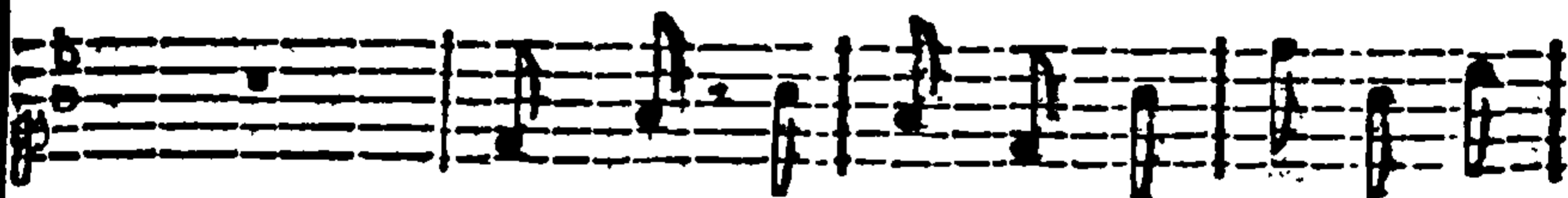
Continued.



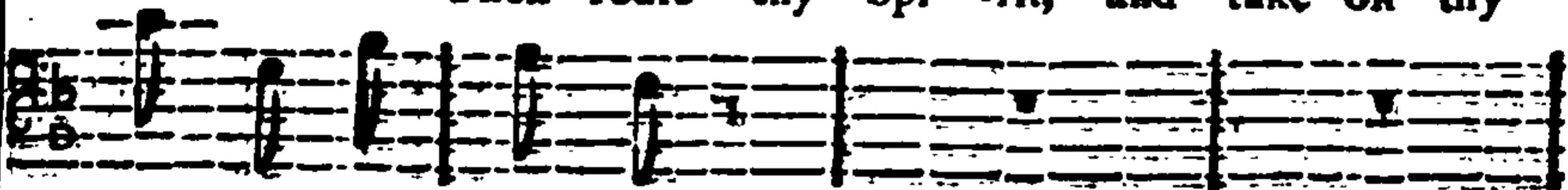
no-thing is sad.



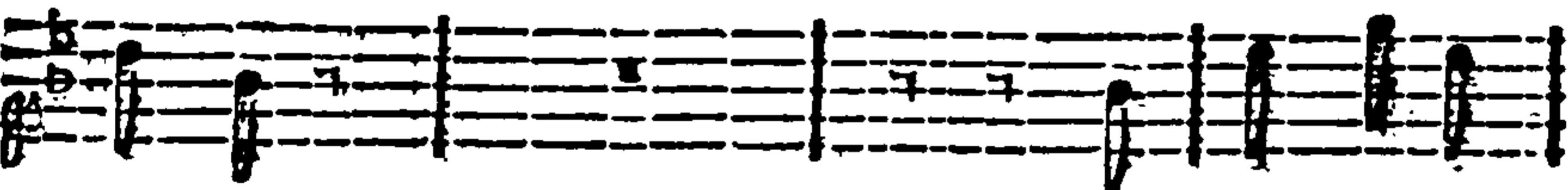
no-thing is sad. Then rouse thy Spi-rit, and



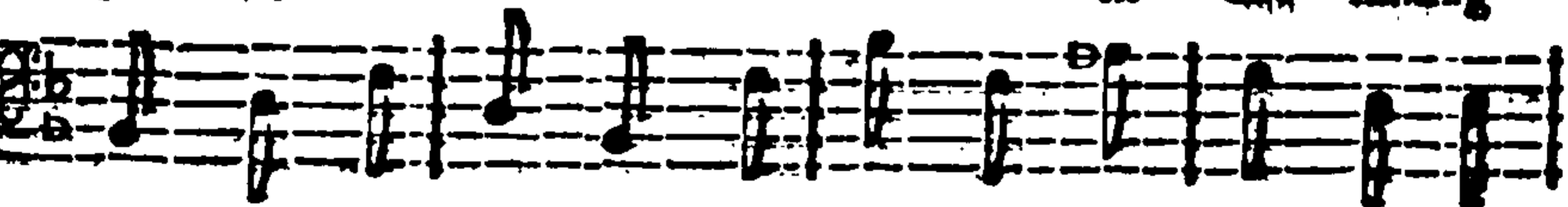
Then rouse thy Spi-rit, and take off thy



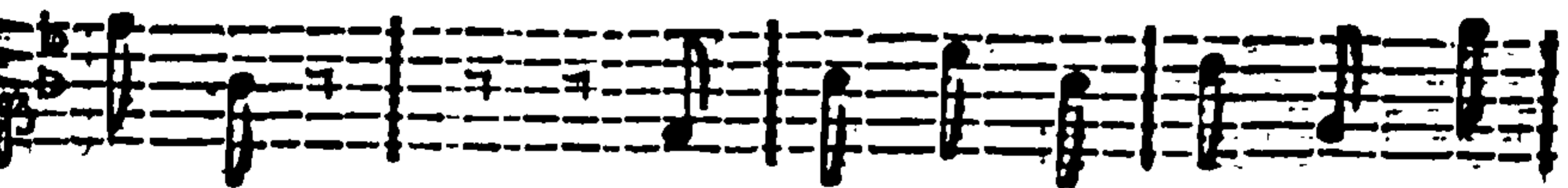
take off thy Cla-ret,



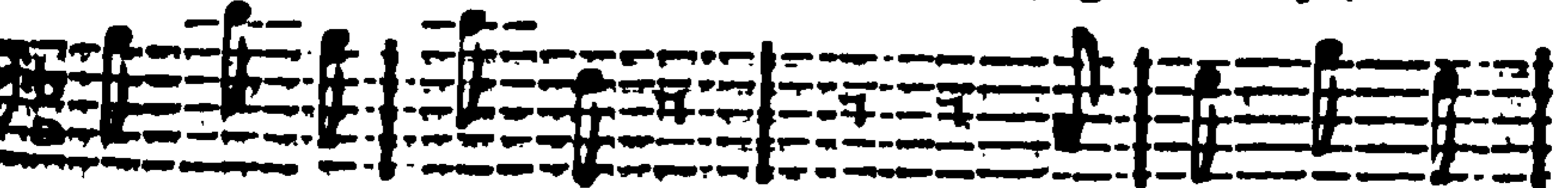
Cla-ret, in one smiling



then rouse thy Spi-rit, and take off thy Cla-ret, in

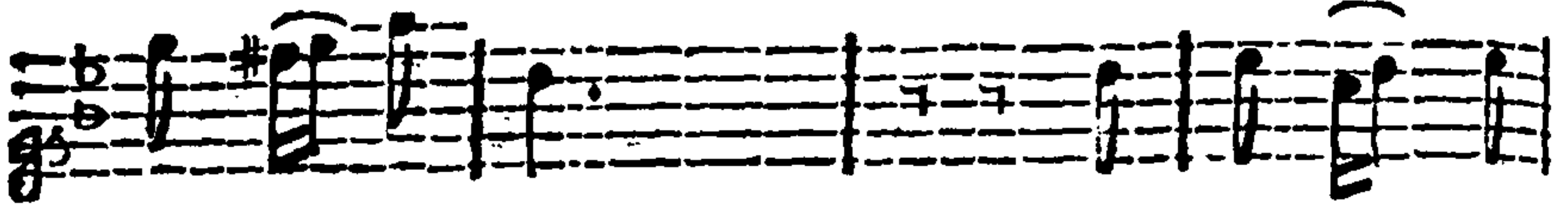


Bum-per, in one smi-ling Bum-per a



one smi-ling Bum-per, in one smi-ling

Continued.



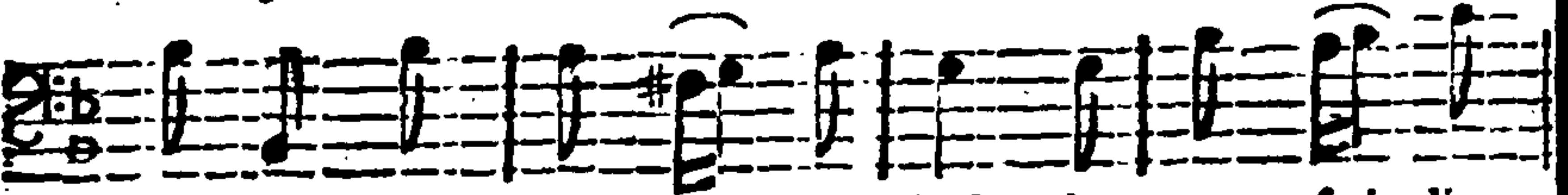
Cure's to be had, in one smi—ling



Bum—per a Cure's to be had, in one smi—ling



Bum—per a Cure's to be had, in one smi—ling



Bum per a Cure's to be had, in one smi—ling



Bum—per a Cure's to be had, in one smi—ling



Bum—per a Cure's to be had, in one smi—ling



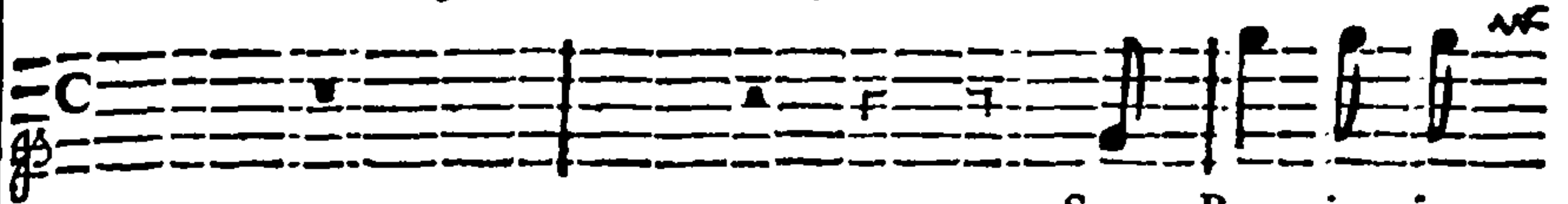
Bum—per a Cure's to be had.



Bum—per a Cure's to be had.

An EPIGRAM, by Matt. Prior.

Set for two Voices by Mr. Travers.



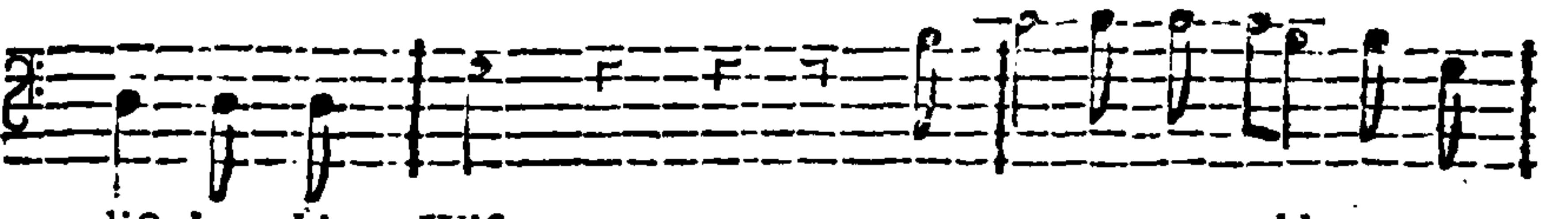
Says Pon-tius in



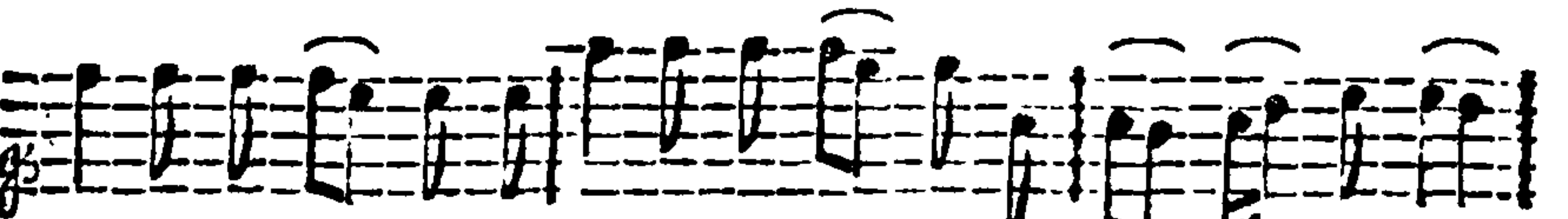
Says Pontius in ra-ge, con-tra-



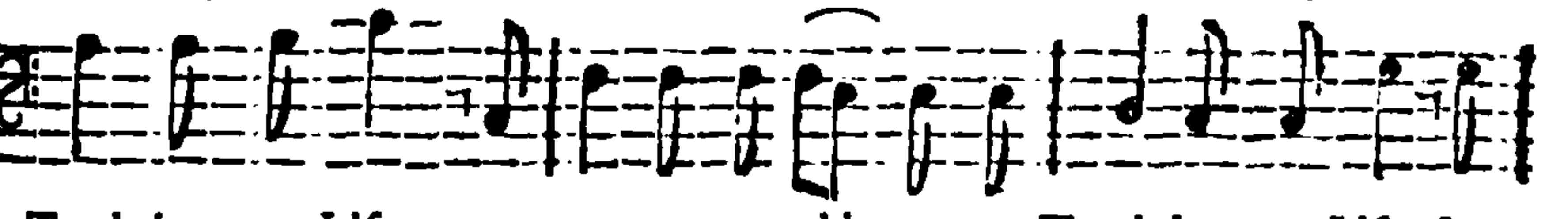
ra-ge, con-tra-dict-ing his Wife, you



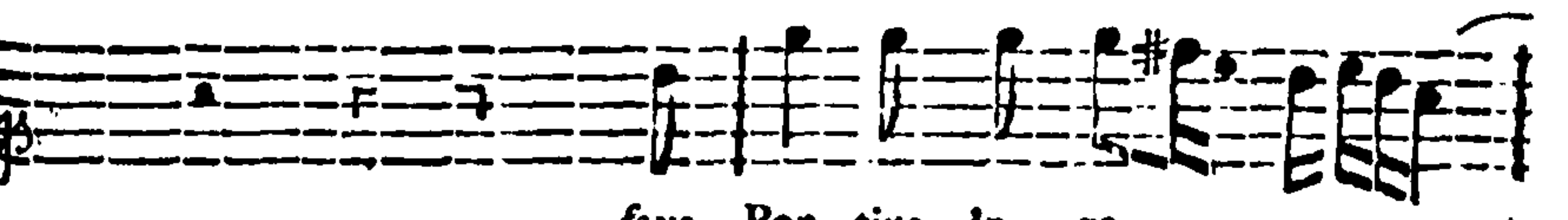
-dict-ing his Wife, you ne-ver yet told me one



ne-ver yet told me, you ne-ver yet told me one Truth in your Life,



Truth in your Life, you ne-ver yet told me one Truth in your Life, says

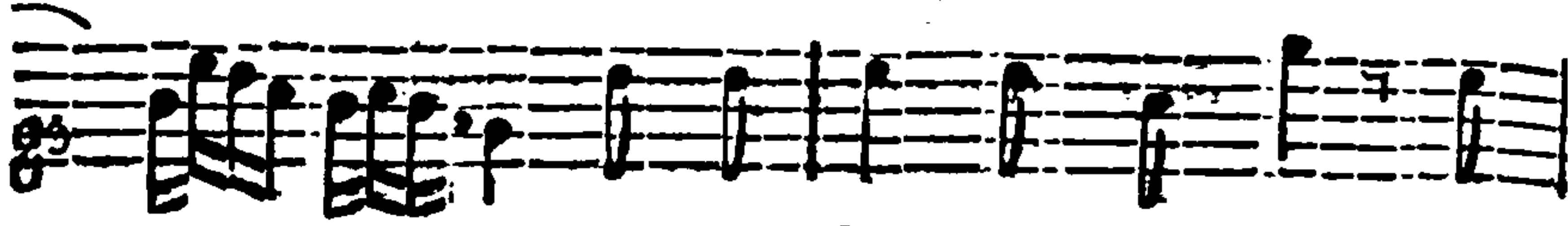


says Pon-tius in ra-



Pon-tius in ra-ge con-tra-

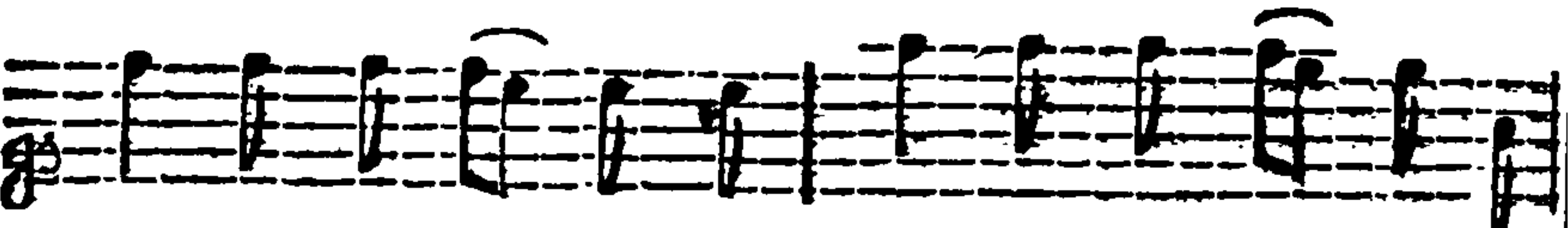
Continued.



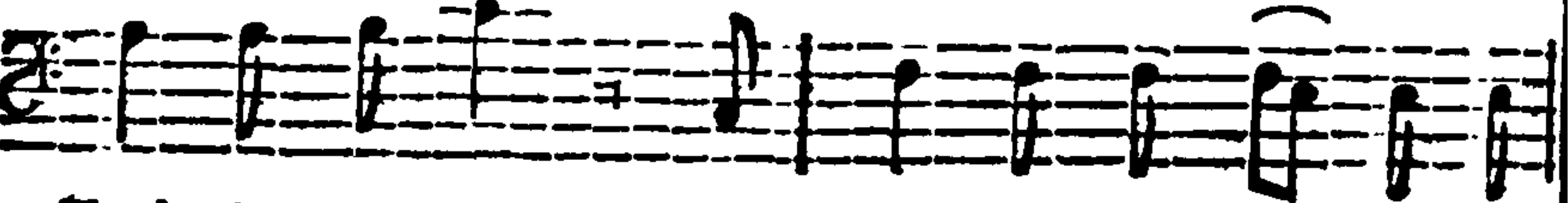
ge con—tra—dict—ing his Wife, you



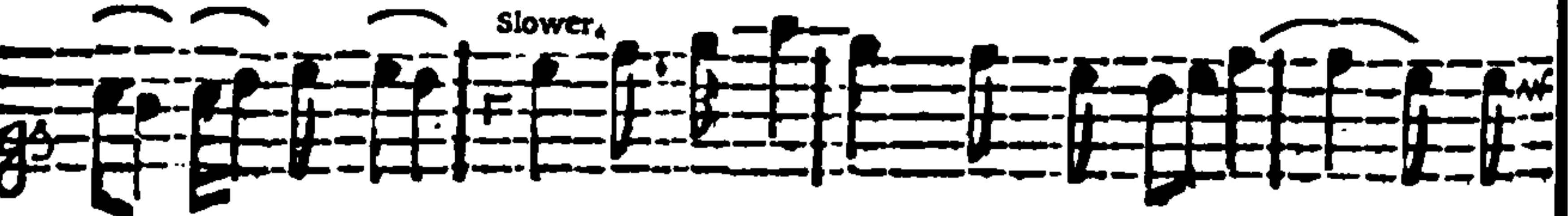
—dict—ing his Wife, you ne—ver yet told me one



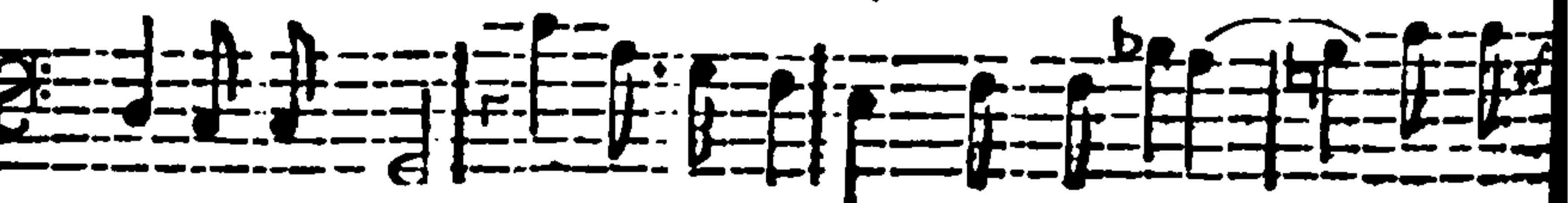
ne—ver yet told me, you ne—ver yet told me one



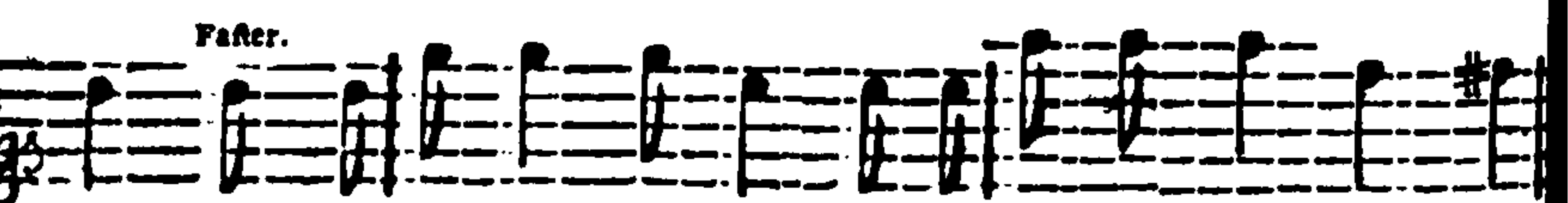
Truth in your Life, you ne—ver yet told me one



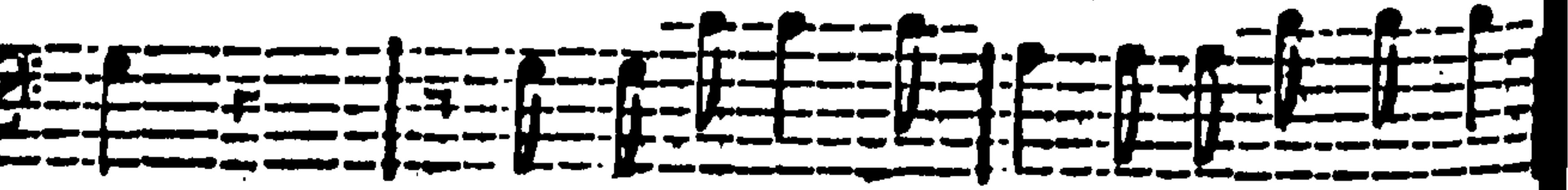
Truth in your Life. Vext Pontia no way wou'd this The—sis al—



Truth in your Life. Vext Pontia no way wou'd this The—sis al—



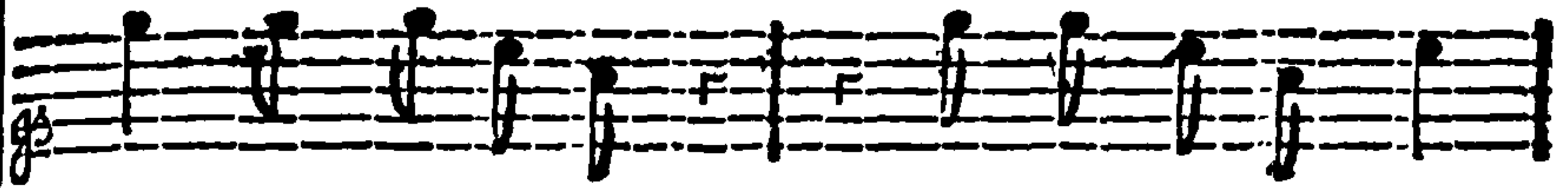
—low, you're a Cuckold says she, do I tell you Truth now; says



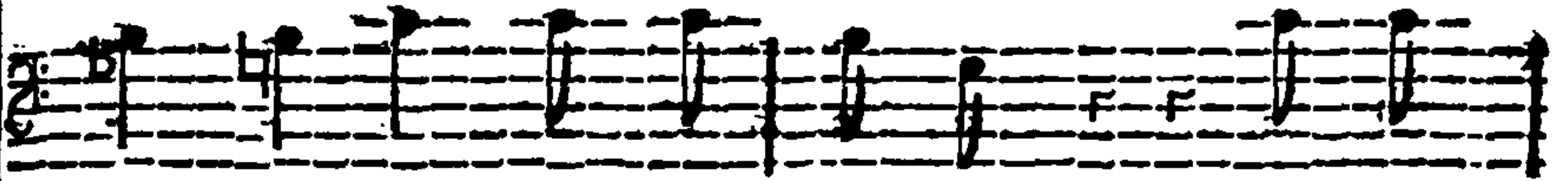
—low, you're a Cuckold says she, do I tell you Truth



Continued.



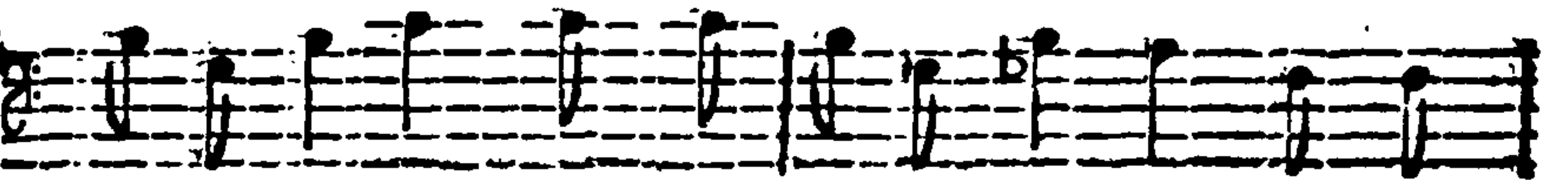
she you're a Cuckold, you're a Cuckold, says



now, says she you're a Cuck--old, you're a



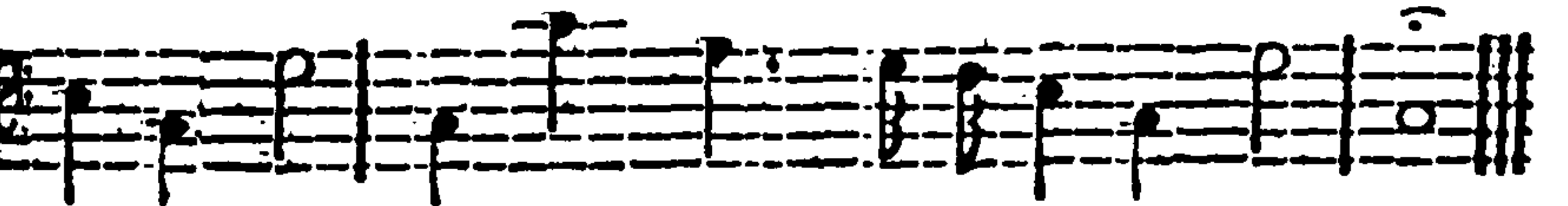
she you're a Cuckold, you're a Cuckold, says sh—e do I



Cuckold, says she, you're a Cuckold, says she, do I



tell you Truth now, says sh—e, do I tell you Truth now.

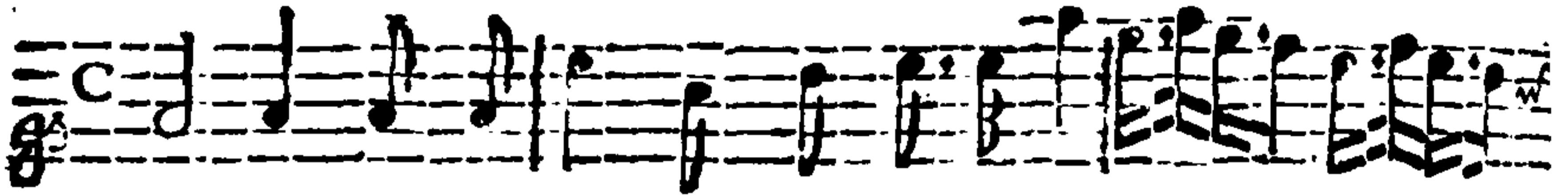


tell you Truth now, says she, do I tell you Truth now.

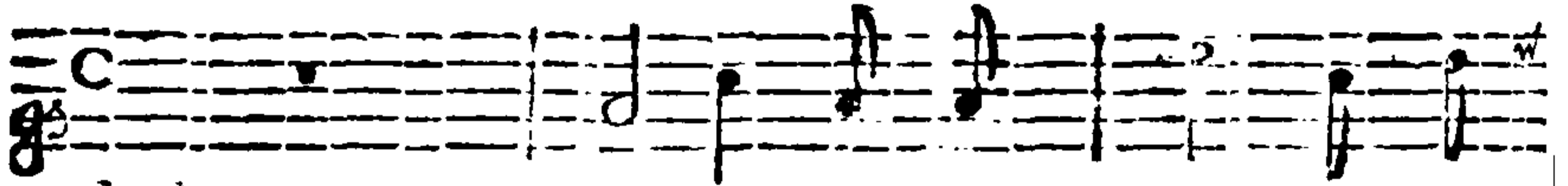
Chanson

Chanson Francos, *translated by* Matt. Prior.

A SONG for two Voices. Set by Mr. Travers.



Why thus from the Plain, does my Shepherdess ro



Why thus from the Plain does my



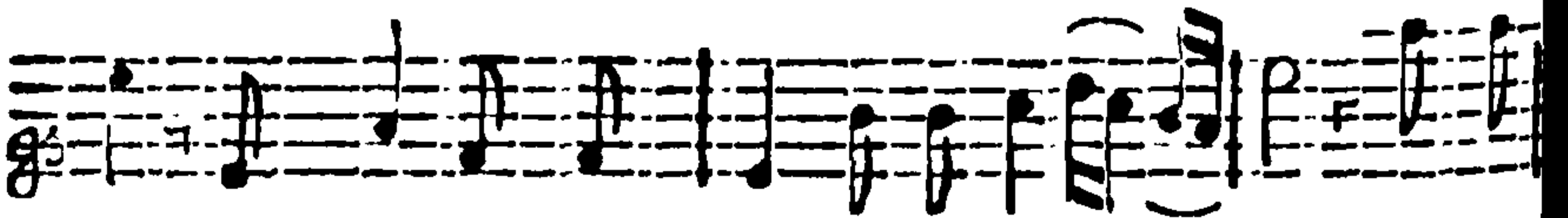
ve, for—saking her



Shep—herd—ess ro



Swain, and neg—lect—ing his Love; you have heard all my

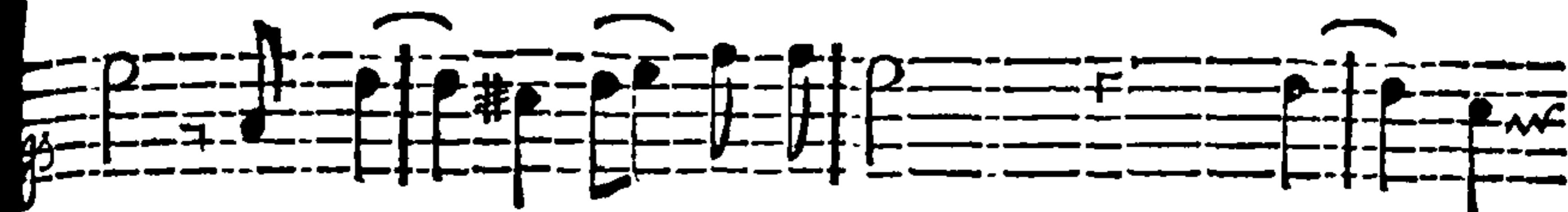


—ve, for—saking her Swain, and neglect ing his Love; you have

Con-

# The ESSEX HARMONY.

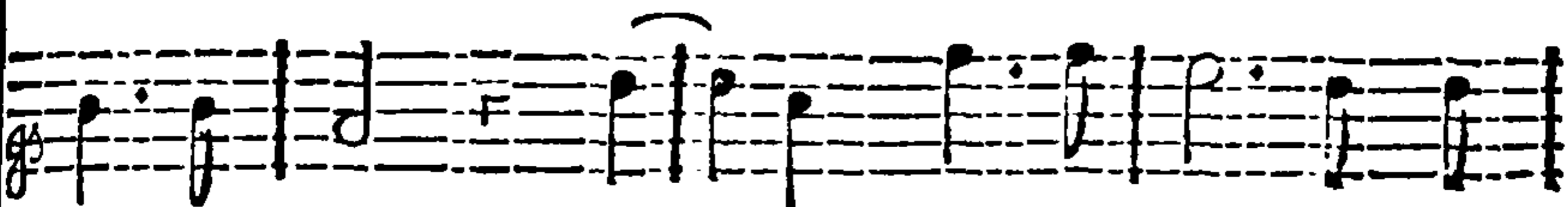
Continued.



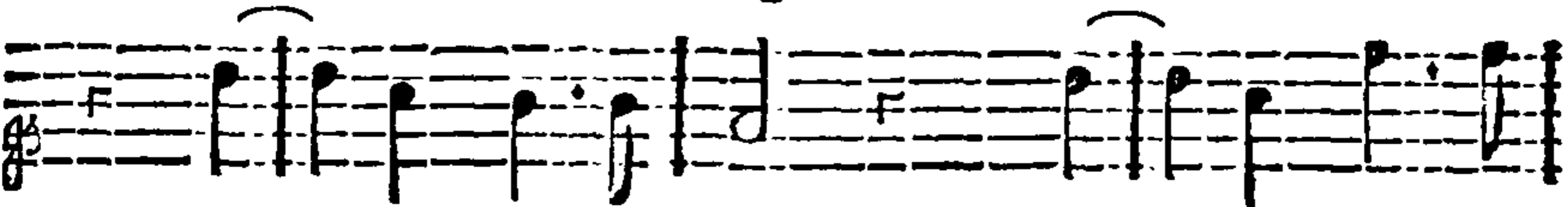
Grief, you see, you see how I die. O give



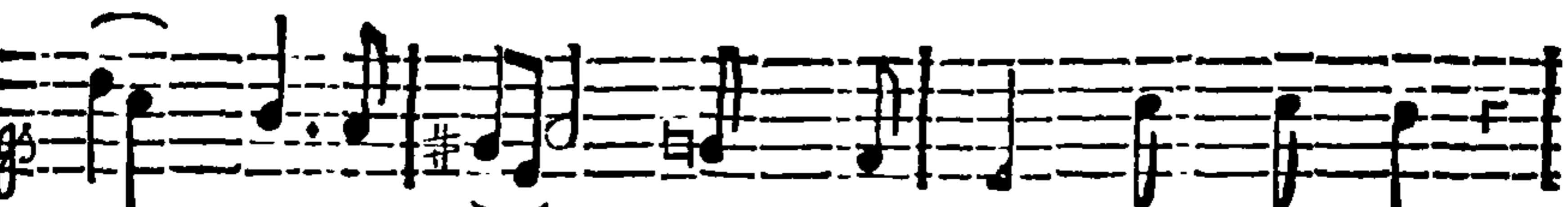
heard all my Grief, you see, you see how I die ;



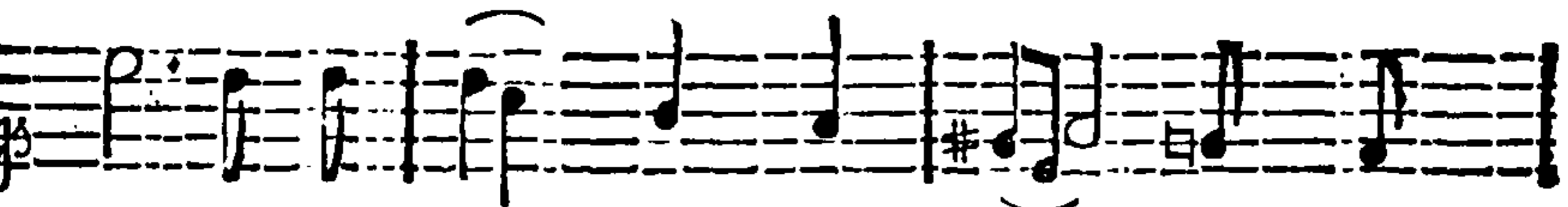
some Re—-lief, O give some Re—-lief to the



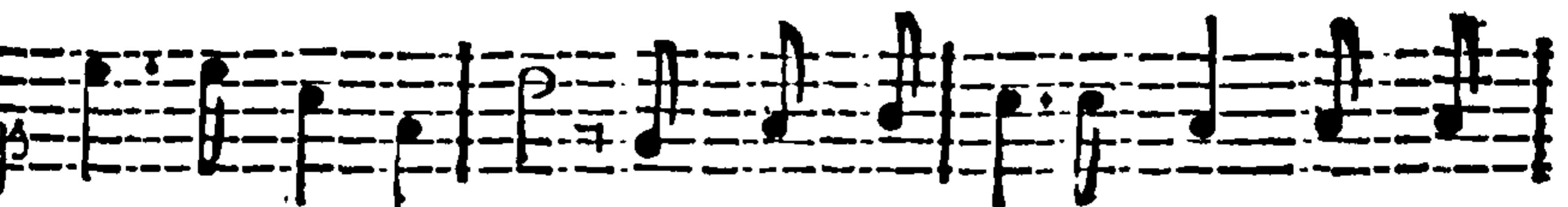
O give some Re—-lief, O give some Re—



Swain, to the Swain whom you fly, whom you fly.



—-lief to the Swain, to the Swain whom you



How can I com-plain, or what am I to say, since my

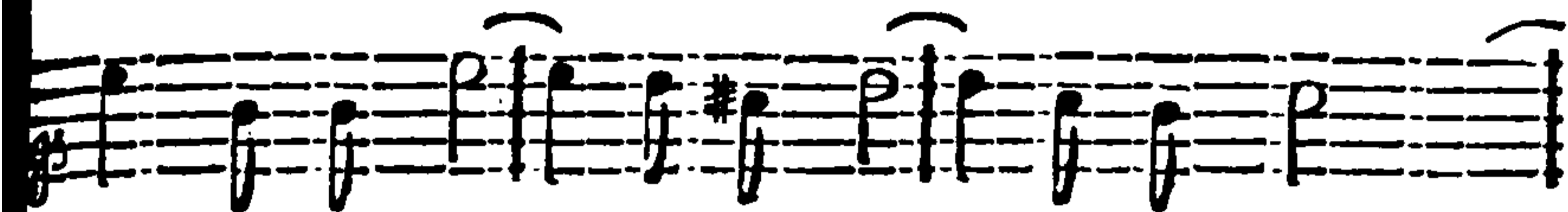


By. How can I com-plain, N or what am I to Con:

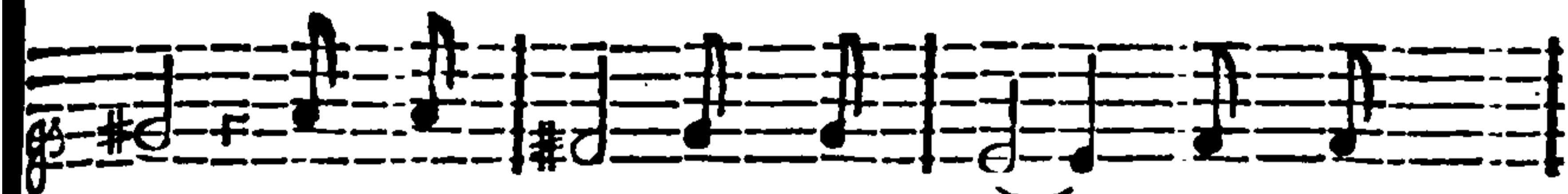




Continued.



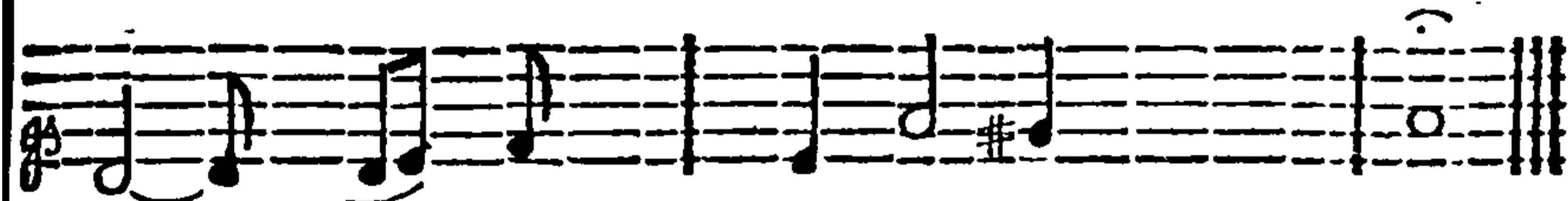
Plain, when I leave all the Plain, you may gue



Plain, when I leave all the Plain, you may



—fs, 'tis for one, you may gues, you may gues 'tis for one.



gues, 'tis for one, 'tis for one.

A S O N G for three Voices.

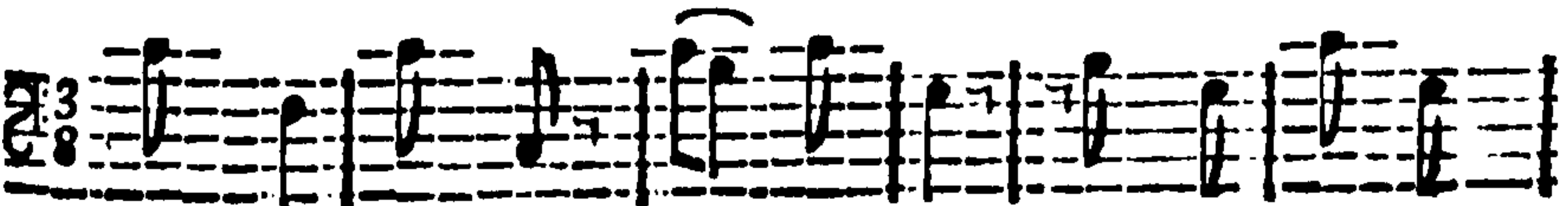
Set by Mr. Travers.



Fair and ug—ly, false and true, fair and ug—ly,



Fair and ug—ly, false and true, fair and ug—ly.



N 2

Con.



Continued.

ghs to see what sport she

ghs to see what sport she

ghs to see what

makes, she lau

makes, she lau

sport she makes, she lau

ghs to see what sport she makes, she lau

ghs to see what sport she makes, she lau

ghs to see what sport she makes, she lau

Con-







Continued.



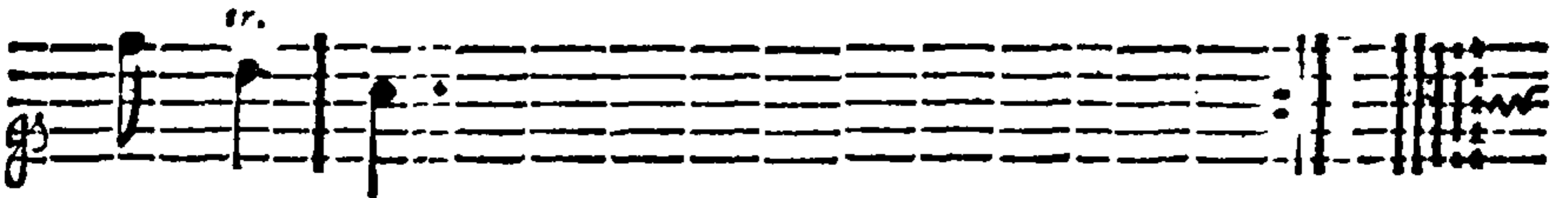
ghs to see what



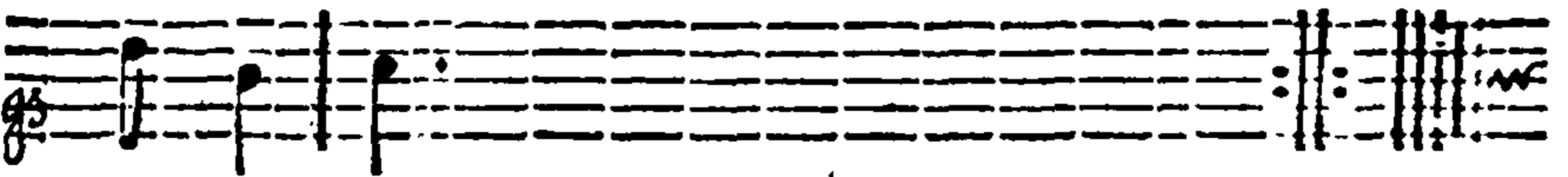
ghs to see what



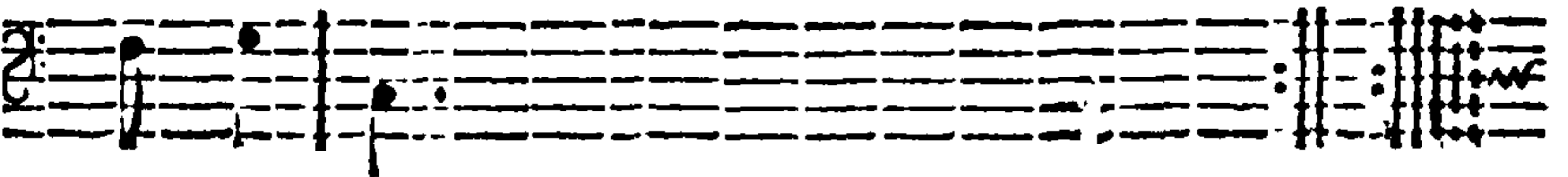
ghs



Sport she makes.



Sport she makes.



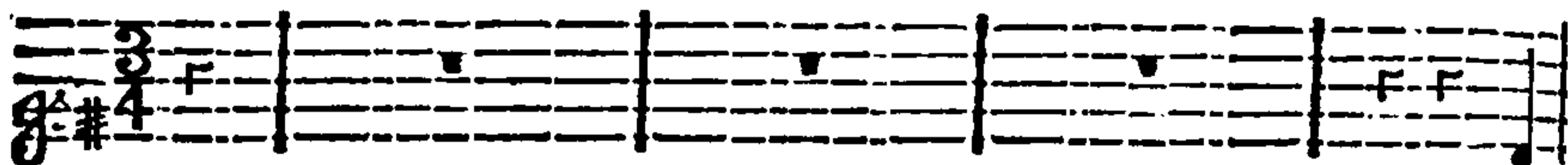
A FAVOR-

## A Favourite SONG for two Voices.

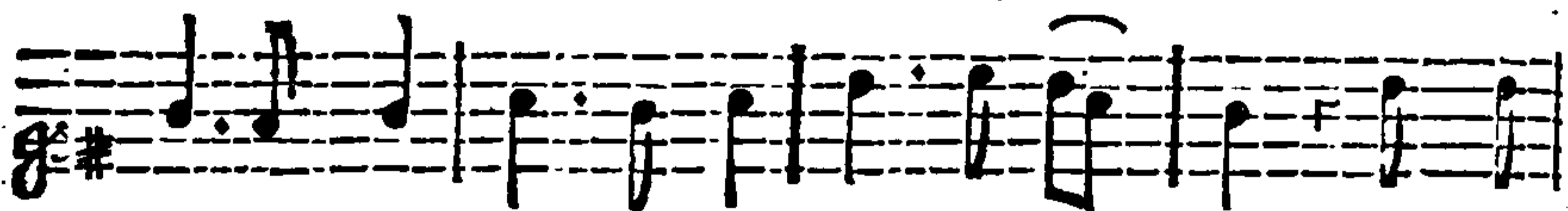
By Mr. Handel.



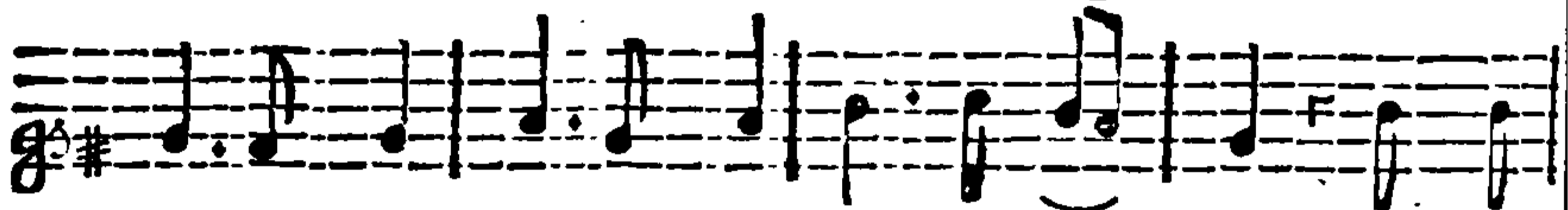
When Phæ-bus the Tops of the Hills do a--dorn, how



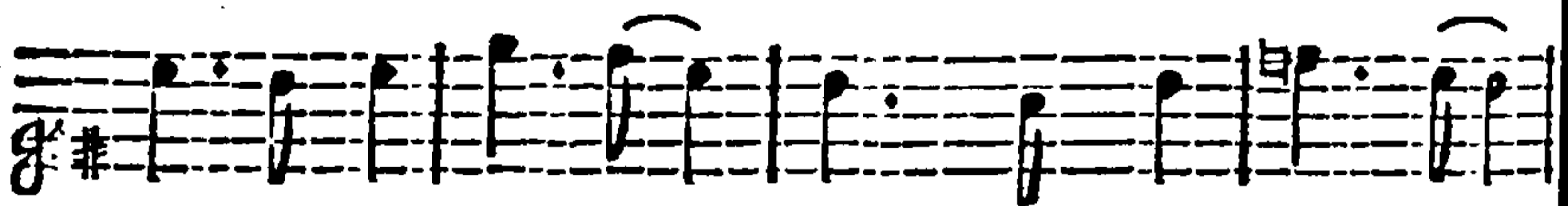
how



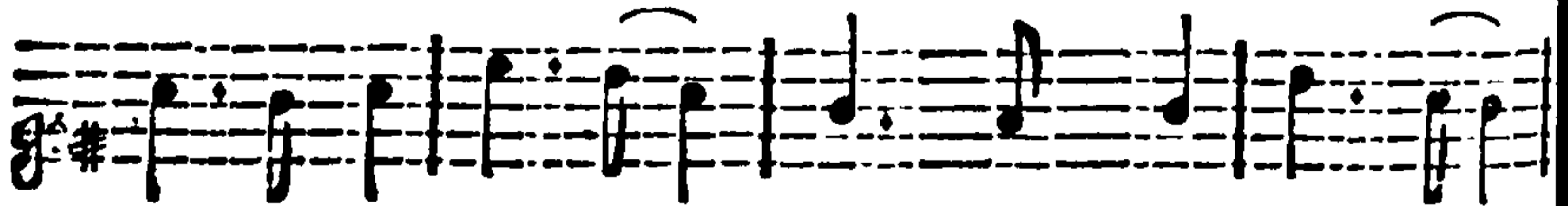
sweet is the Sound of the ec--cho--ing Horn, when the



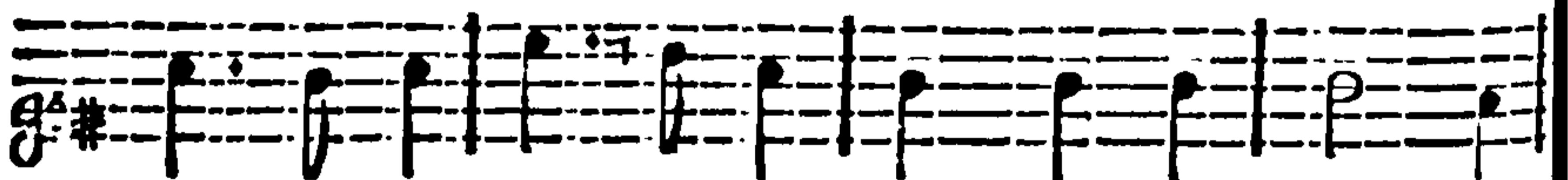
sweet is the Sound of the ec--cho--ing Horn, when the



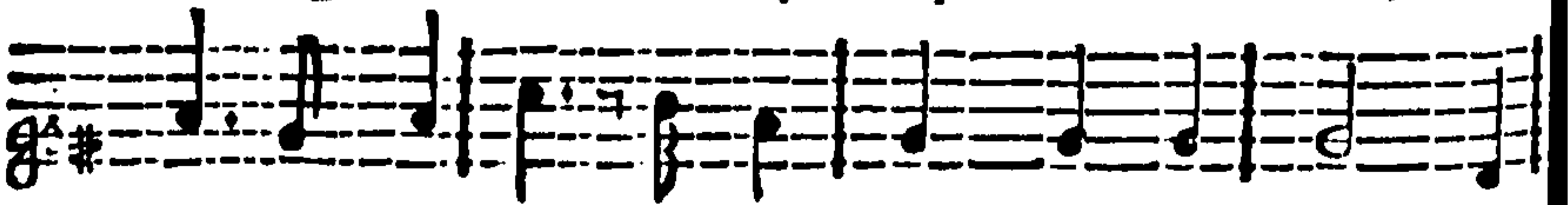
an--tel--ing Stag is rouz'd with the Sound, e--



an--tel--ing Stag is rouz'd with the Sound, e--



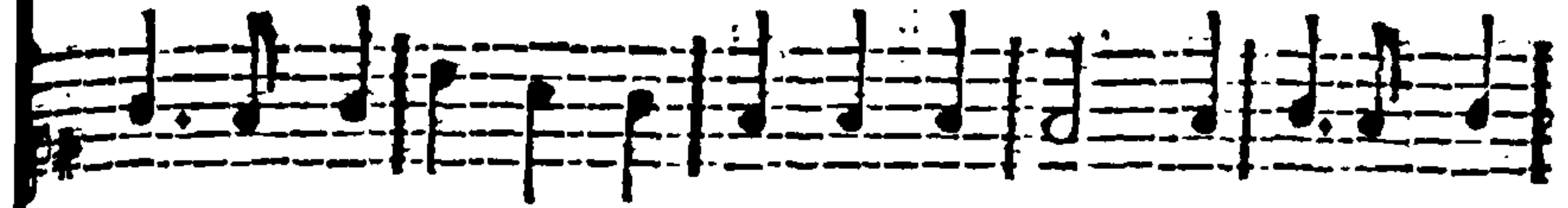
--rect--ing his Ears, nim--bly sweeps o'er the Ground, and



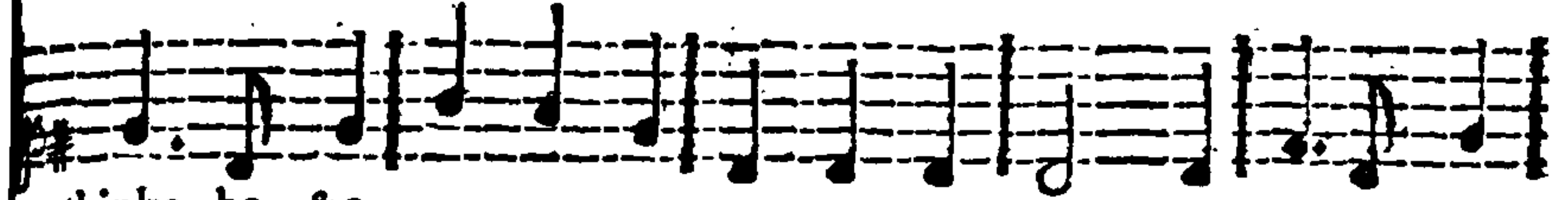
--rect--ing his Ears, nim--bly sweeps o'er the Ground, and

Con-

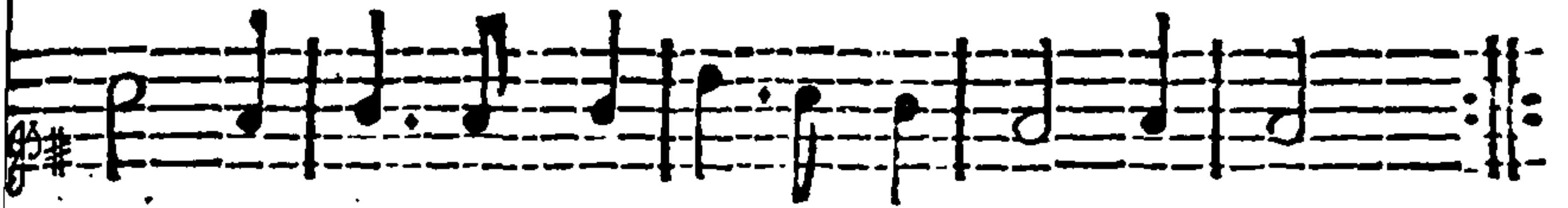
Continued.



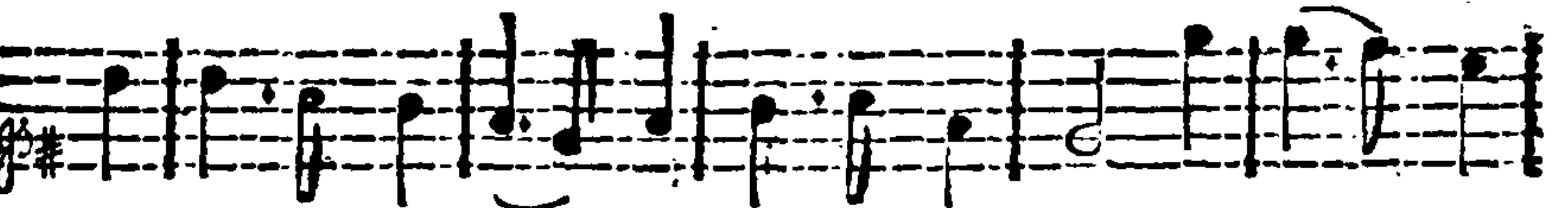
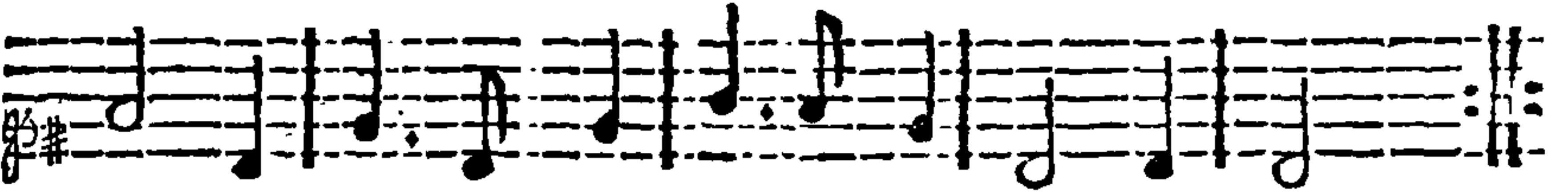
thinks he has left us be-hind on the Plain, but still we per—



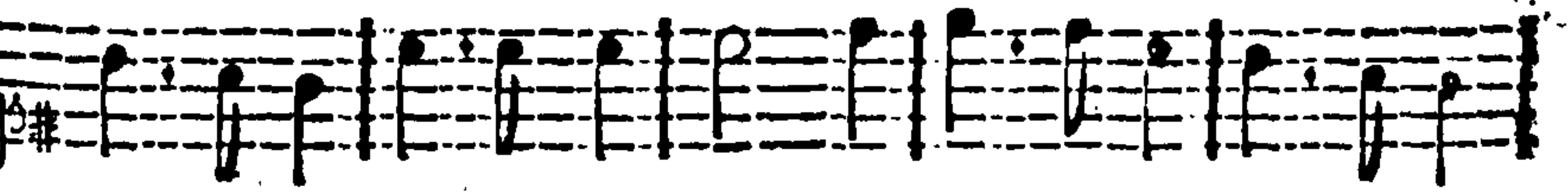
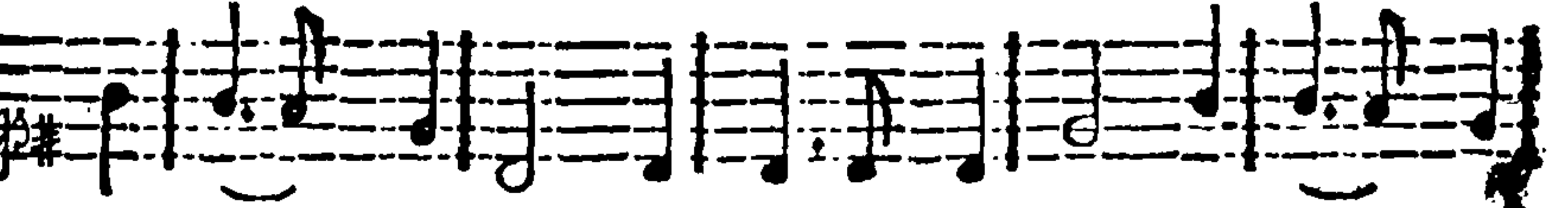
thinks he, &c,



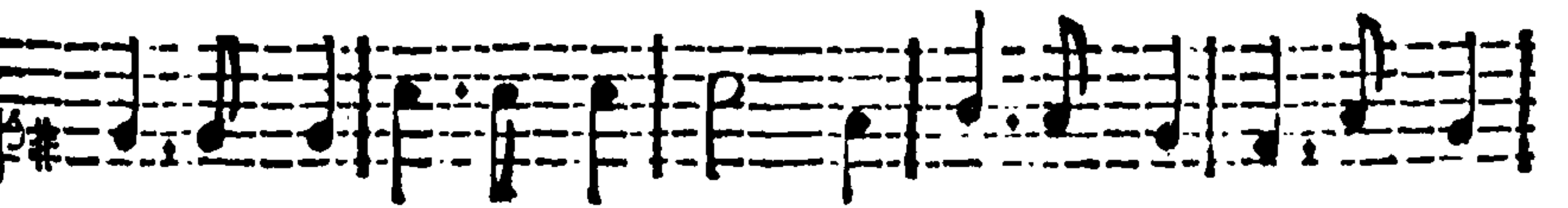
—fue, and now come in view of the glo-rious Game :



O see how a—gain he rears up his Head, and wing'd with

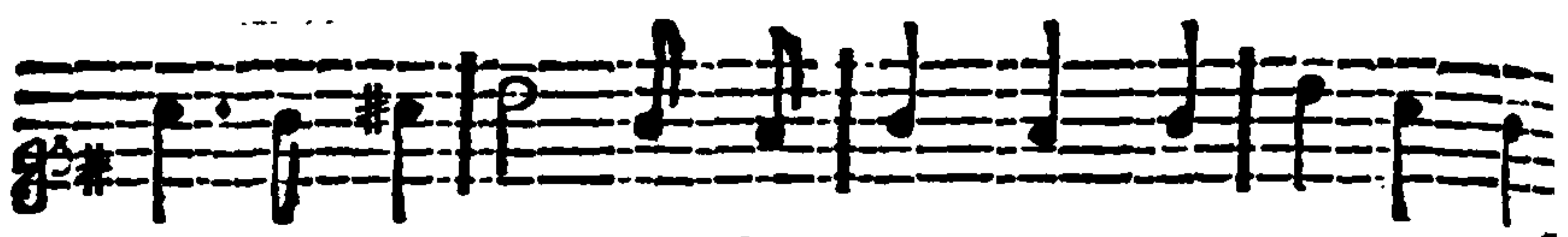


Fear, he re-dou-bles his Speed, but ah ! 'tis in vain, 'tis in

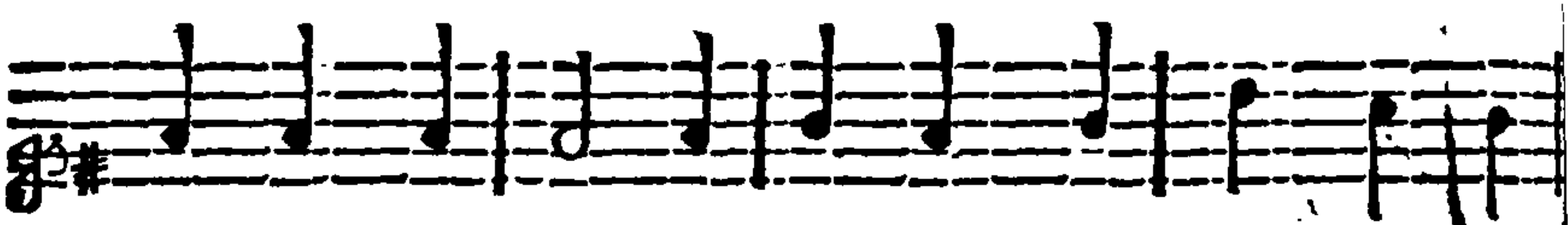
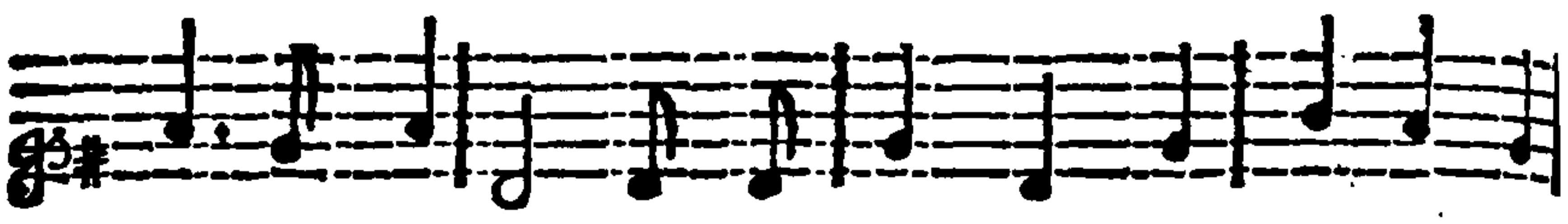


O

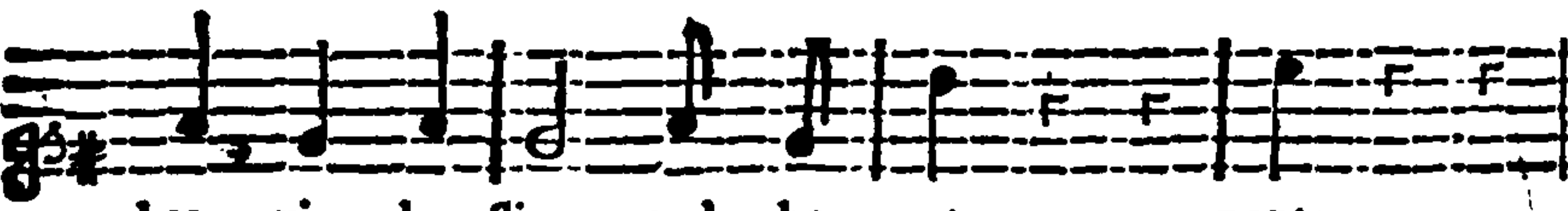
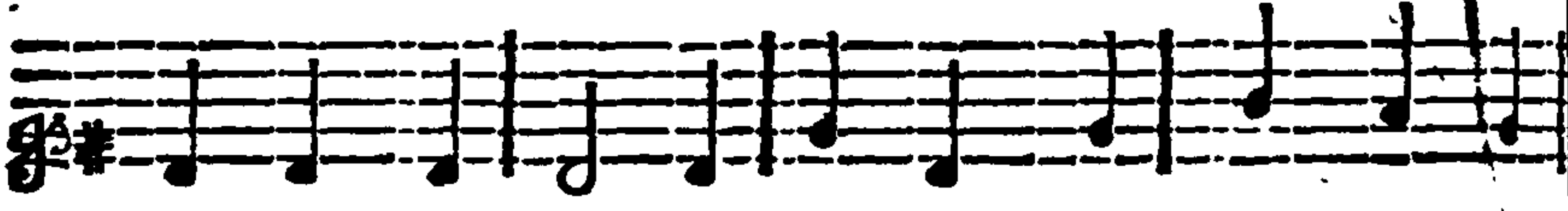
Con-



vain that he flies, that his Eyes loose the Huntsman; his



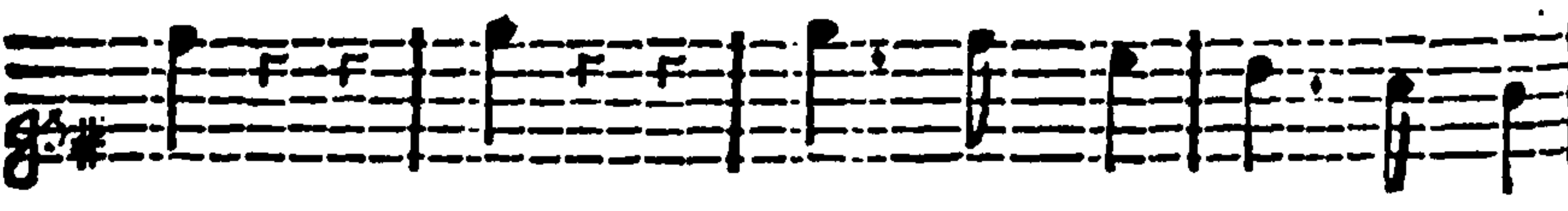
Ears loose the Cries, for now his Strength fails him, he



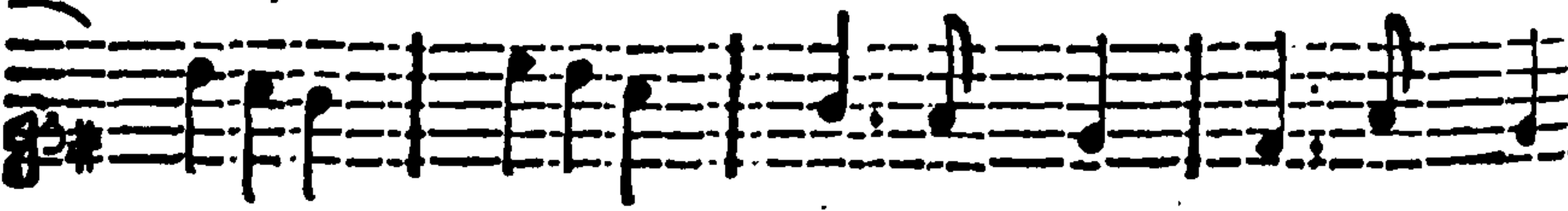
hea-vi-ly flies, and he pants, pants,



pa



pants, pants, pants, 'till with well scent-ed

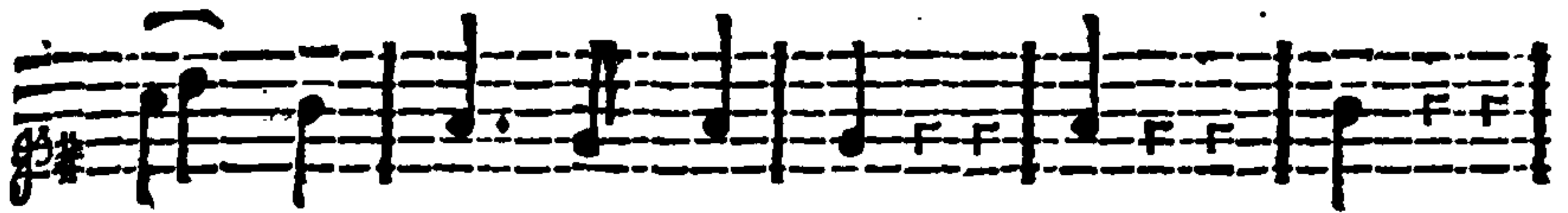


nts,

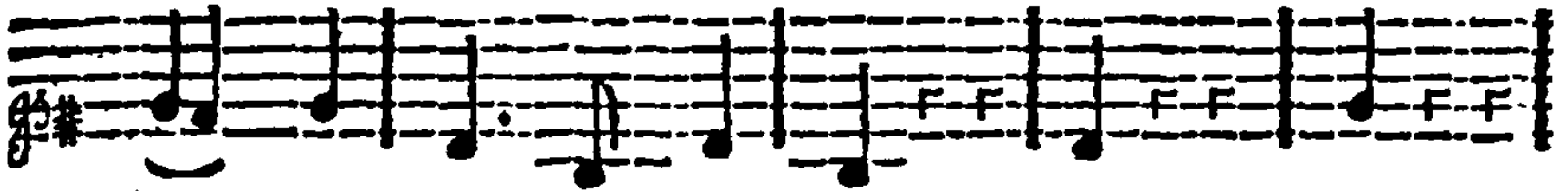


# The ESSEX HARMONY.

Continued.



Hounds fur-round-ed, he dies, dies, dies,



dies, Ton-ta-ron, Ton-ta-ron, he dies, he dies, dies.

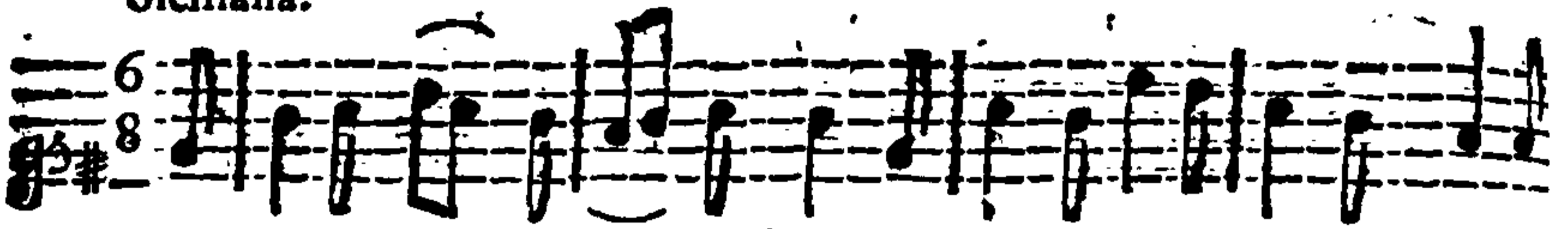


# The ESSEX HARMONY.

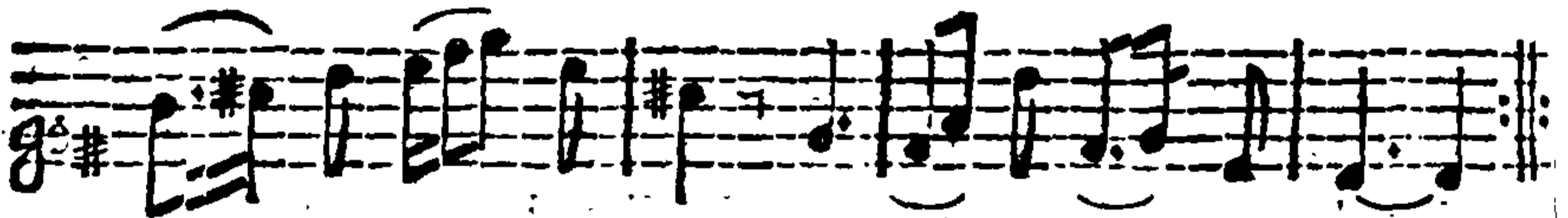
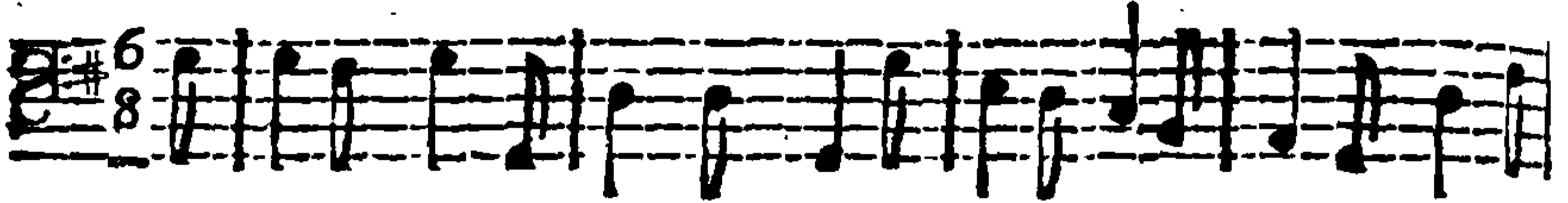
404

A SONG for two Voices. By Mr. Howard.

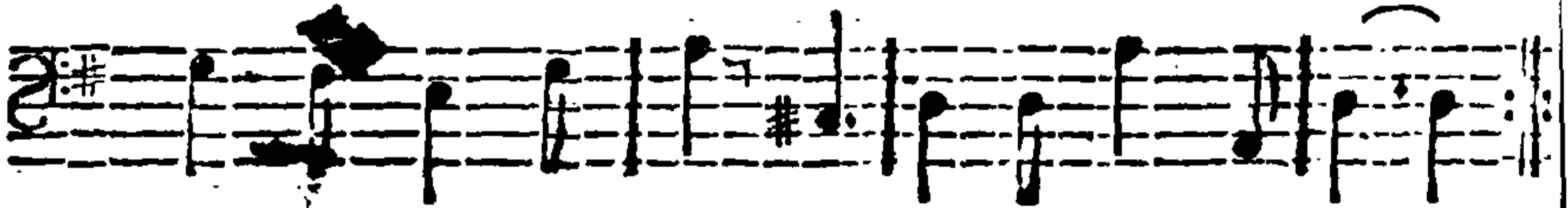
Siciliana.



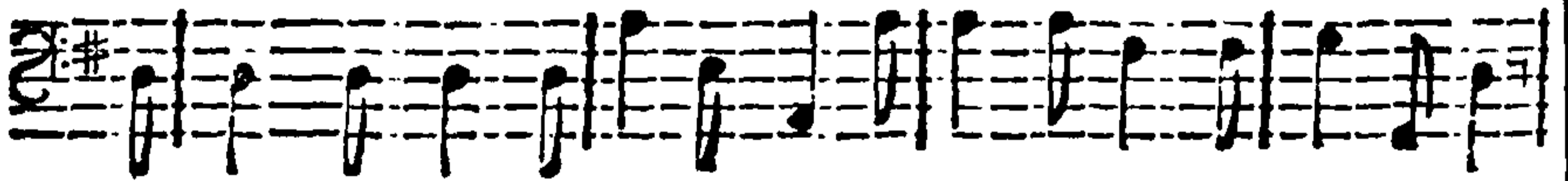
Ye cheerful Virgins have you seen, my fair Myrtilla pass the Green, to



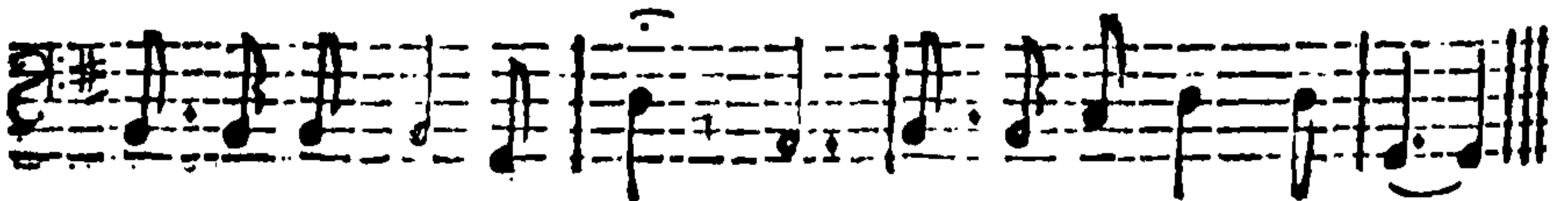
Rose or Jess-mine Bow'r, to Rose or Jess-mine Bow'r.



Where does she seek the Woodbine Shade, for sure you know the bloom-ing Maid.



Sweet as the May-born Flow'r, sweet, sweet as the May-born Flow'r.



Con-

Continued.

2.

Her Cheek is like the Maiden Rose,  
Join'd with the Lilly as it blows,  
Where each in sweetness vie :  
Like Dew Drops glistring in the Morn,  
When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring Thorn,

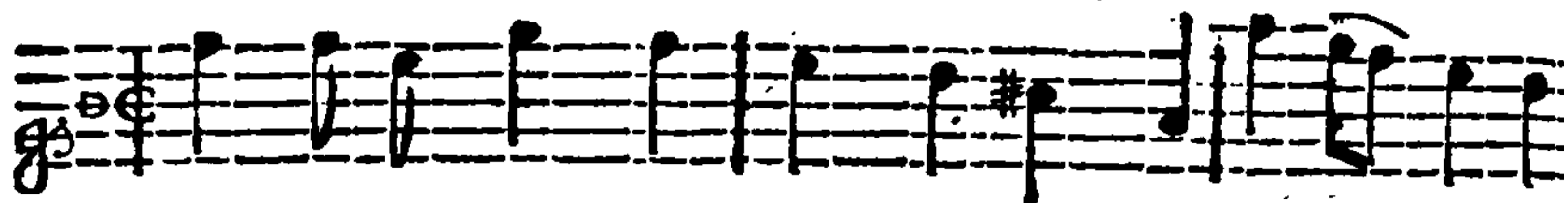


3.

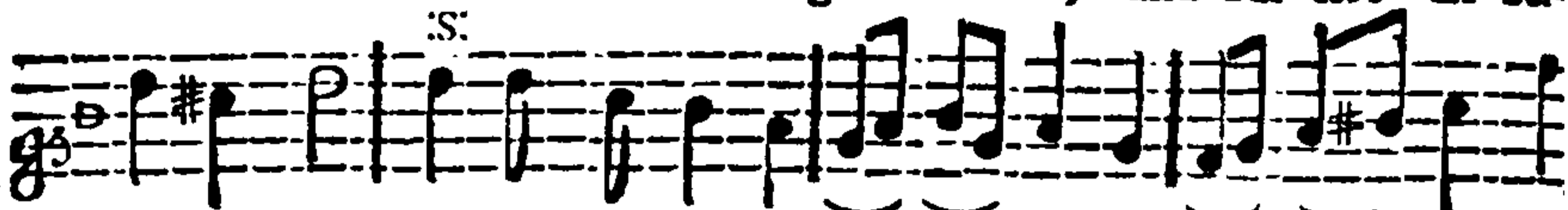
Her Song is like the Linnets Lay,  
That warbles chearful on the Spray,  
To hail the Vernal Beam :  
Her Heart is blyther than her Song,  
Her Passions gently move along,  
Like the smooth gliding Stream.

## The Free Election. A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

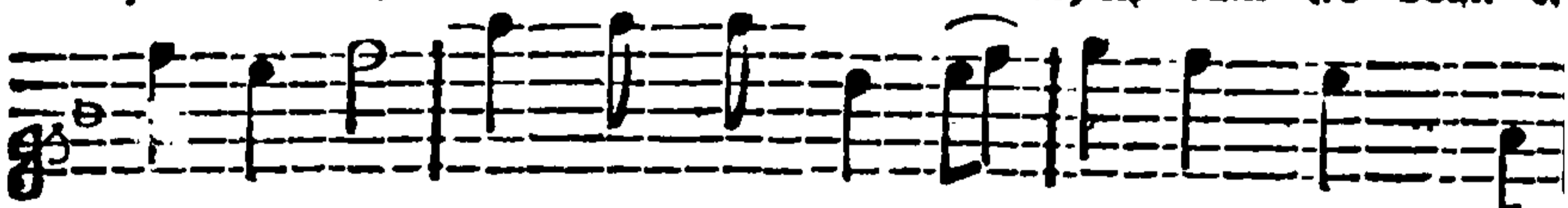
Set by Mr. Henry Carey.



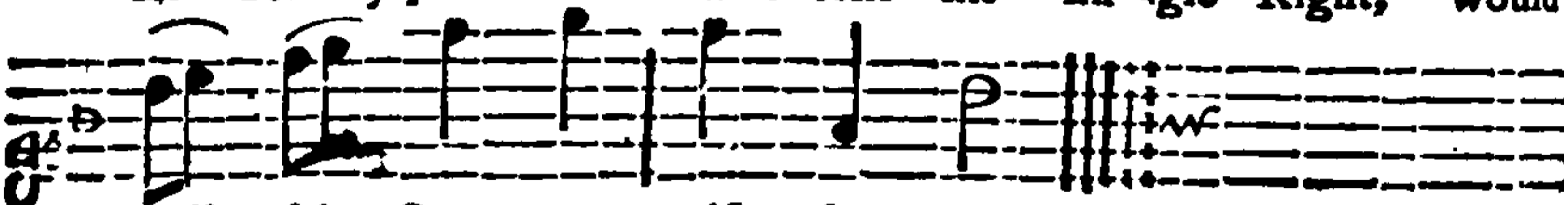
Curs'd be the Wretch that's bought and fold, and bar-ters Li-ber-



—ty for Gold; for when E--lec-tion is not free, in vain we boast of



Li--ber--ty; and he who sells his sin--gle Right, would



fell his Coun--try if he might.

2.

When Liberty is put to sale,  
 For Wine, for Money, or for Ale,  
 The Sellers must be abject Slaves,  
 The Buyers, vile designing Knaves :  
 And 't has a Proverb been of old,  
 The Devil's bought but to be fold,

3.

This Maxim, in the Statesman's School,  
 Is always taught, divide and rule ;  
 All Parties are to him a Joke ;  
 While Zealots foam, he fits the Yoke ;  
 When Men their Reason once resume,  
 It is the Statesman's Turn to fume,

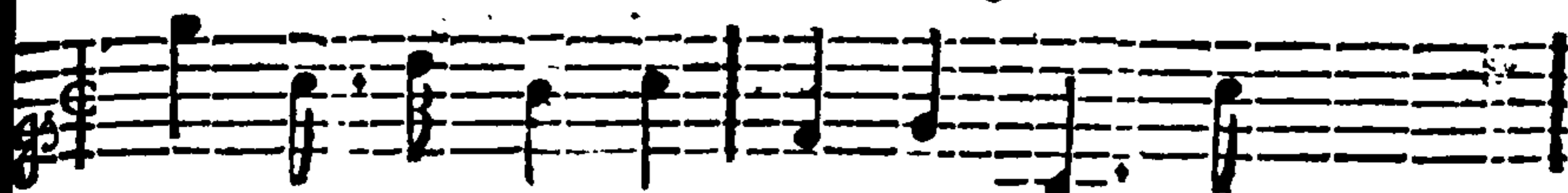
4.

Learn, learn, ye Britons, to unite,  
 Leave off the old exploded Bite ;  
 Henceforth let Whig and Tory cease,  
 And turn all party Rage to Peace ;  
 Then shall we see a glorious Scene ;  
 And so God save great George our King.

A CATCH

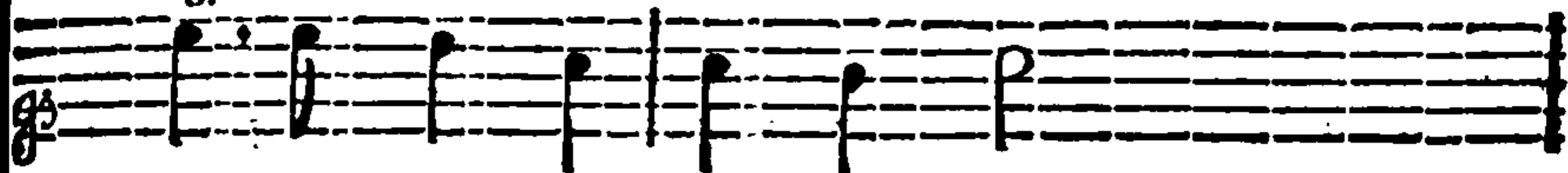


## A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

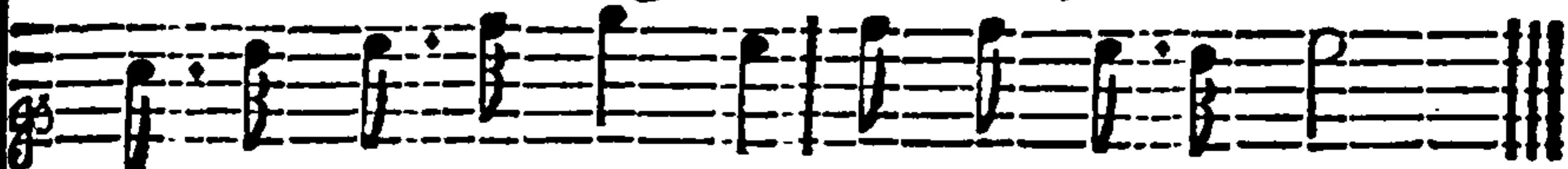


Ill fares the Fa—mi—ly that shews a

S:



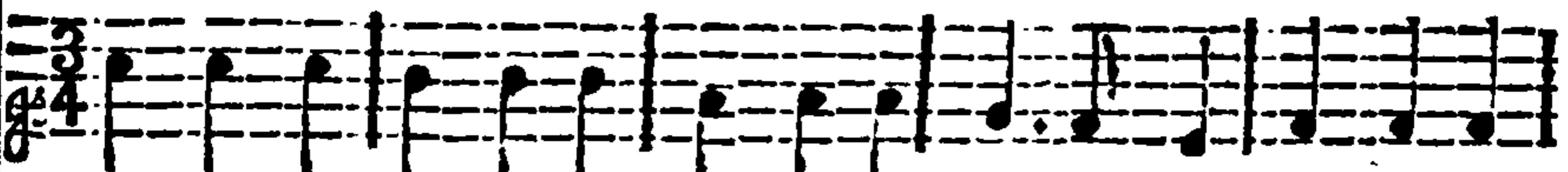
Si—lent Cock, and Hen that crows,



And the Wife that pulls the Huf—band by the Nose.

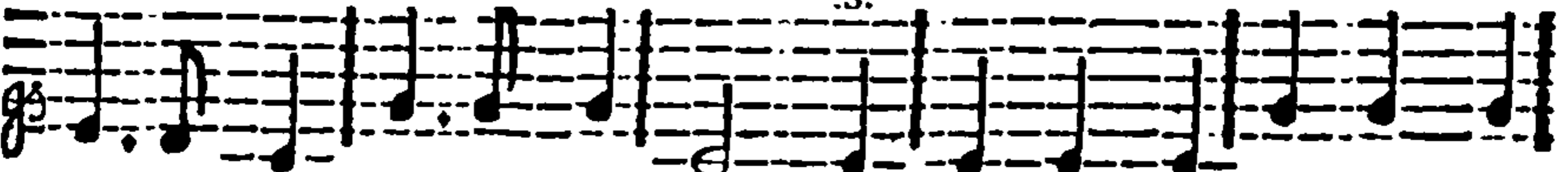
*On a Widow, who married an old Widower.*

*For Three Voices. By Mr. Henry Purcell.*

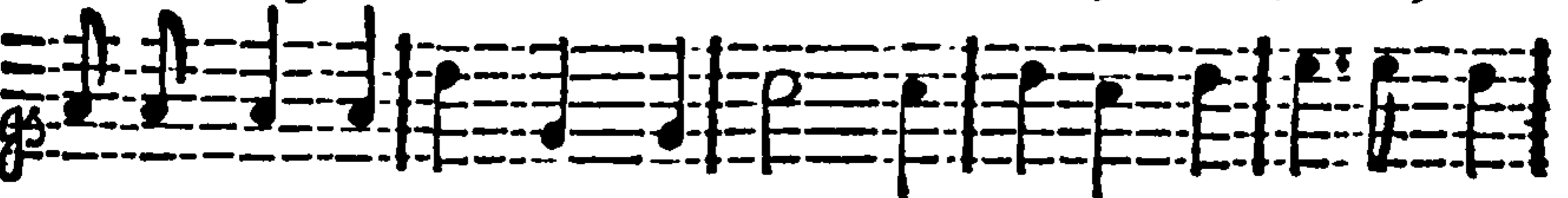


Had she not Care enough, Care enough, had she not Care enough,

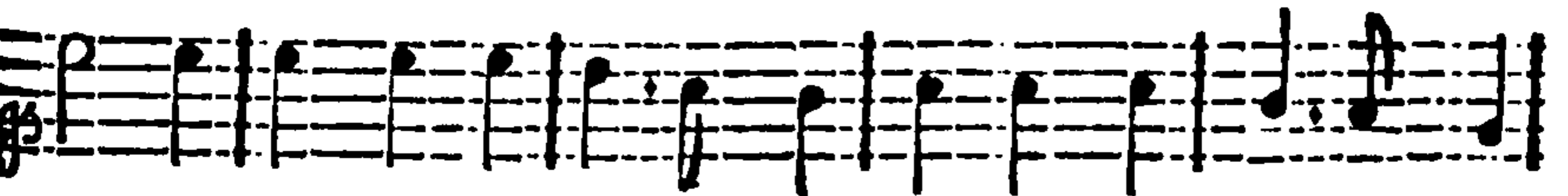
S:



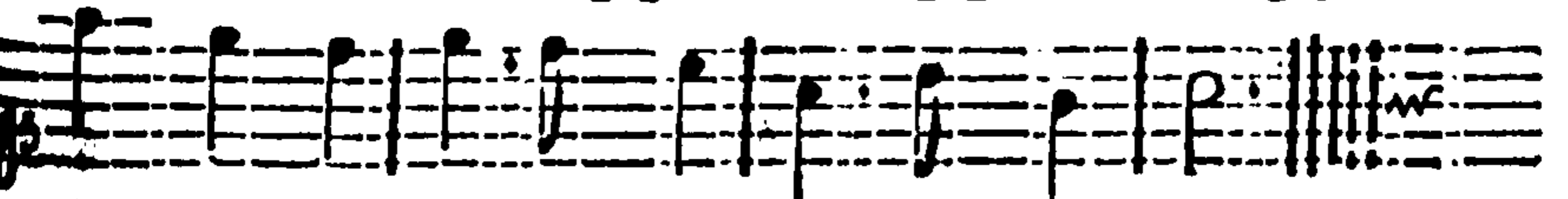
Care e—nough of the old Man? She wed him, she fed him, and



to the Bed she led him, for sev'n long Winters she list-ed him



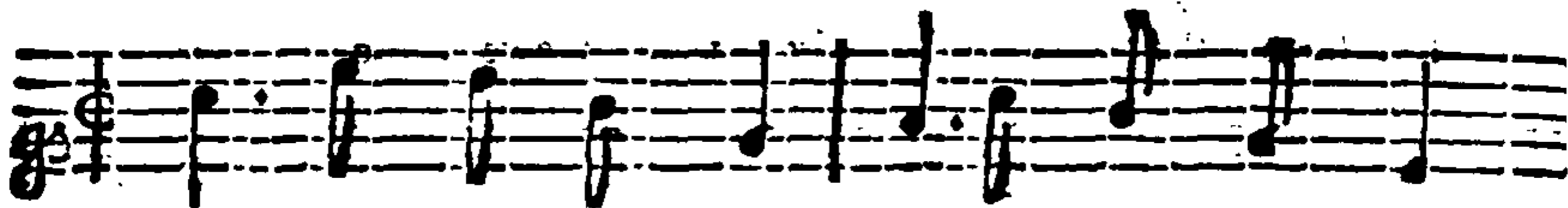
on; but, oh! how she nig-gled him, nig-gled him, nig-gled him!



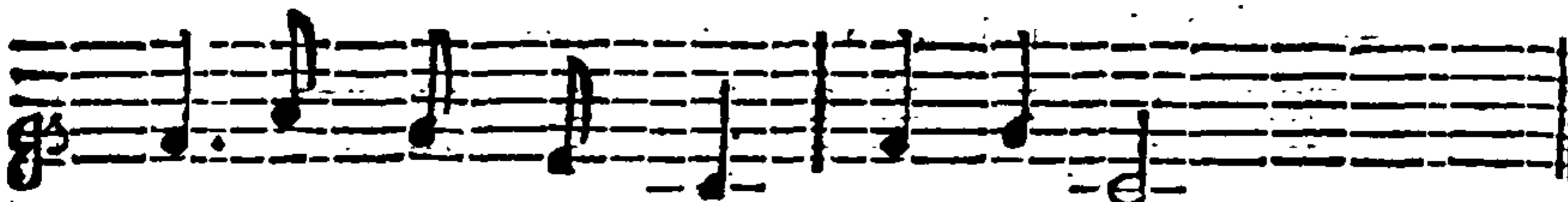
oh! how she nig-gled him all the Night long.

## A Chiding CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

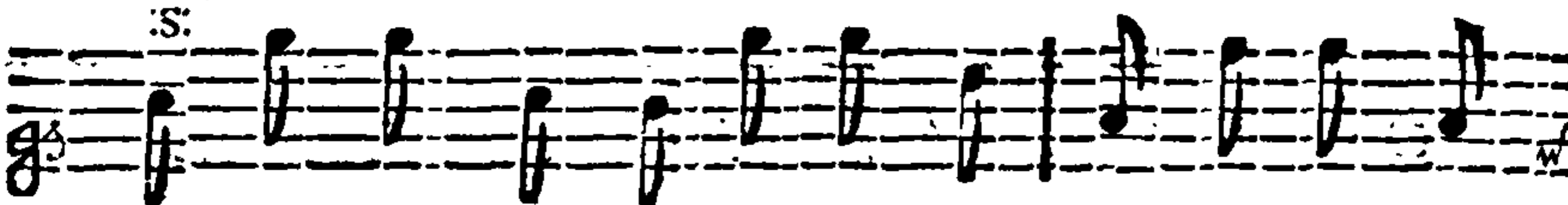
By Dr. John Blow.



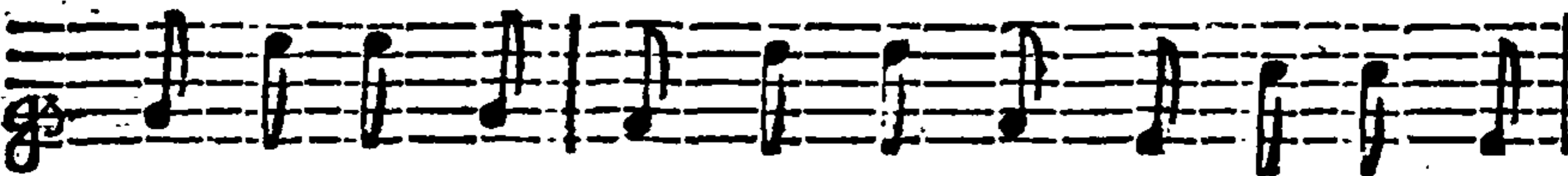
Fie! nay, pri—thce, John! do not quar—rel, Man!



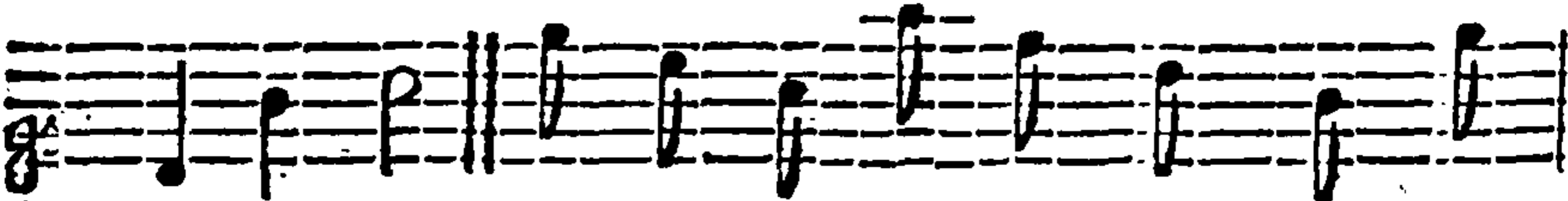
let's be mer—ry, and drink a—bout:



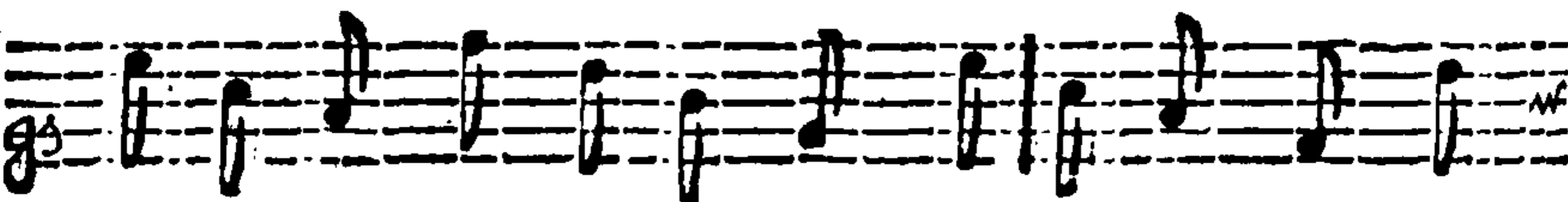
You're a Rogue, you cheated me, I'll prove be—fore this



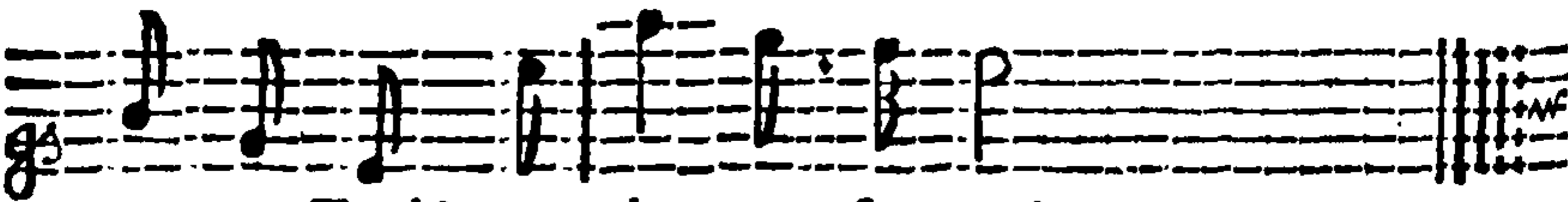
Com—pa—ny; I caren't a Far—thing, Sir, for all you



are so stout: Sir, you lye, I scorn your Word, or



a—ny Man that wears a Sword; for all you huff, who



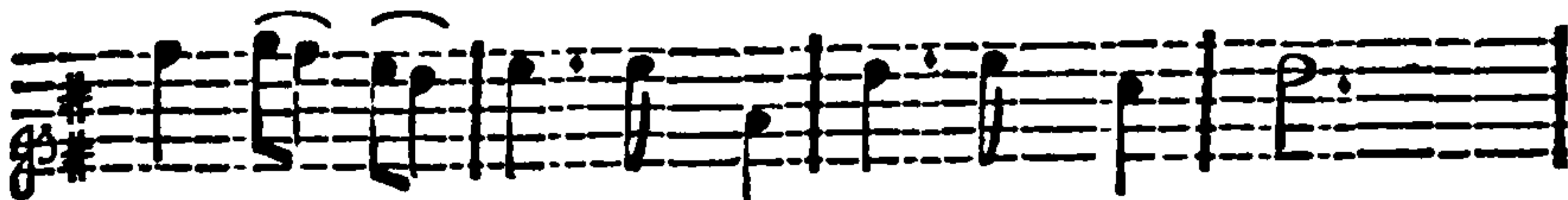
cares a T—d? or who cares for you?

Galloping Joan. A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

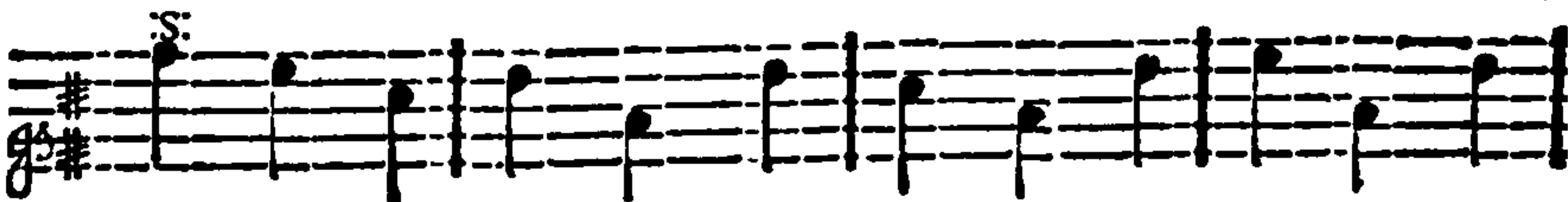
By Dr. John Blow.



Joan has been gal—lop—ing, gal—lop—ing, gal—lop—ing,



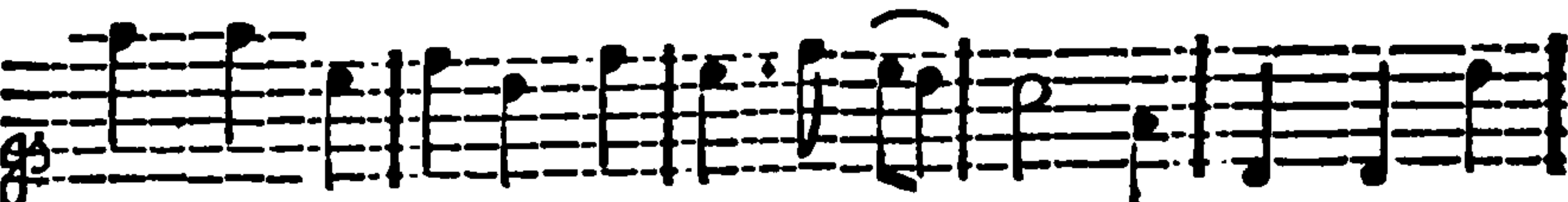
Joan has been gal—lop—ing all the Town o'er ;



'till her Bum—fid—dle, Bum—fid—dle, Bum—fid—dle, un—



—till her Bum—fid—dle was won—der—ous Sore ; with—



—out e'er a Sad—dle, up—on an old Jade, to fetch her good



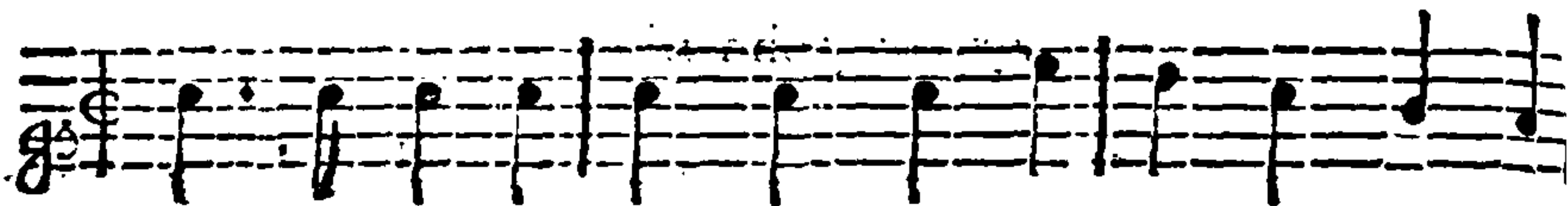
Man from the Ale-house Trade.

P

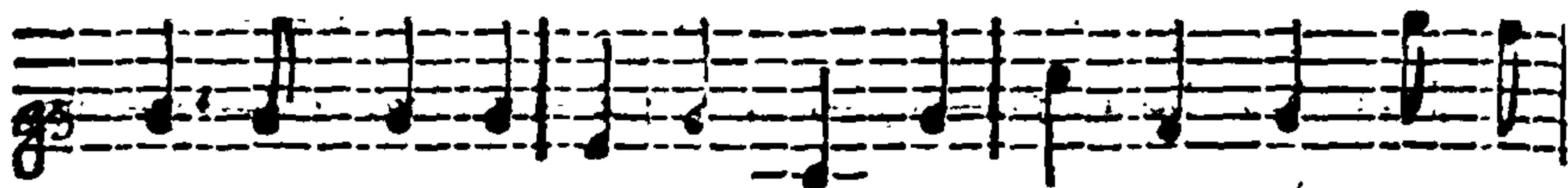
A CATCH.

## A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

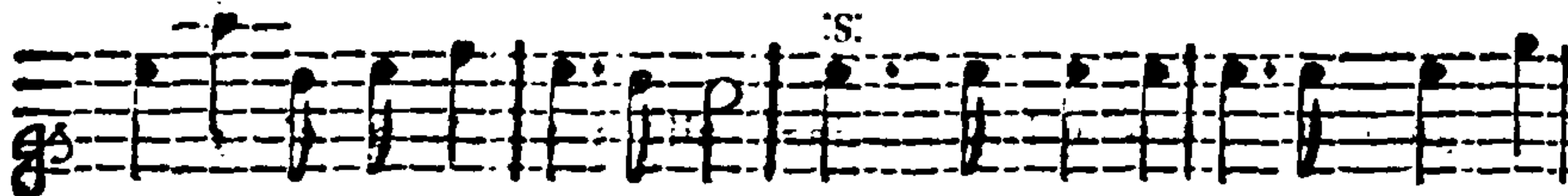
By Dr. Aldrich.



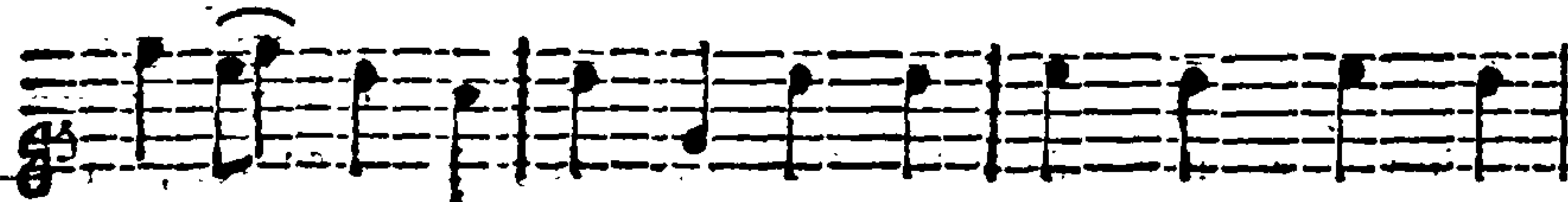
Hark! the bon-ny Christ Church Bells, one, two, three, four, five,



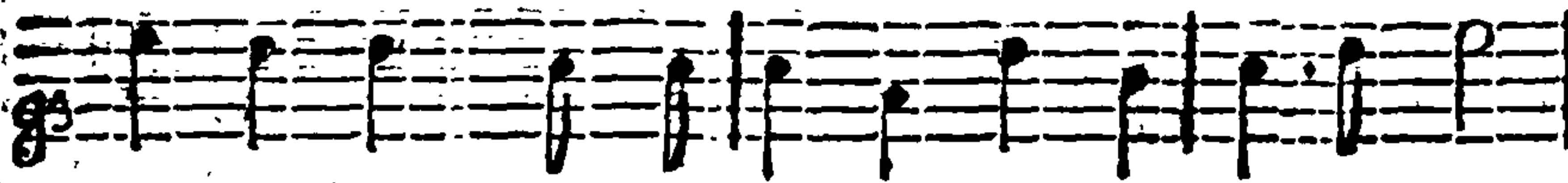
six, they found so woun-dy great, so wond'rous sweet, and they



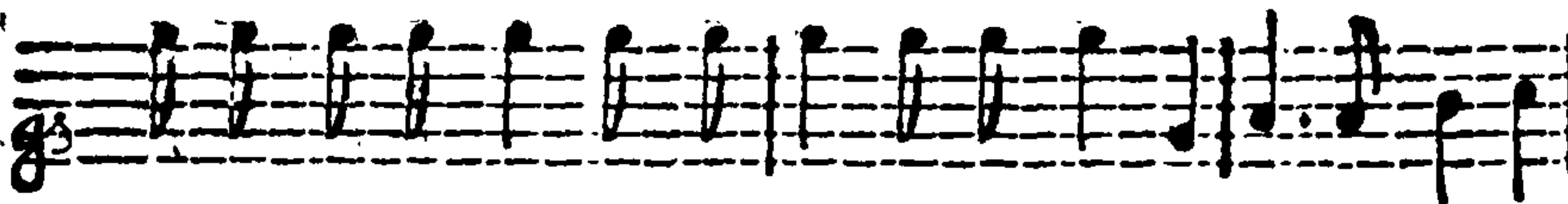
troul so mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly; Hark! the first and se-cond Bell, that



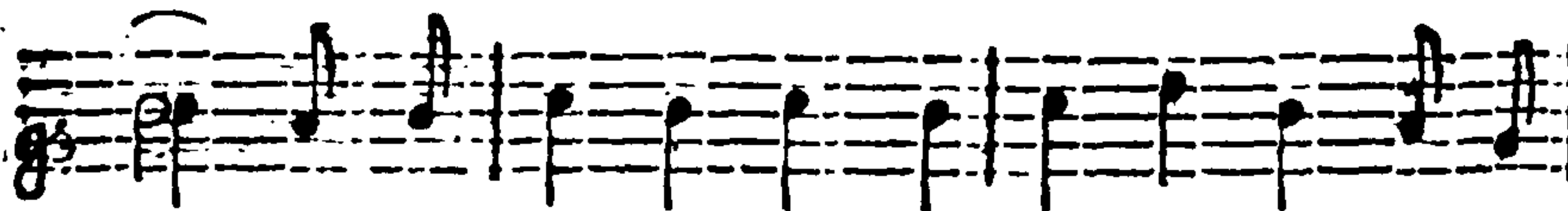
ev'-ry Day at four and ten, cries, come, come, come, come,



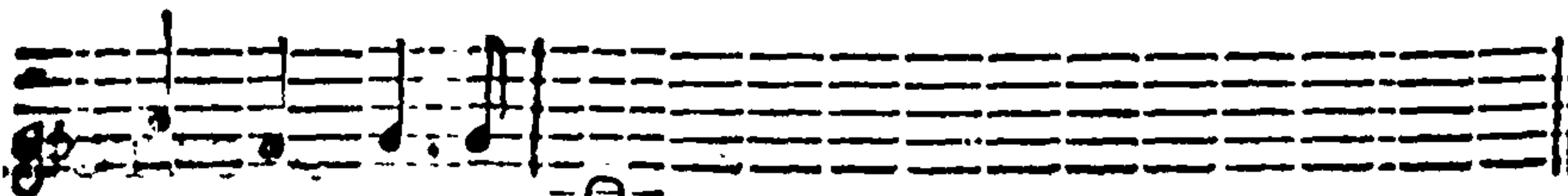
come to Pray'rs, and the Vir-ger troops be-fore the Dean;



tin-gle, tin-gle ting, goes the small Bell at nine, to call the Bearers



home, but the De'cl a Man, will leave his Can, 'till he



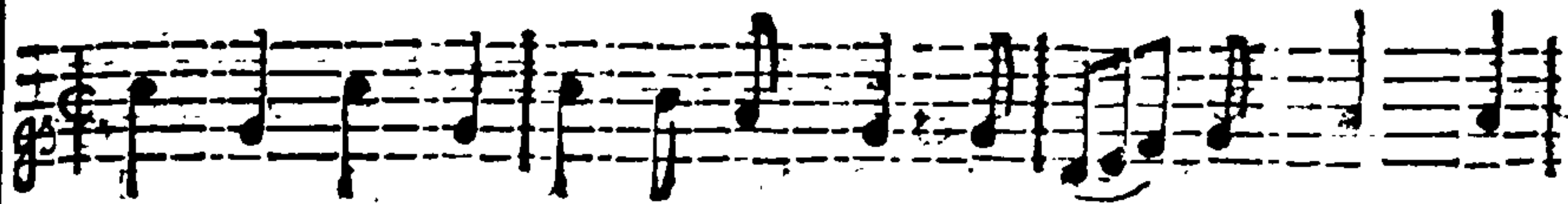
hears the m'gh-ty Tom.

A CATCH.

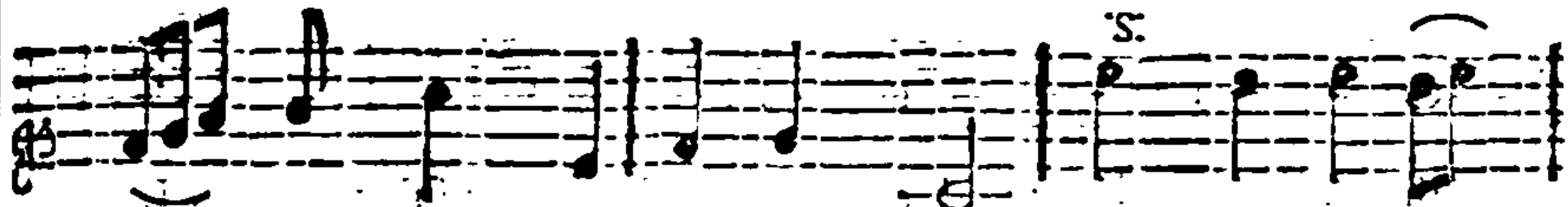


A CATCH. A. 4 Voc.

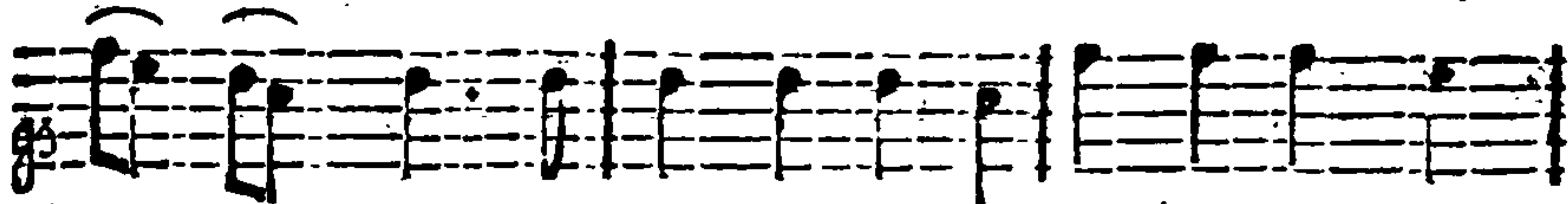
By Mr. Purcell.



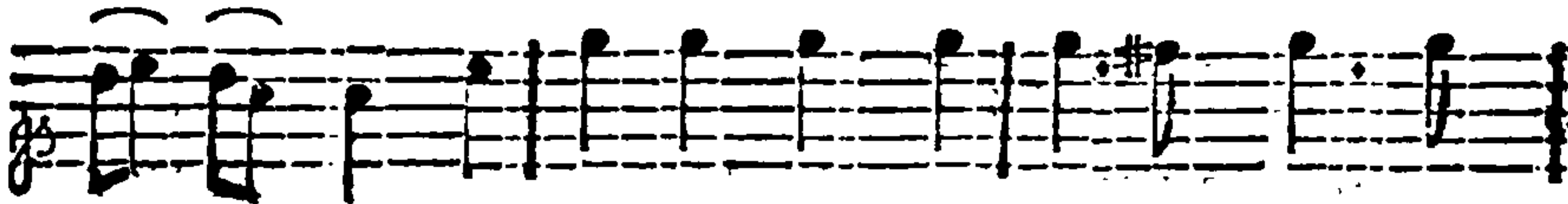
Sol-dier, Sol-dier take off thy Wine, and shake thy Locks, and



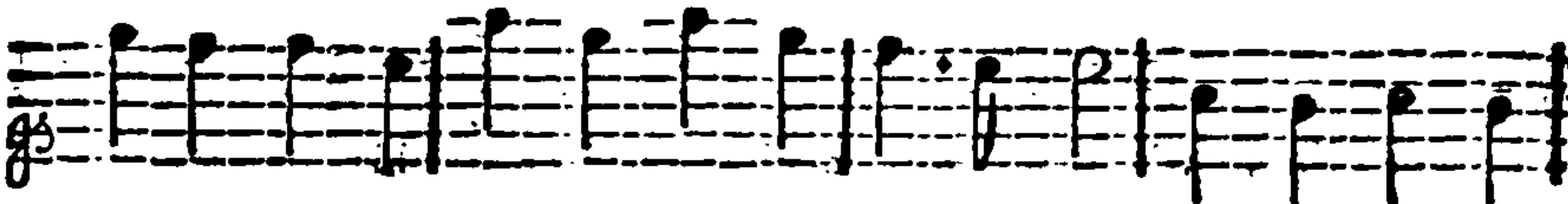
shake thy Locks as I shake mine. How can I my



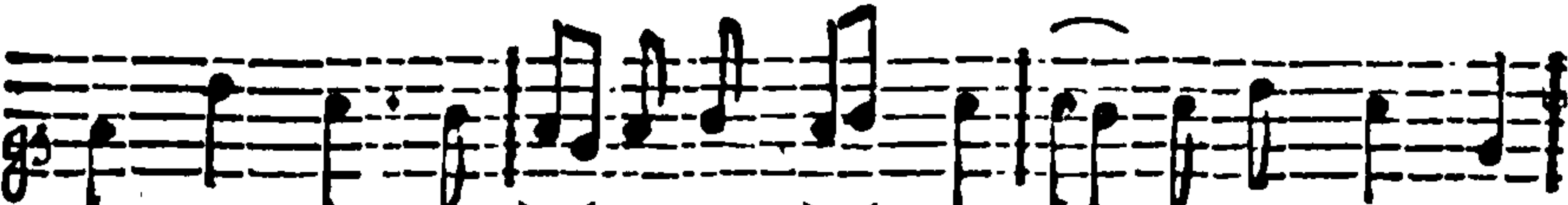
poor Locks shake, that have but ten, I have but ten Hairs



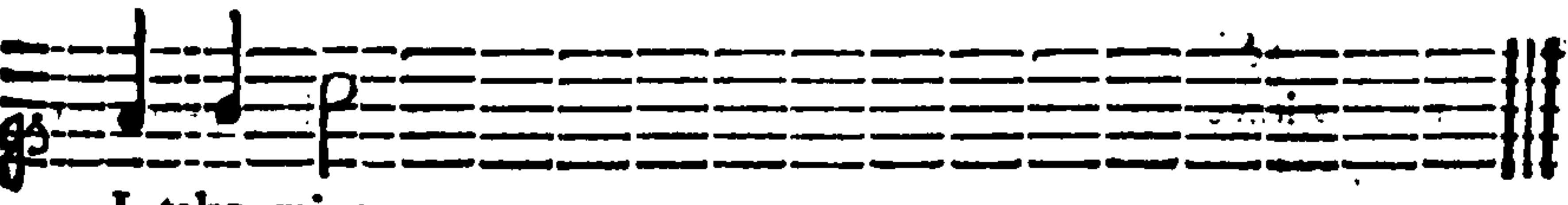
on my Pate, and one of them must go for Tythes; so



there remains, so there re-mains but four and five, four and five, and



that makes nine; then take off thy Drink, then take of thy Drink, as

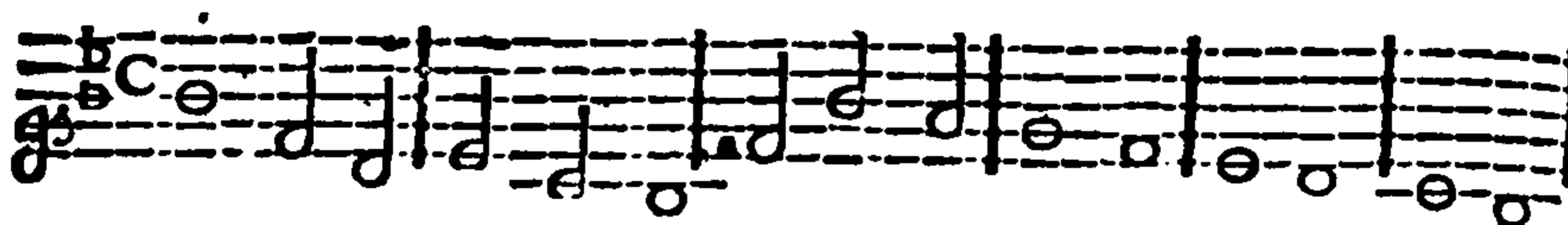


I take mine.

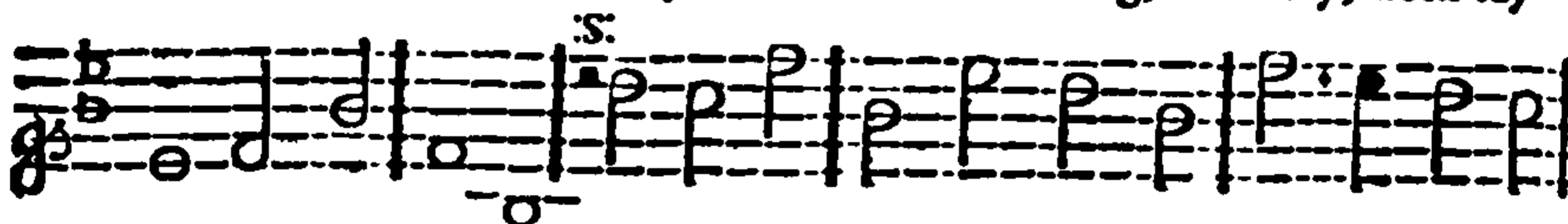
# The ESSEX HARMONY:

## EPITAPH. A. 4 Voc.

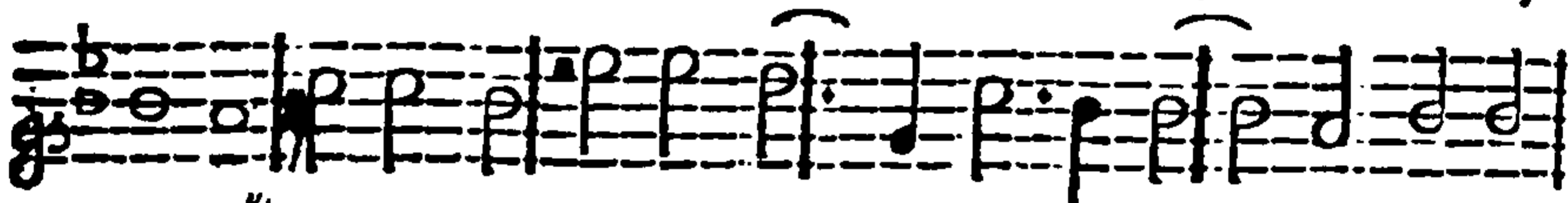
By Mr. Battisbill.



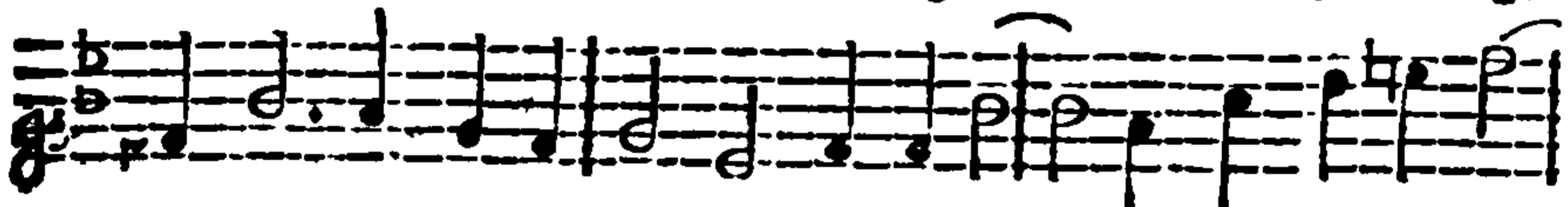
Here on his Back doth lay, Sir An-drew Keeling, doth lay, doth lay



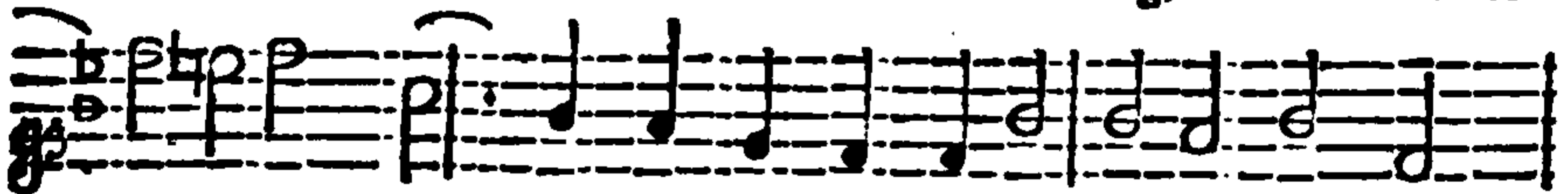
Sir Andrew Keeling; and at his Back his mournful, mournful La-dy



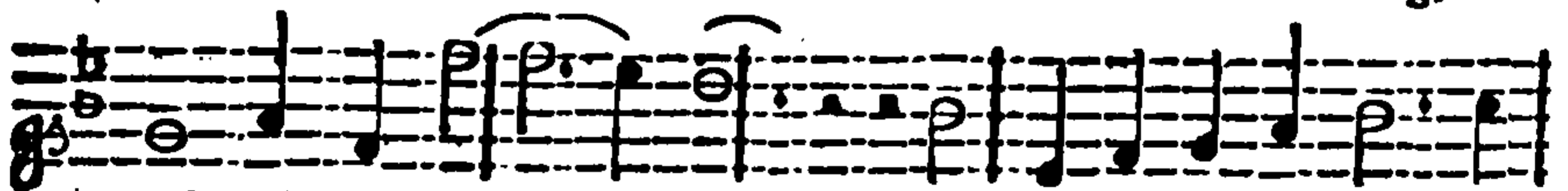
kneeling, his La-dy, his La-dy, his mournful La-dy kneeling;



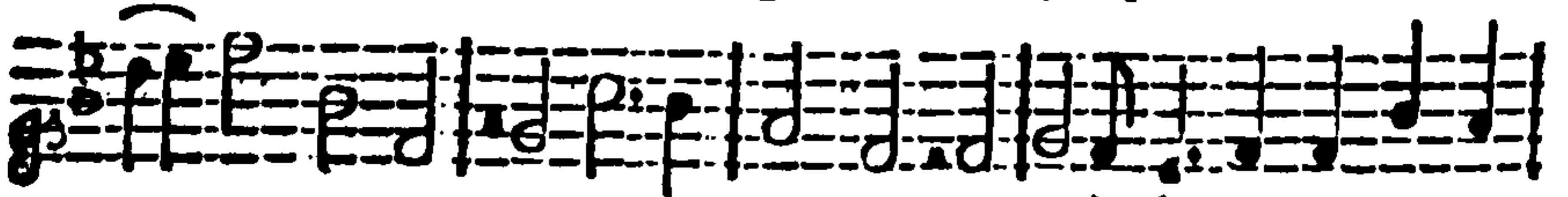
but when he was a-live, and had his feel-ing, and had his fee-



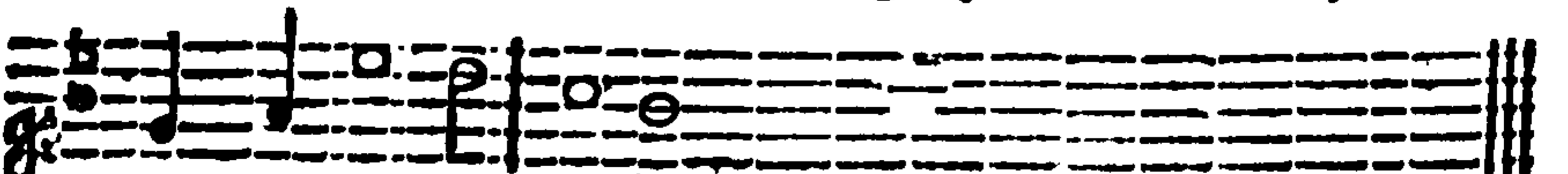
ling, when he was a-live, and had his feel-ing,



and had his feel-ing, she lay up-on her Back, and



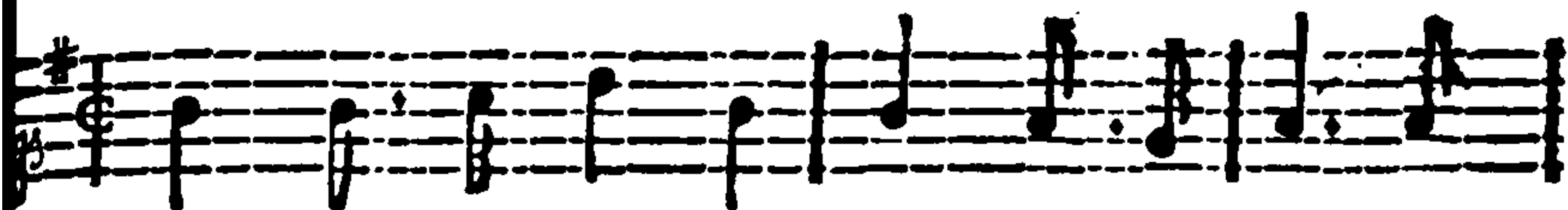
he was kneeling, and he was kneeling, up-on her Back, up-on her



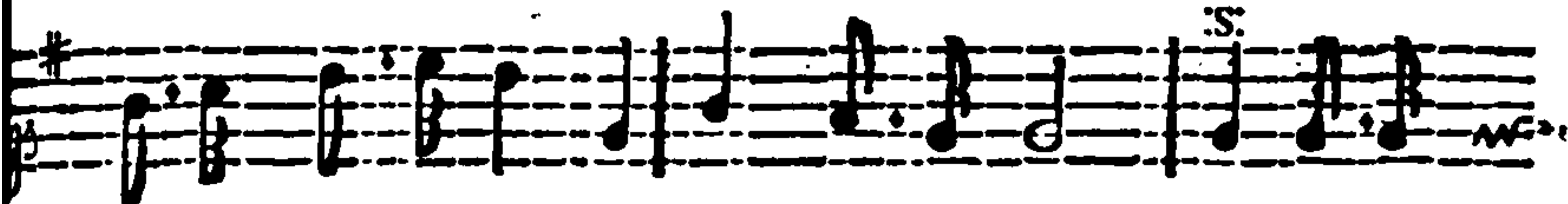
Back, and he was kneeling.

A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

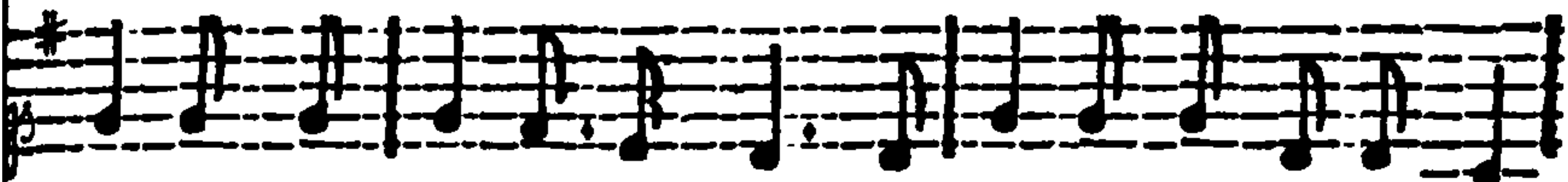
By Mr. John Hilton.



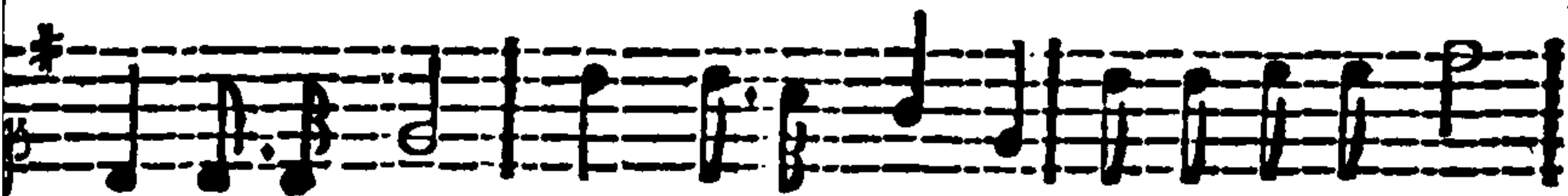
Call George a—gain Boy, call George a—gain, and



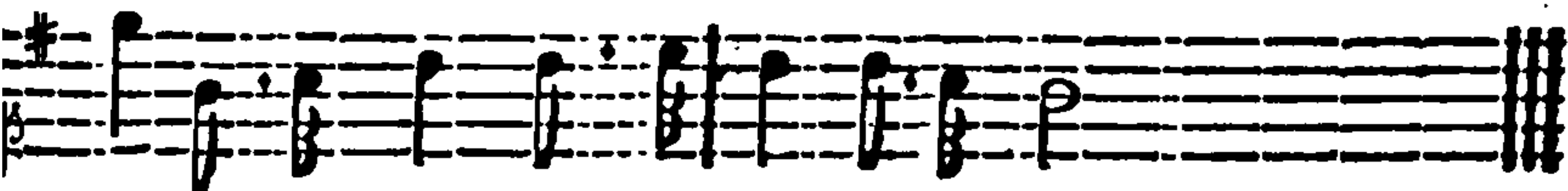
for the Love of Bacchus, call George a—gain. George is a



good Boy, and draws us good Wine, then bring us more Cla-ret, our



Wits to re—fine : George is a brave Lad, and an hon-est Man ;



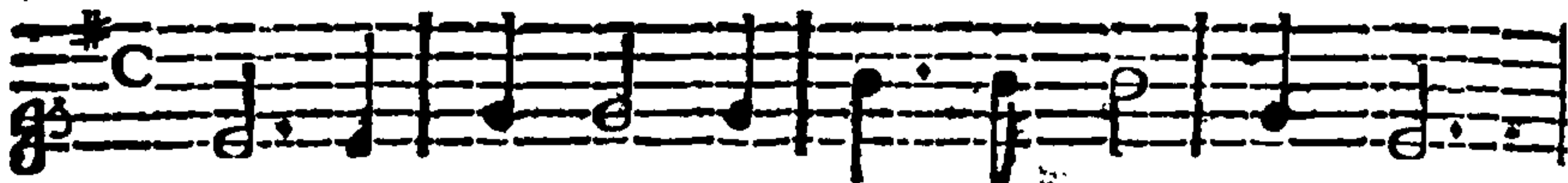
If you will know him, he dwells at the Swan.

A CATCH.

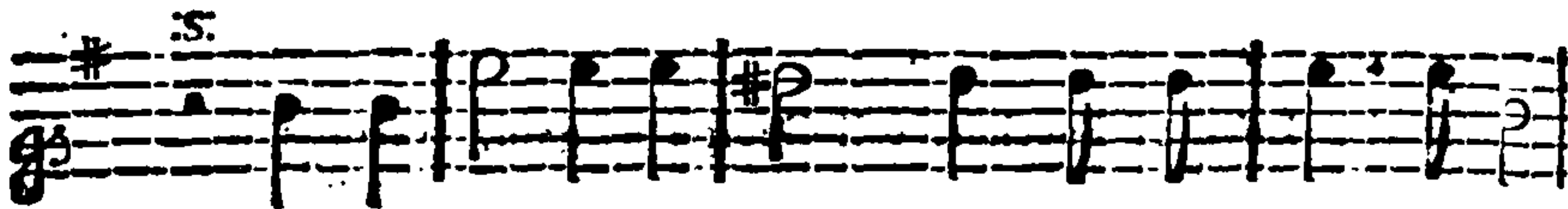
## A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

By Mr. Alcock, M. B.

Adagio.



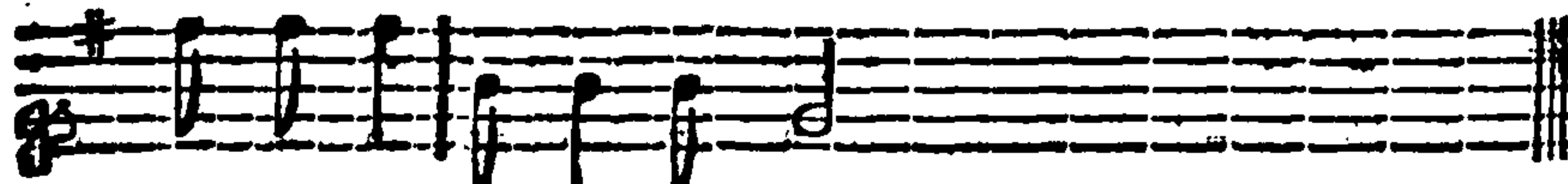
Pray re--mem--ber the poor con--fin'd Deb--tors.



Have you got a--ny Hats, Shoes, or old Cloaths to sell.



Ripe Chi-na O--ran--ges: Work for the Coop--er: Knives to grind,



Sci--zers, or Ra--zors to grind.

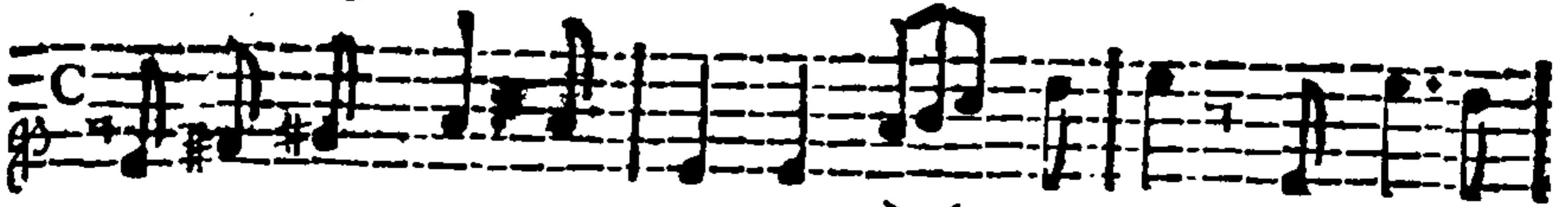


The Power of Time.

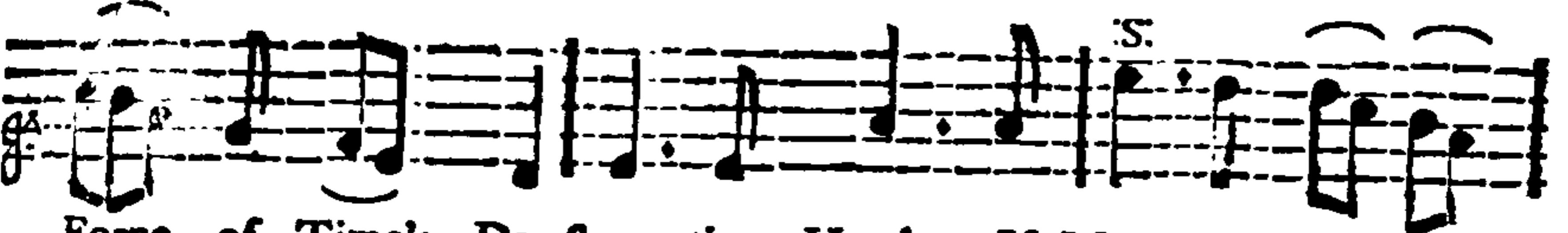
A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

By Dr. Hayes.

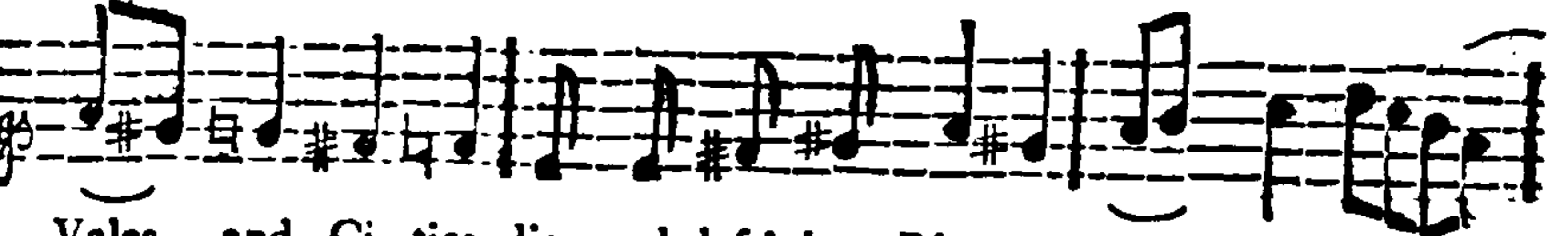
Andante Largo.



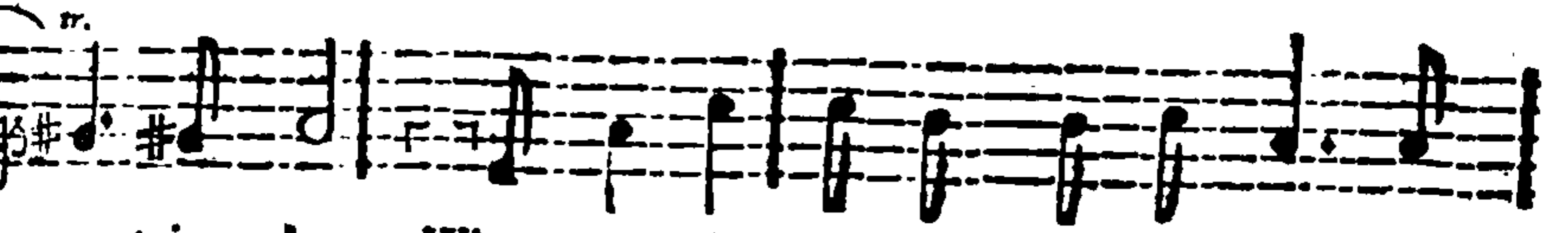
I nei-ther Brass, or Mar-ble can with-stand, the mor-tal



Force of Time's De-struct-ive Hand: If Mountains sink to



Vales, and Ci-ties die, and less'ning Ri-vers mourn their Fou-



n-tains dry. When my old Cas-sock (says a Welch Di-



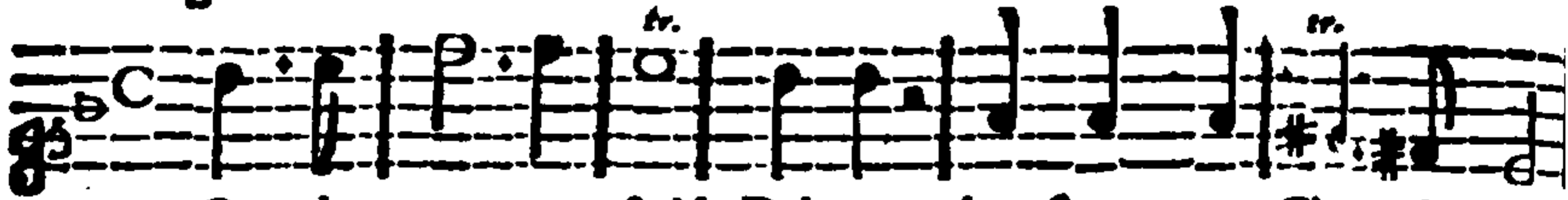
vine) is out at El-bows, Why should I re-pine?

A CATCH.

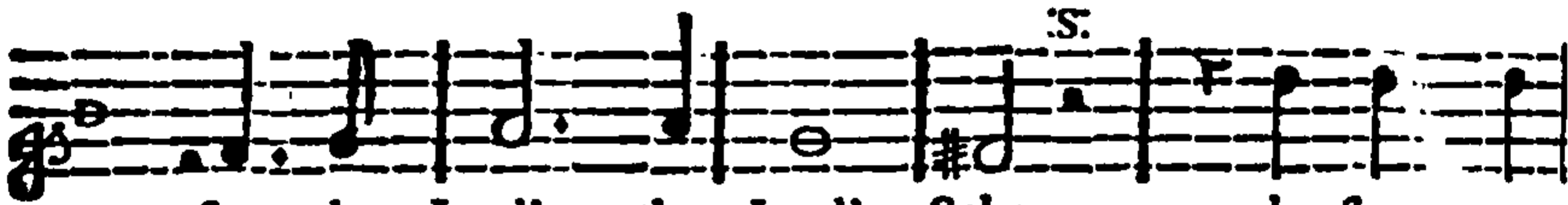
A CATCH. A. 3 *Vic.*

By Dr. Greene.

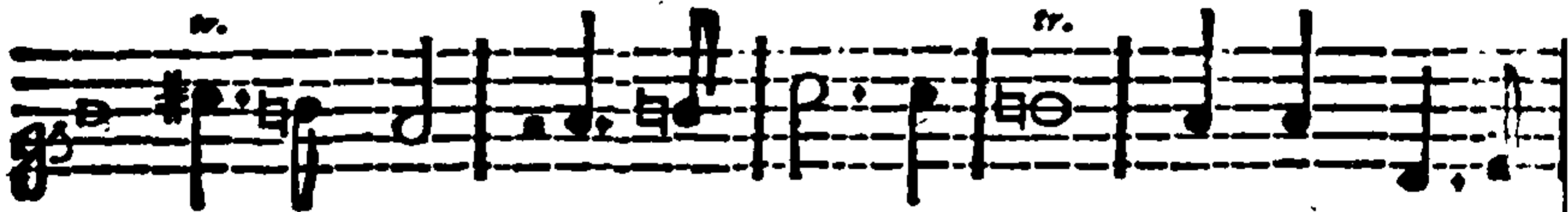
Largo.



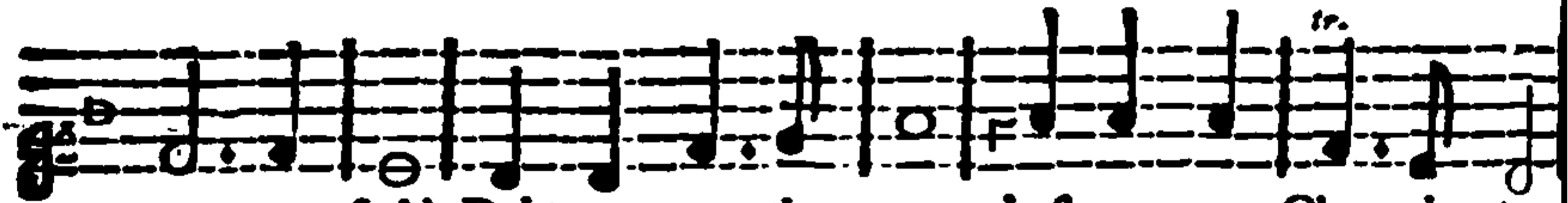
On the poor con--fin'd Debtors, be--stow your Cha--ri--ty;



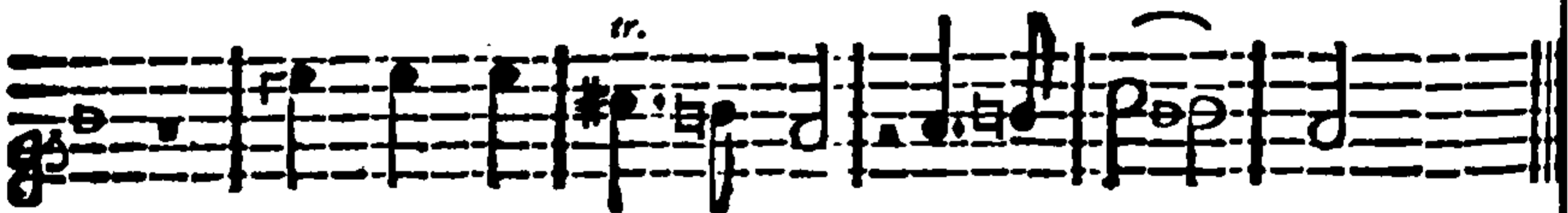
for the Lord's, the Lord's Sake, be--stow your



Cha--ri--ty, on the poor con--fin'd Debtors, on the



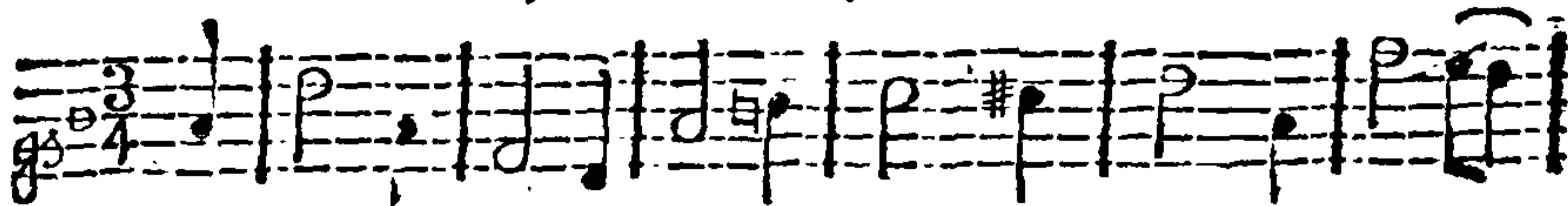
poor con--fin'd Debtors, on the poor bestow your Cha--ri--ty,



be--stow your Cha--ri--ty, for the Lord's Sake.

The Parting CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

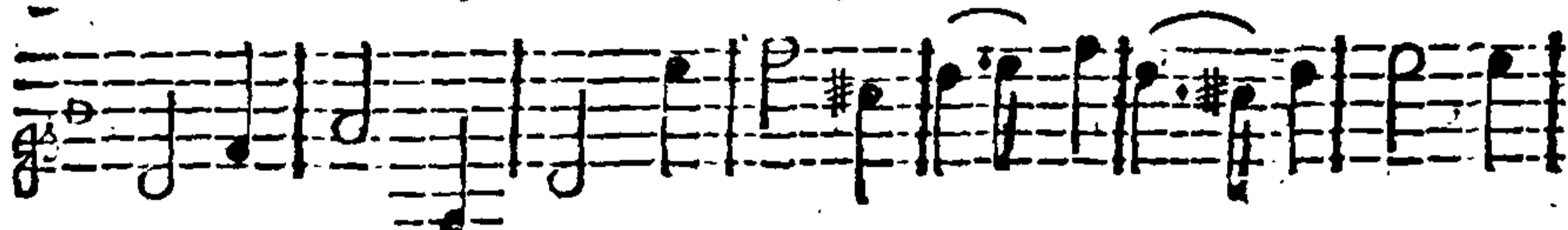
By Mr. Henry Purcell.



When *V* and *I* to—ge—ther meet, we make up Six in



House or Street; yet *I* and *V* may meet once more, and then we



Two can make but Four; but when that *V* from *I* am gone; a—

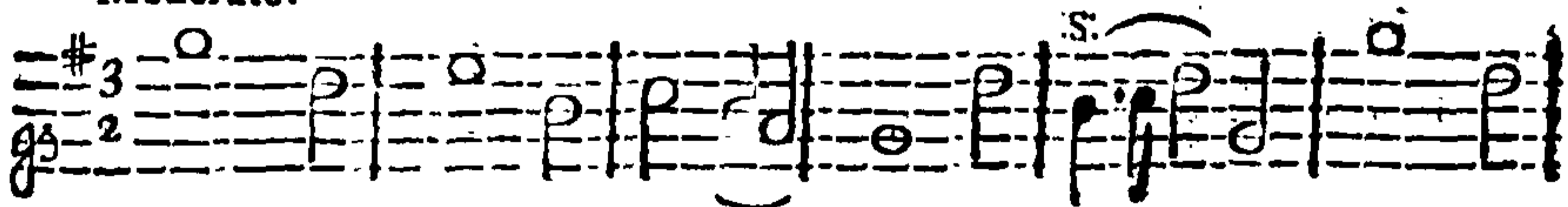


—lafs poor *I* can make but one.

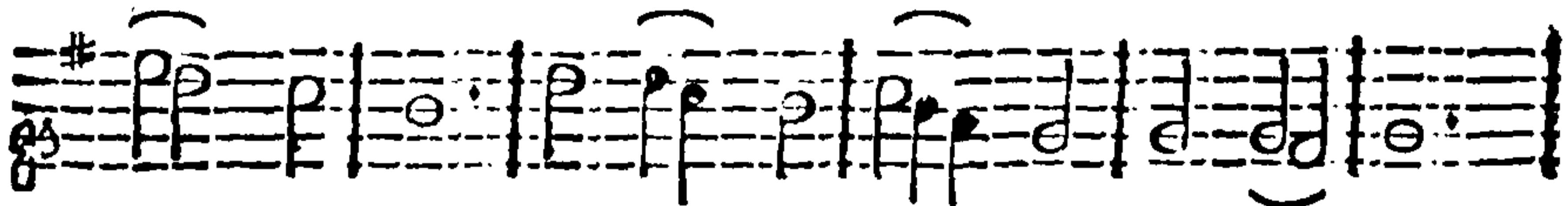
A CATCH. A. 4 Voc.

By Mr. Alcock, M. B.

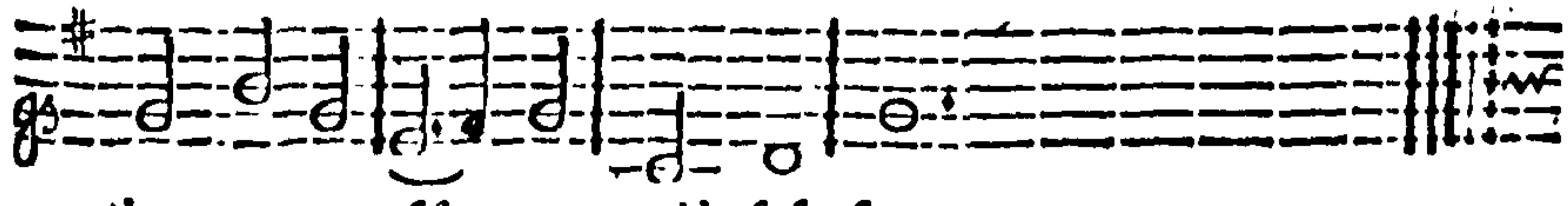
Moderato.



When Troy Town for ten Years Wars, with—stood the Greeks in



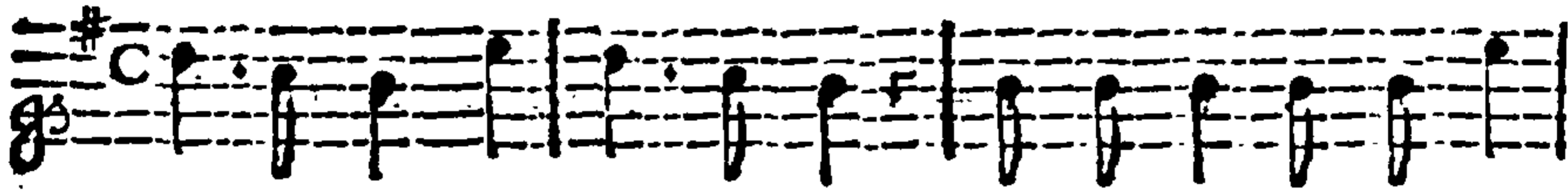
man—ful Wife, yet did their Foes in—crease so fast;



that to re—sist none cou'd suf—fice.

## Three Oxford Cries.

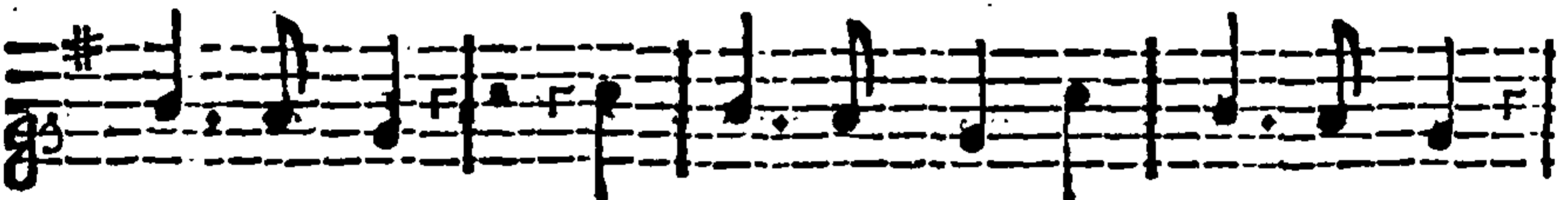
By Dr. Hayes.



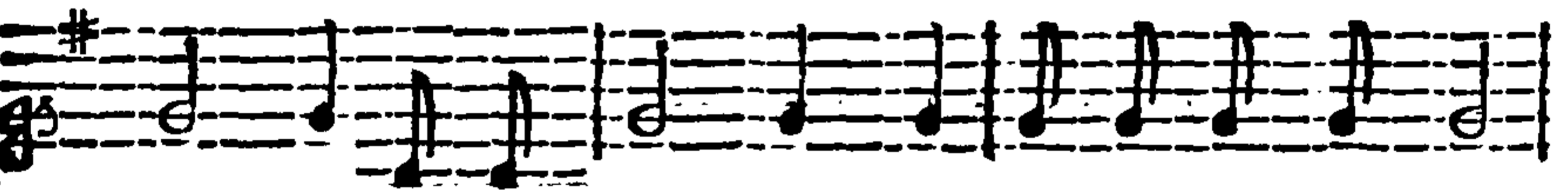
Chairs to mend, old Chairs to mend, Rush or Cane bottom'd, old



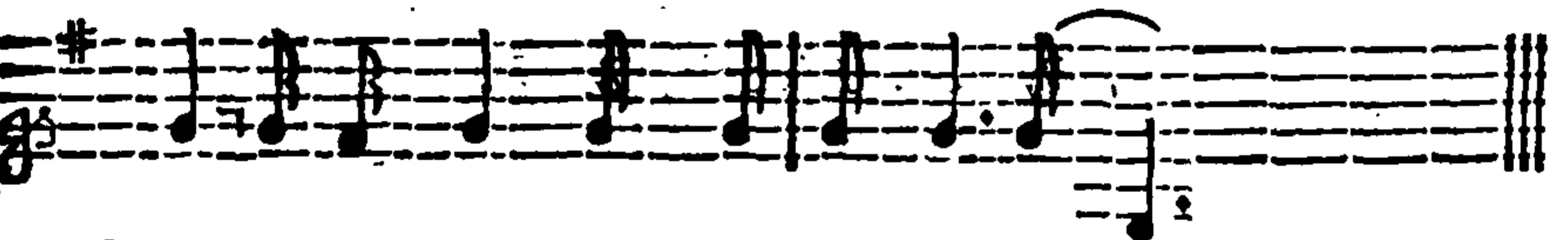
Chairs to mend, old Chairs to mend; new Mack--a--rel, new



Mack--a--rel, new Mack--a--rel, new Mack--a--rel;



old Rags, a--ny old Rags, take Mo--ney for your old



Rags; a--ny Hare Skins, or Rab-bet Skins.

A CATCH.



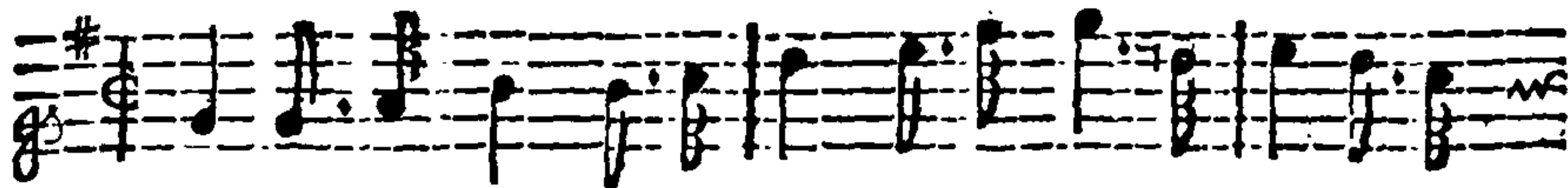
# The ESSEX HARMONY.

119

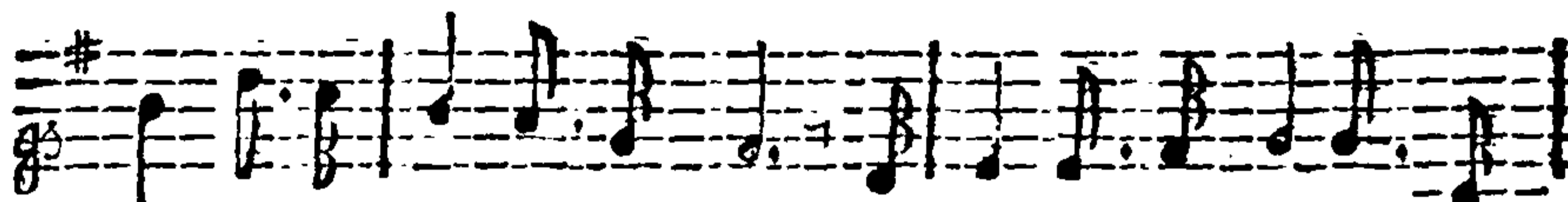
## A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

By Dr. Green.

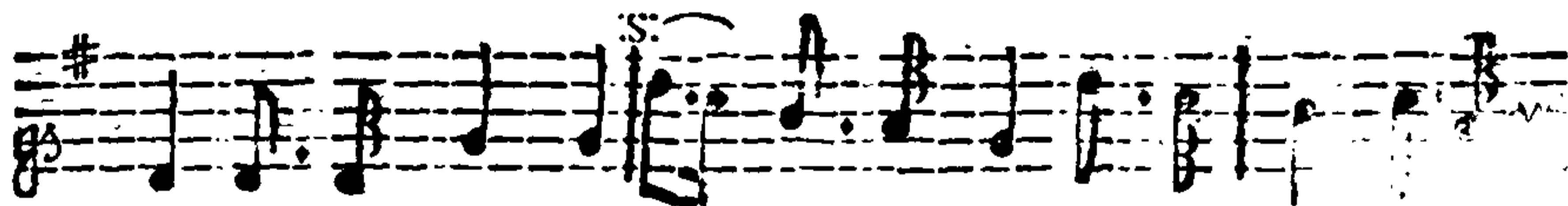
Allegro.



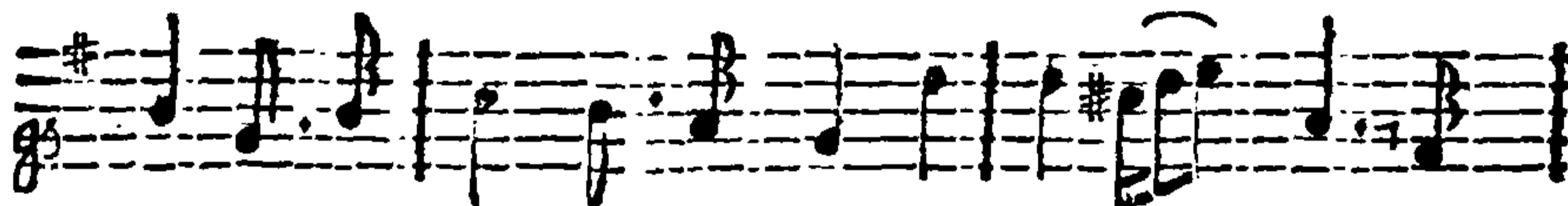
Come let us laugh, let us drink, let us sing, the Win-ter to



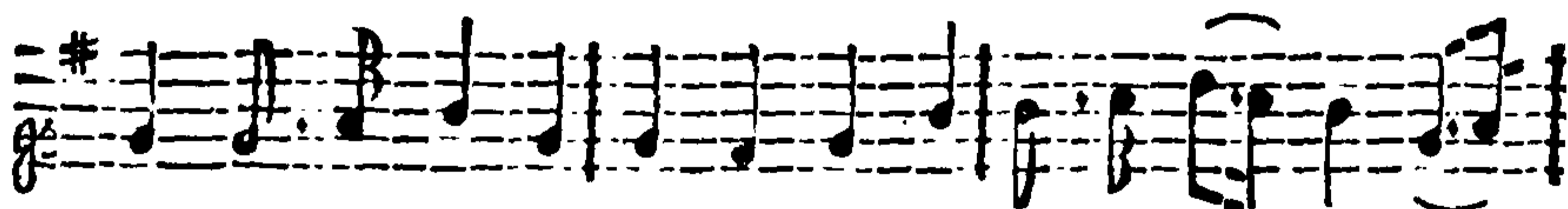
us is as good as the Spring, the Win-ter to us is as



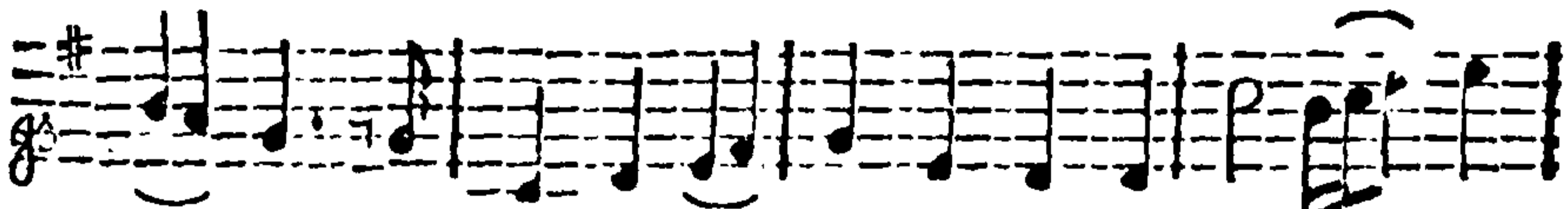
good as the Spring; we care not a Fea-ther, for Wind or for



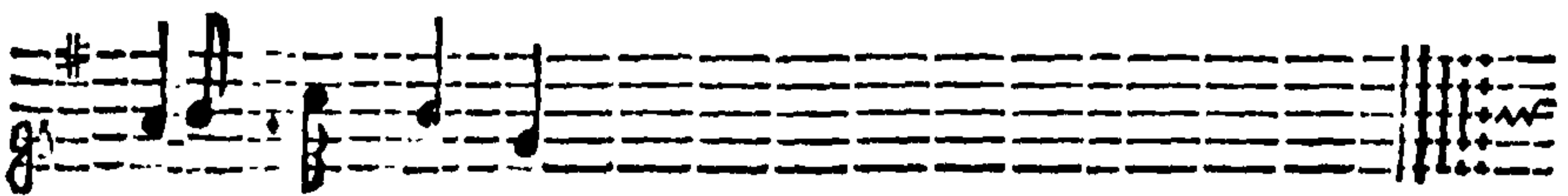
Weather, by Night and by Day, we sport and play, by



Night and by Day, we sport and play, con--fer-ring our Notes to---



---ge-ther, con--fer-ring our Notes to---ge-ther, our Notes, our



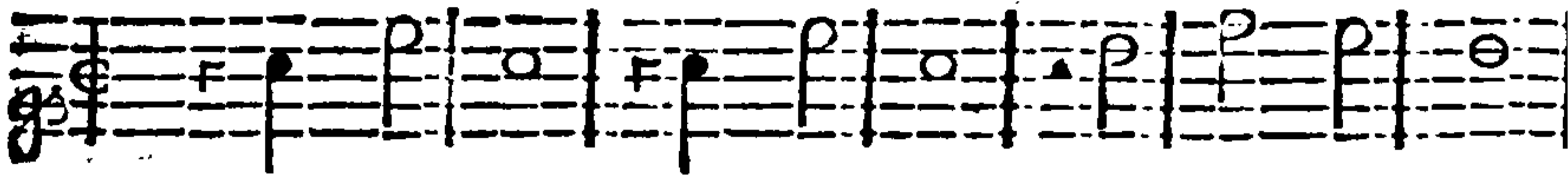
Notes to---ge-ther.

Q 2

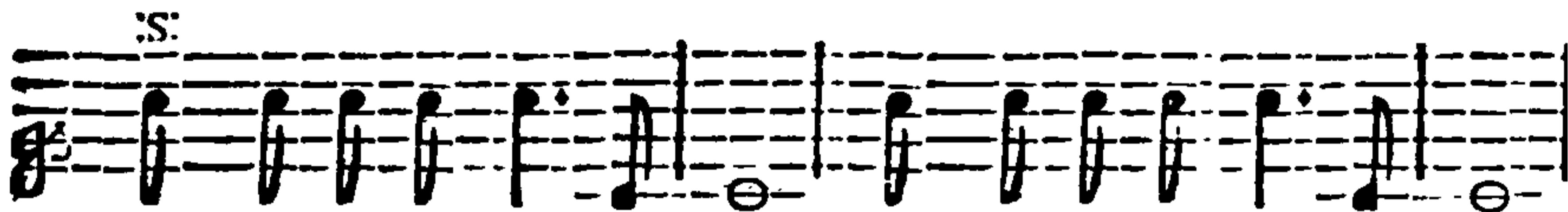
A CATCH.

## A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

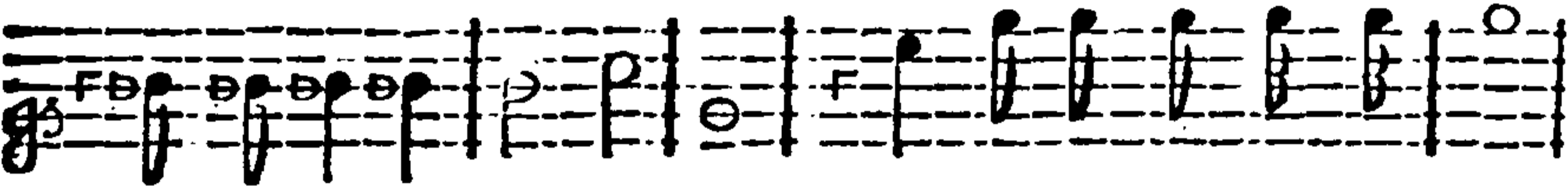
By Mr. White.



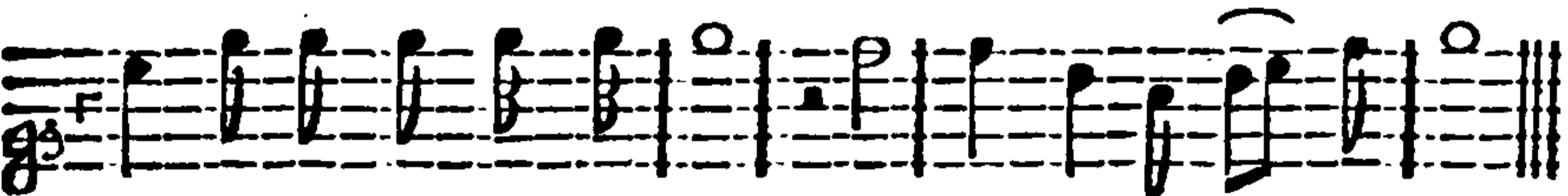
New Oy—sters, new Oy—sters, new Oy—sters, new ;



Have you a--ny Wood to cleave? Have you a--ny Wood to cleave?



Have you a--ny Wood to cleave? What Kitchen Stuff have you Maids?



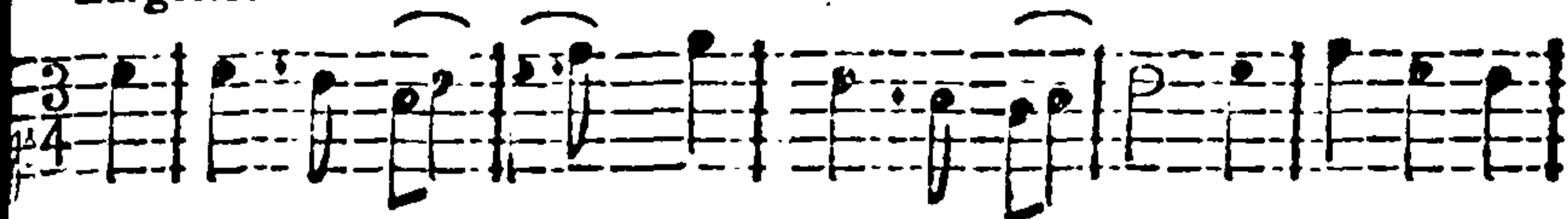
What Kitchen Stuff have you Maids? What Kitchen Stuff have you Maids?

A CATCH.

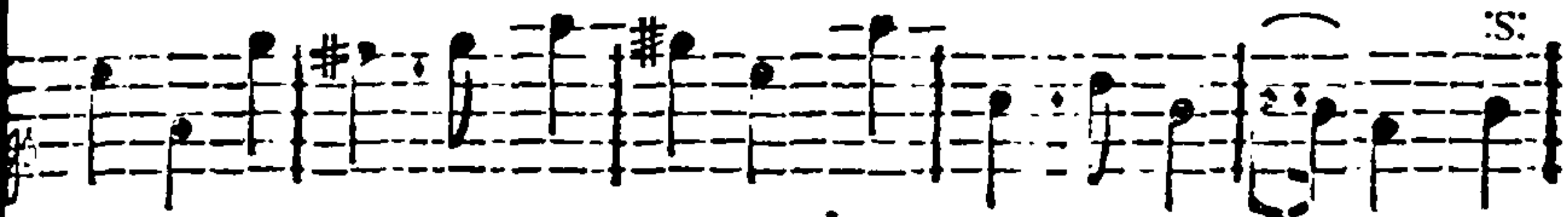
A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

By Dr. Hayes.

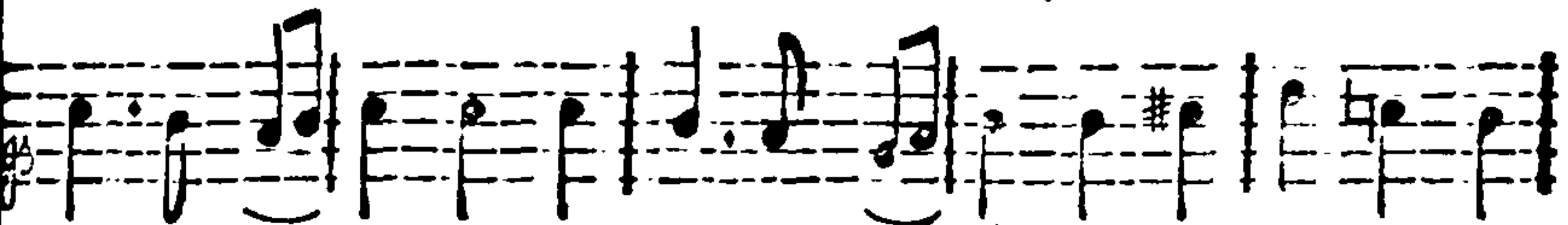
Larghetto.



Come buy my fine Wares, Plumbs, Apples, and Pears, a Hundred a



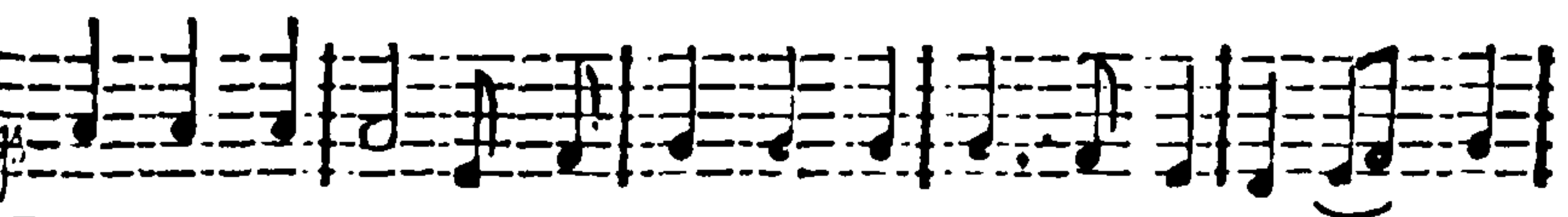
Pen-ny, in Conscience too ma-ny; come will you have a—ny? My



Chil-dren are se-ven, my Children are se--ven, I wish them in



Hea--ven, I wish them, I wish them, I wish them in Heaven; My



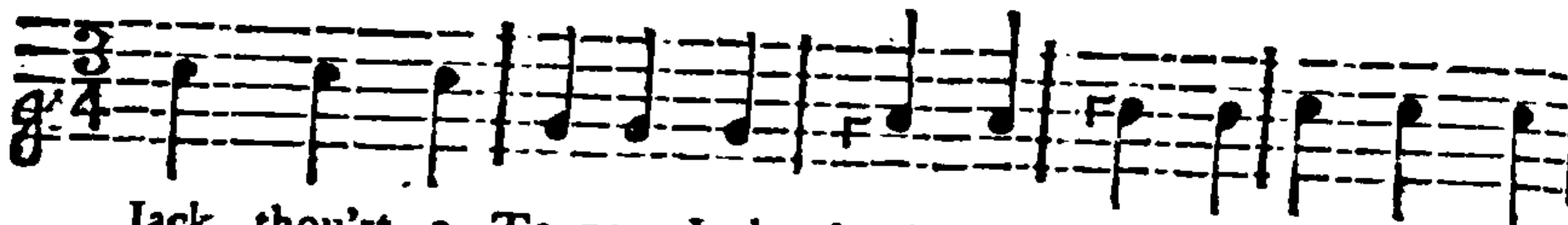
Husband's a Sot, with his Pipe and his Pot, not a Far-thing will



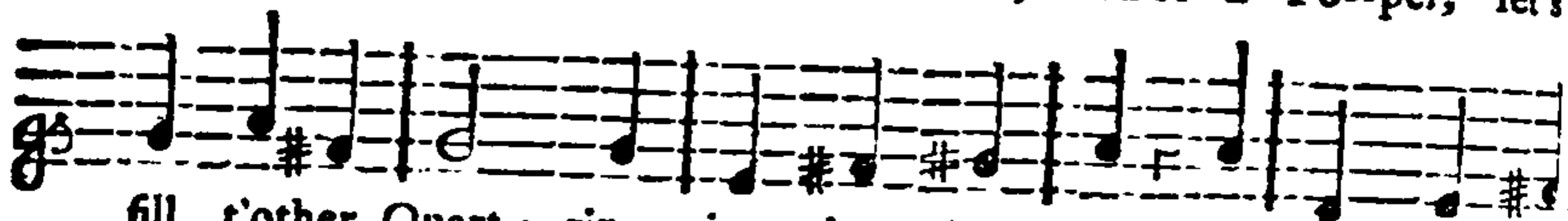
gain 'em, not a Farthing will gain 'em, and I must maintain 'em.

## A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

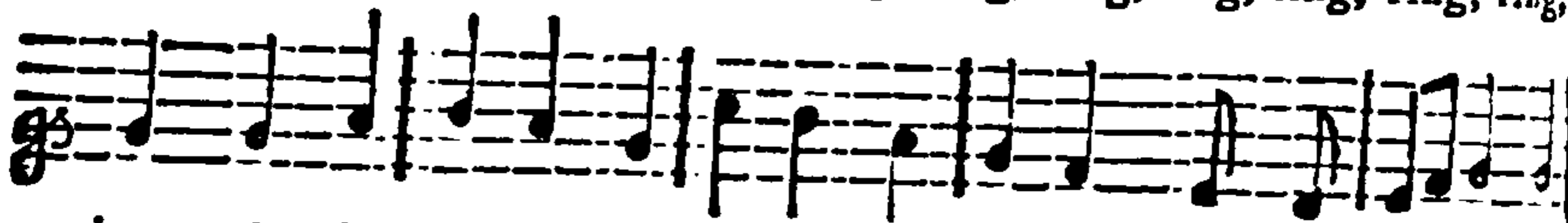
By Mr. Purcell.



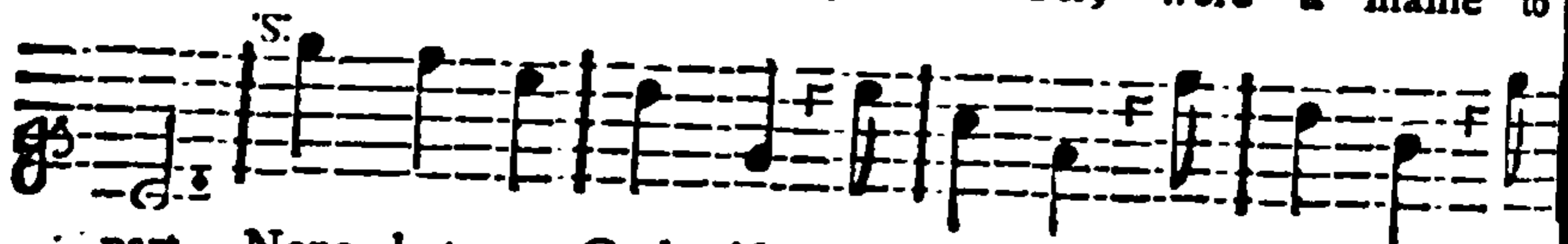
Jack, thou'rt a To-per, Jack, thou'rt a, thou'rt a To-per, let's



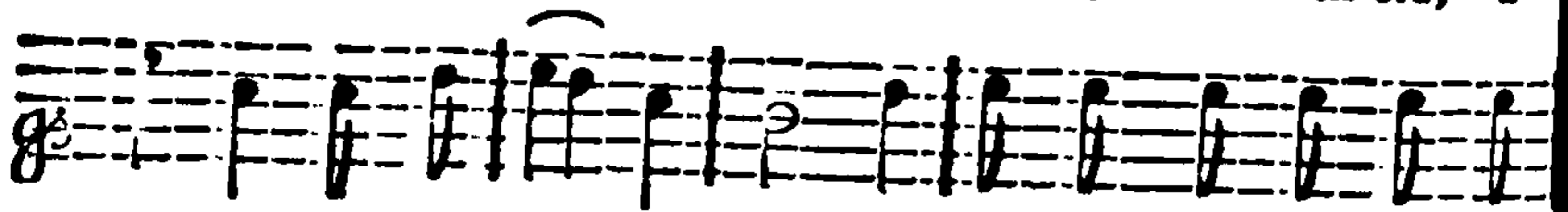
fill t'other Quart; ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,



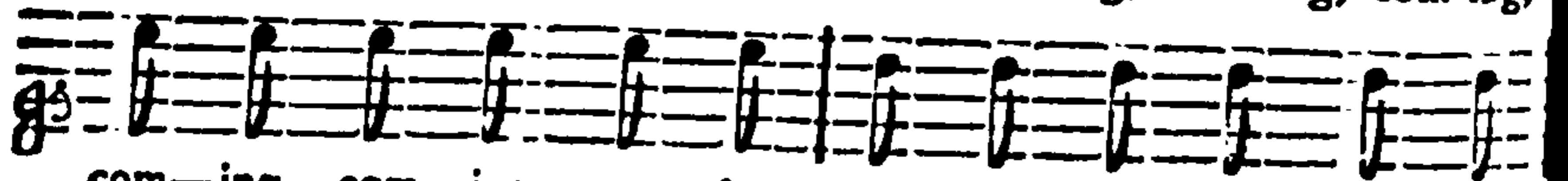
ring, we're so so-ber, so so-ber, so so-ber, 'were a shame to



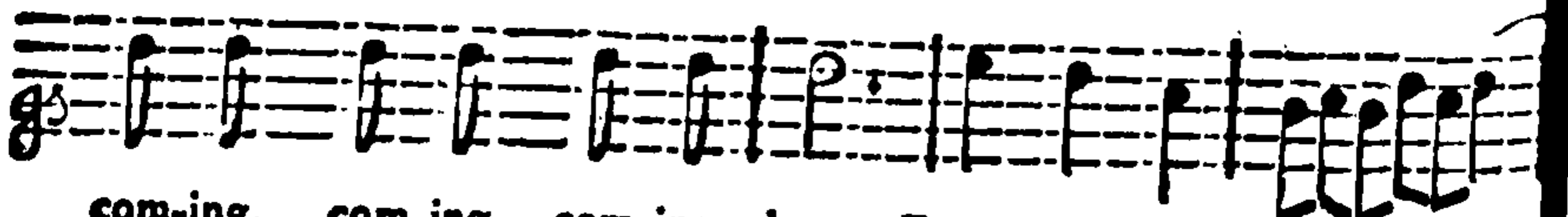
part. None but a Cuck-old, a Cuck-old, a Cuck-old, a



Cuck-old, bul-ly'd by his Wife, for com-ing, com-ing, com-ing,



com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing,



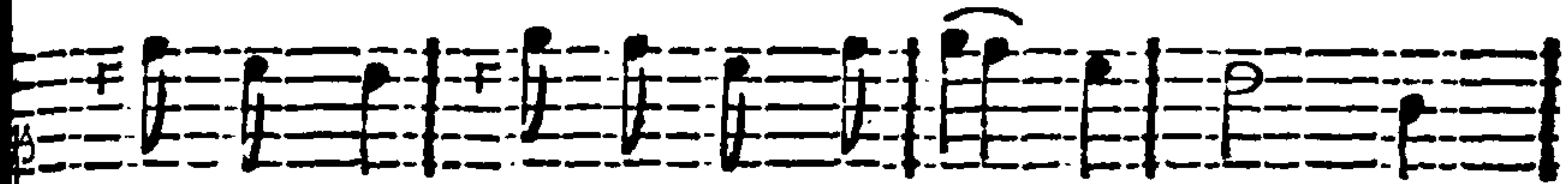
com-ing, com-ing, com ing late, Fears a dome



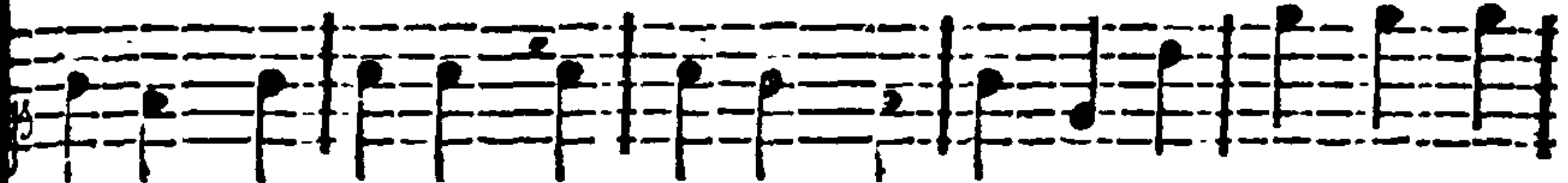
Continued.



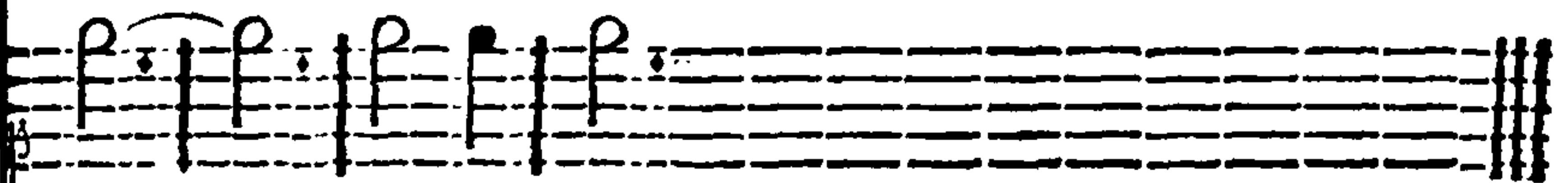
stick Strife; I'm free, I'm free, and fo are you.



fo are you, fo are you, to call and knock, knock



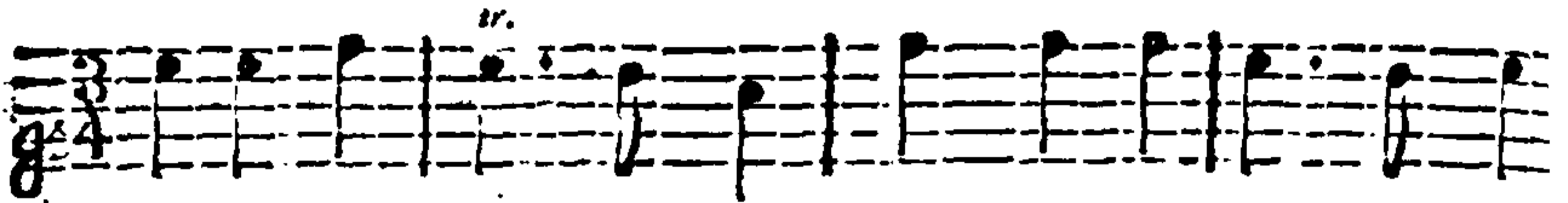
bold-ly, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, tho' Watchmen cry



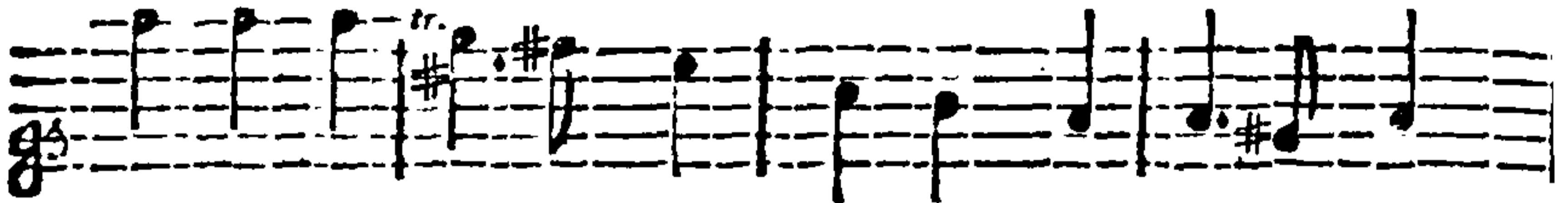
pa—st two o'--Clock.

A CATCH.

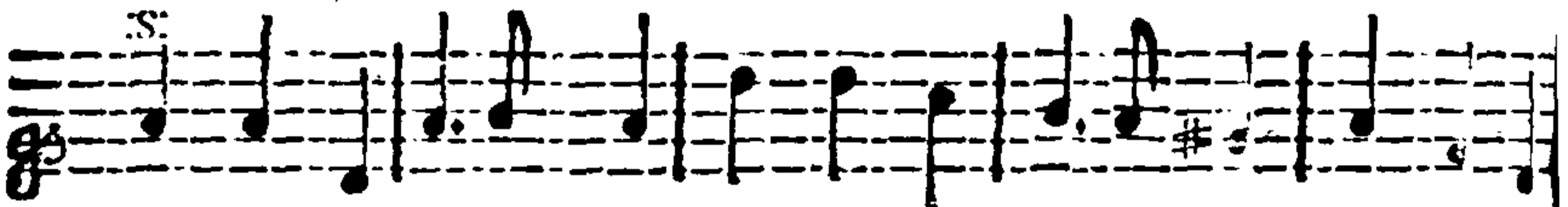
## A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.



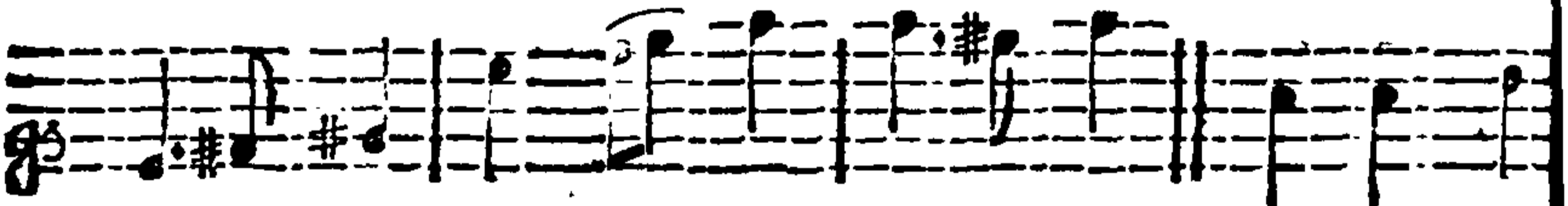
Prepare your Hearts for Mirth, chant clear-ly while you may,



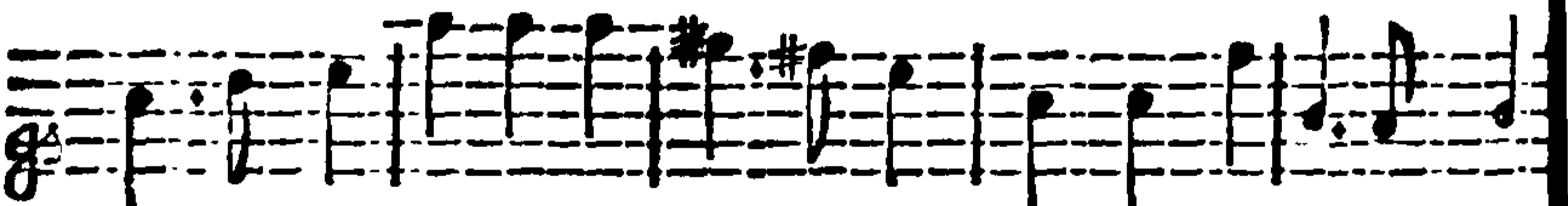
this is the Mu-se's Birth, let us keep Ho-li-day :



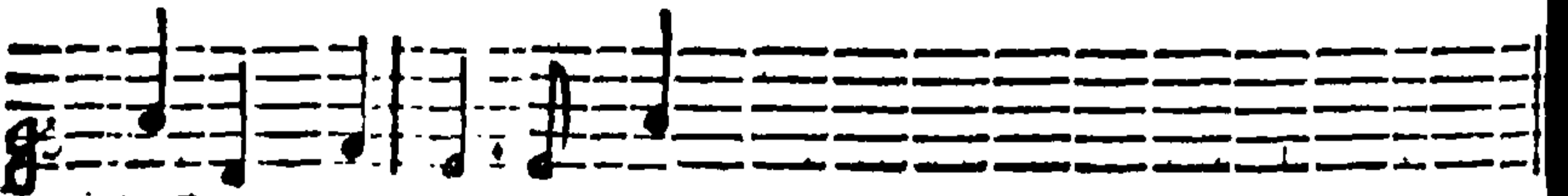
See, see, we all are come, no Man for Dis-con-tent, but love-ly



fill the Room with Love and Mer-ri-ment; then the sweet



Mu--ses nine, do one and all a--gree; their off'ring at the Shrine,



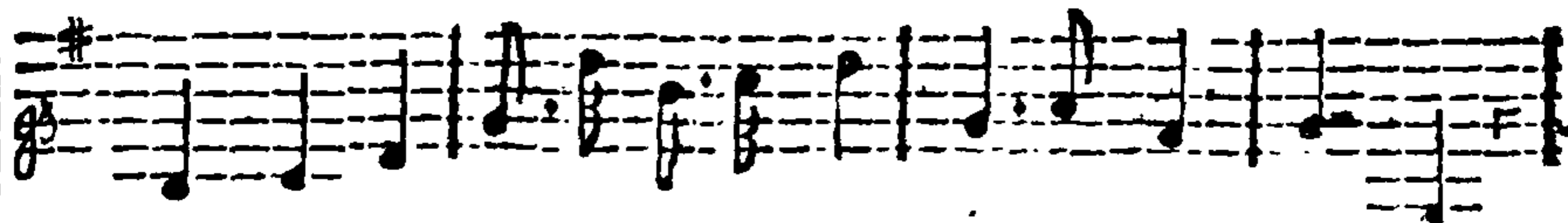
is Love and Har-mo--ny.

The King's Health. A CATCH. A. 4 Voc.

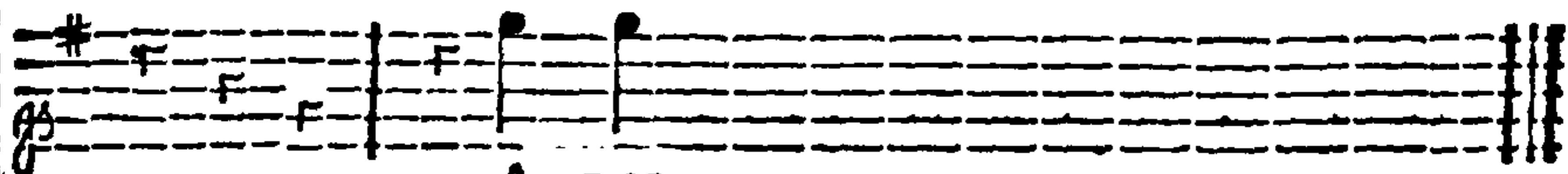
By Dr. John Blow.



God preserve his Ma-jes-ty, and for e-ver send him Vic-to-ry,



and con-found' all his E-ne-mies, take off your Hock, Sir.



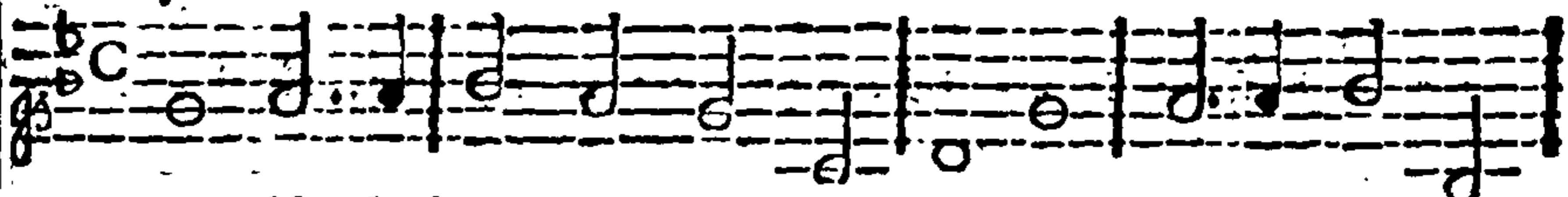
A-men.

N. B. Repeat Amen, all the while this Catch is singing, resting 4 Crotchets.

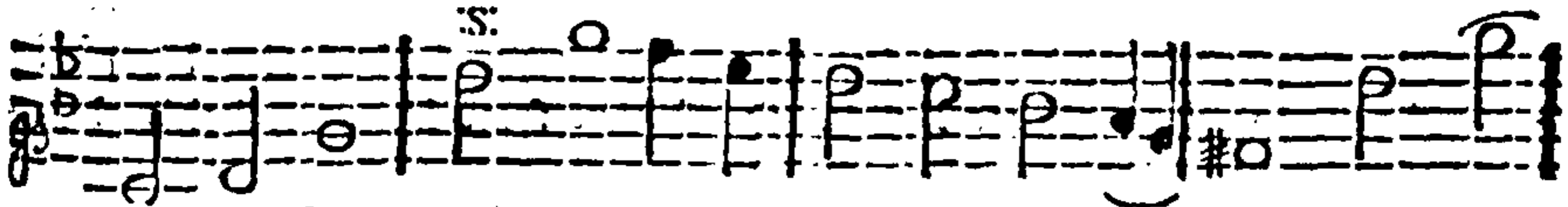
A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

By Mr. Charles King, M. B. late Almoner, &c. of St. Paul's.

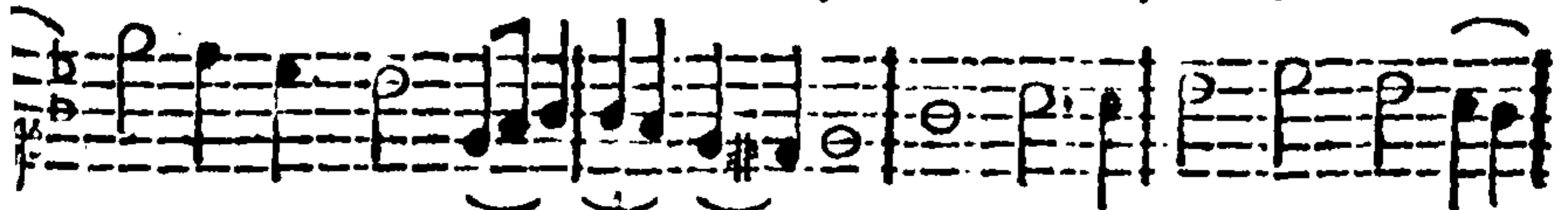
Very slow.



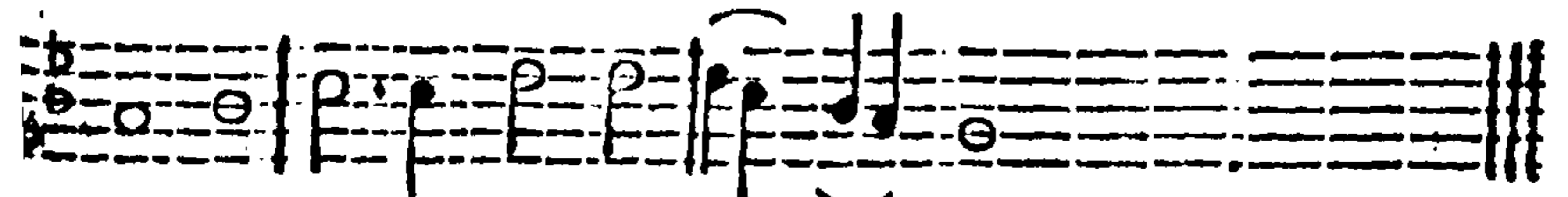
O! Ab-sa-lom, my Son, my Son, O! Ab-sa-lom, my



Son, my Son, would God I had dy'd for thee, my Son, would Go-



...d I had dy'd, for thee, my Son, O! Ab-sa-lom, my Son, my



Son, O! Ab-sa-lom, my Son, my Son.

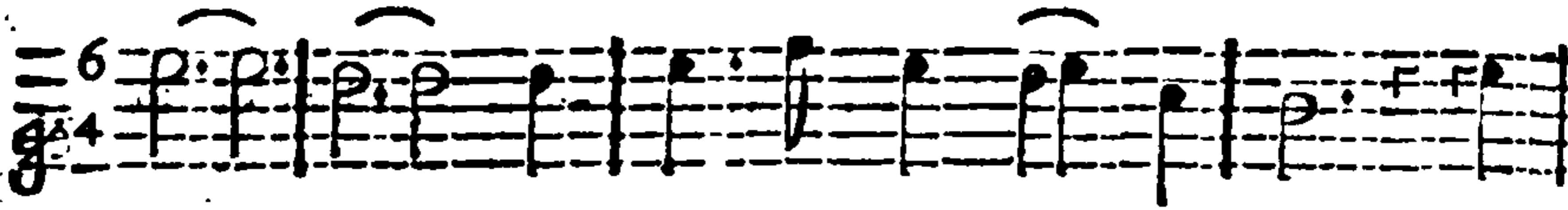
R

A CATCH

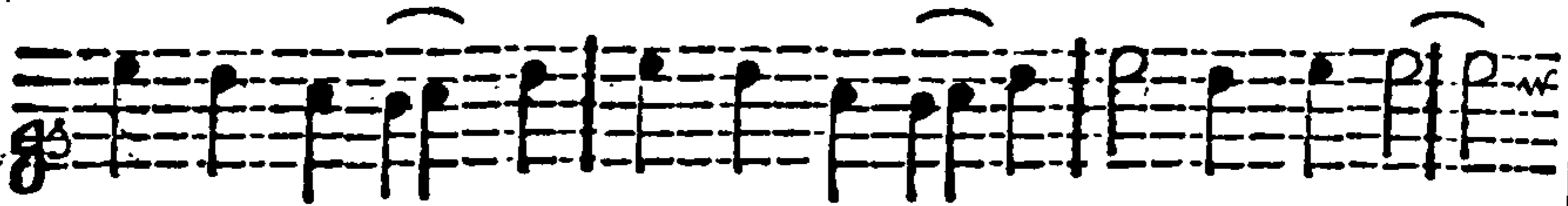
## A CATCH. A. 4 Voc.

By Dr. Hayes.

Allegro Moderato.



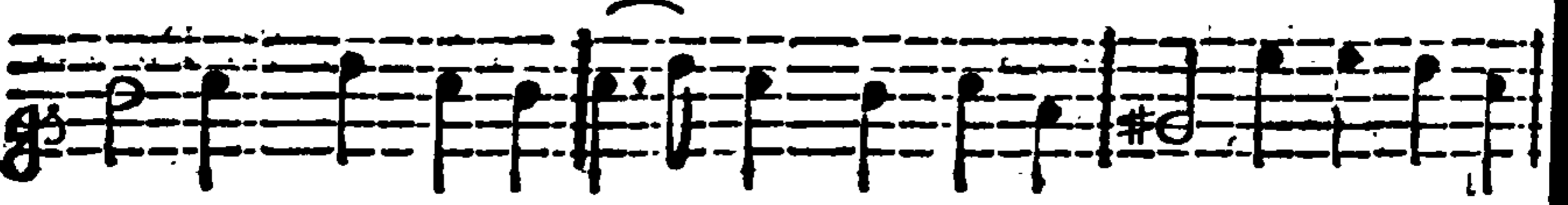
Ink, Ink, come buy my fine Wri-ting Ink, come



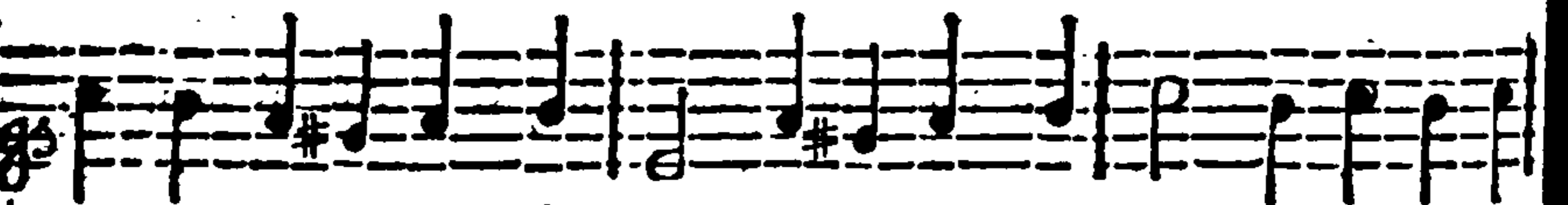
buy my fine Ink, come buy my fine Ink, I want some Mo--ney



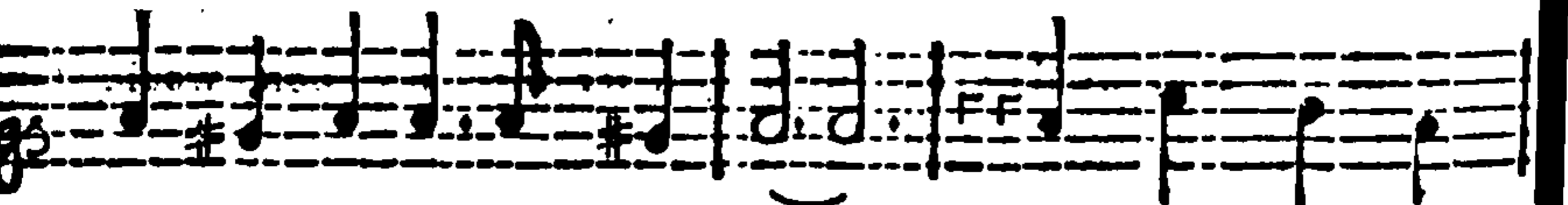
to buy me some Drink; my Bar--rels grown old, grown



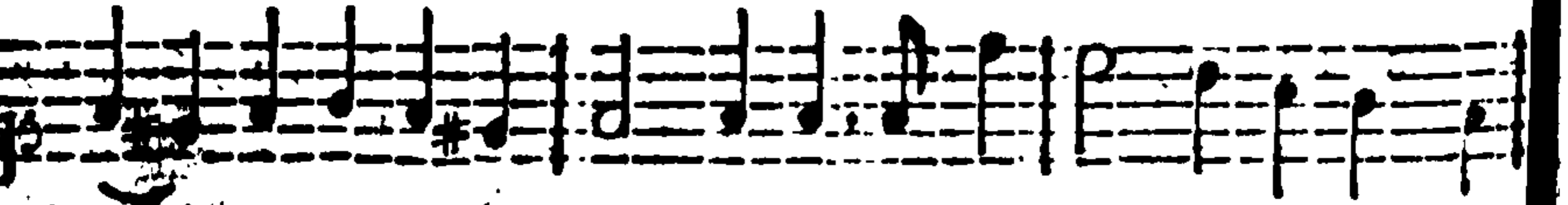
old, nigh spent is my Ink, nigh spent is my Ink, all this I re--



--gard not, so I have some Drink, so I have some Drink, all this I re--



--gard not, so I have some Drink. My Cloaths they are



worn, and as for my Shoes, I care not how bad, so I have some

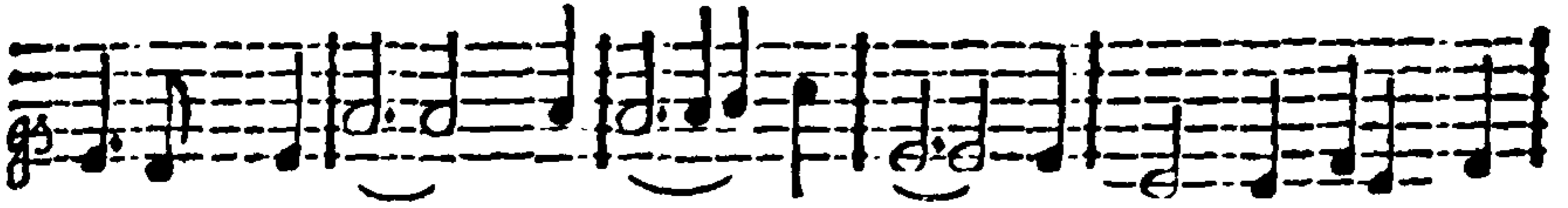
Con-



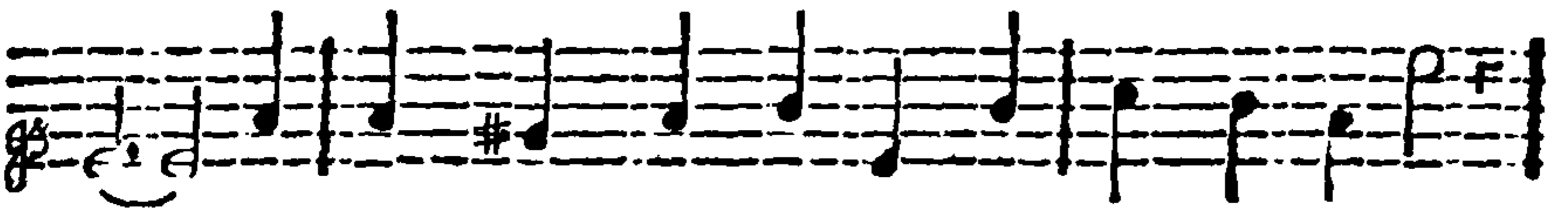
Continued.



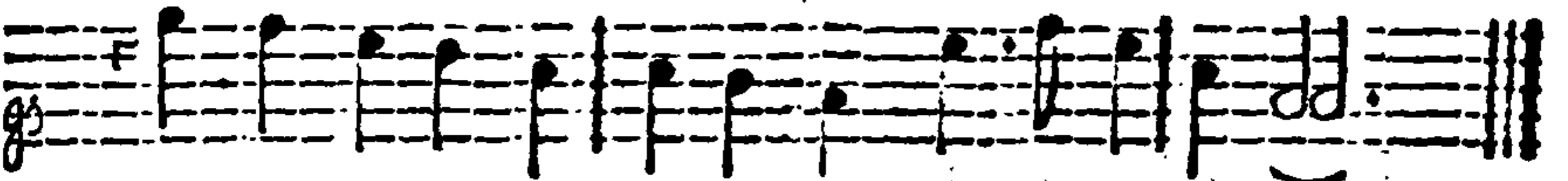
Boo ———ze, fo I have some Booze, I care not how bad, fo



I have some Booze : Brown Beer, brown Beer, my Heart, my Heart will



cheer, for nought yields more Joy than much Drink when a dry;

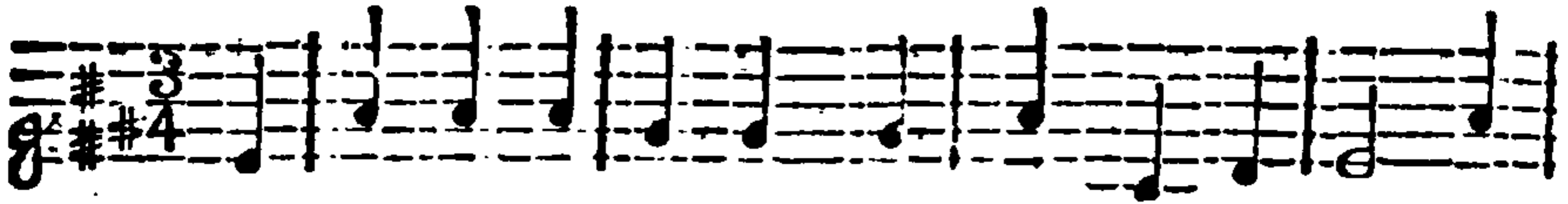


but with-out the sweet Penny, there's no get-ting a—ny.

N. B. The first Part is in many Places in England, the well known Cry of a certain Lingsing Inkseller.

Love and Musick. A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

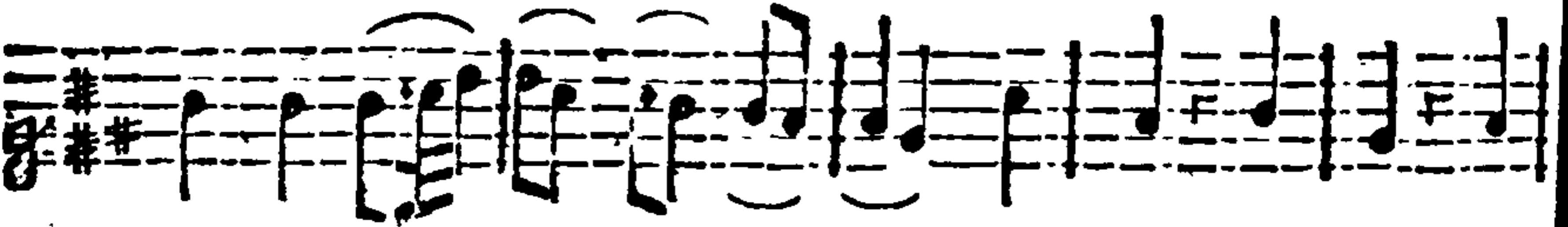
By Dr. Harrington.



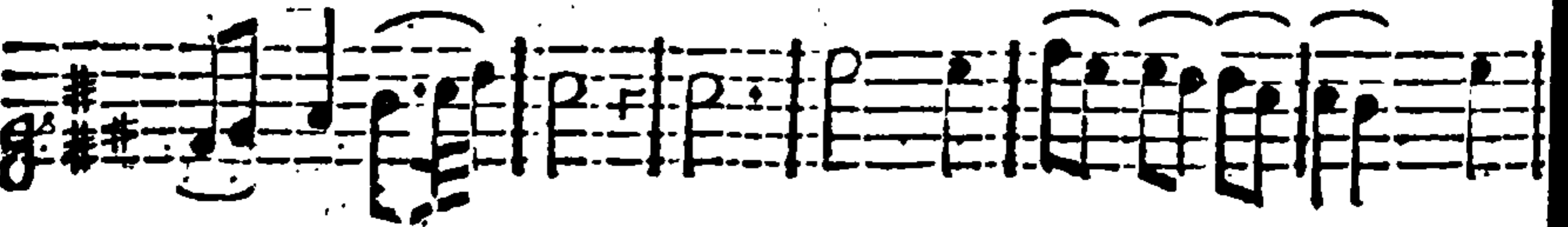
How great is the Plea-sure, how sweet the De-light, when



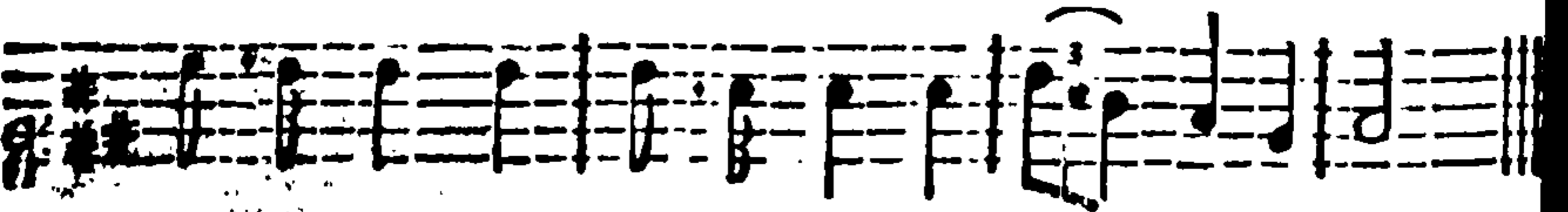
soft Love and Mu-sick to-ge-ther u-nite, how great is the



Plea-sure, how sweet the De-light, when Love, soft Love, and



Mu-sick u-nite; sweet, sweet, how sweet the De-light, when



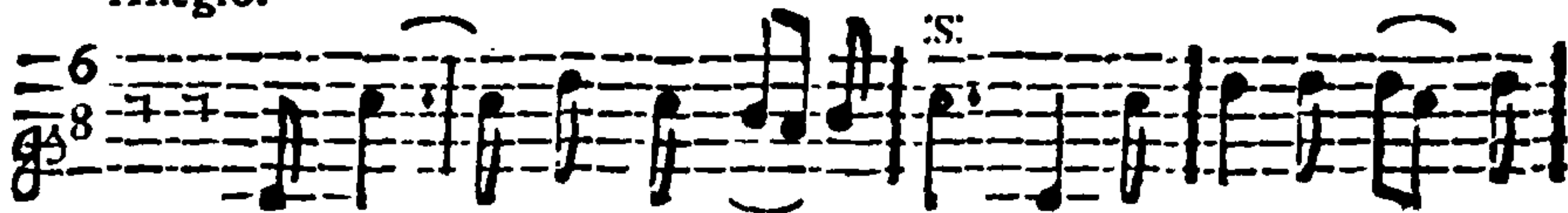
Har-mo-ny, sweet Har-mo-ny, and Love do u-nite.

A CANON

A CANON. 4 in 1.

By Dr. Hayes.

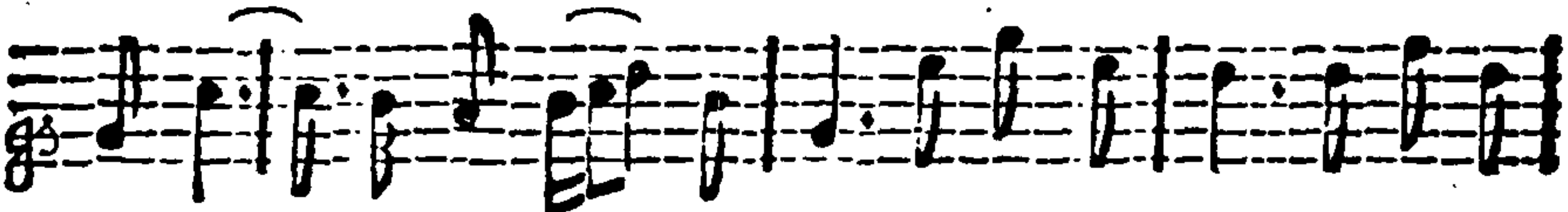
Allegro.



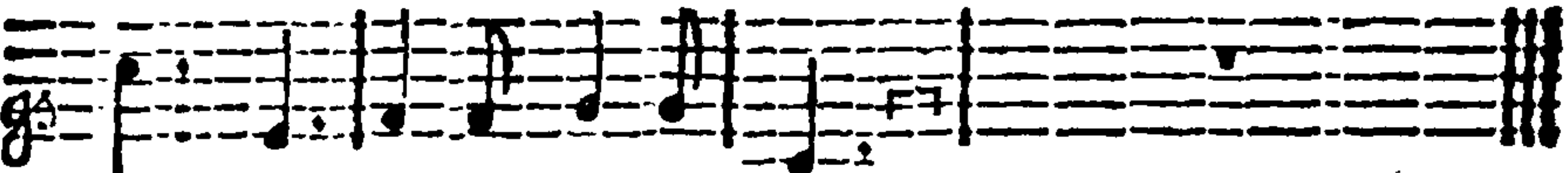
Let's drink, and let's sing to—-ge-ther, in Spite of Wind or



Wea-ther, for here true Joy is found, so let the Toast go round,



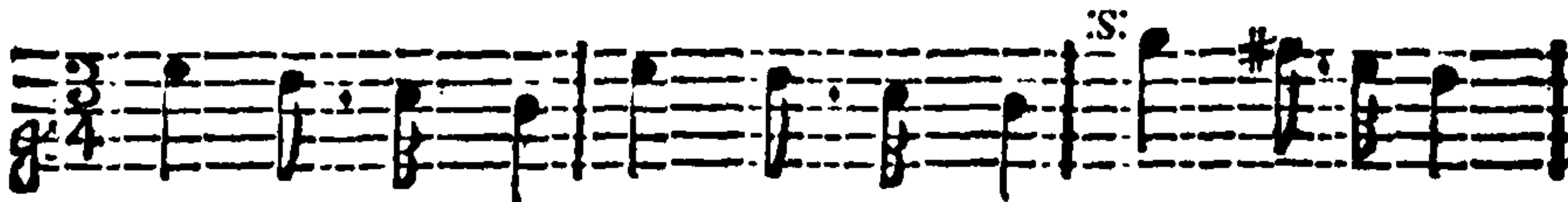
come here's to all hon—est Men; fill up your Glafs, fill up your



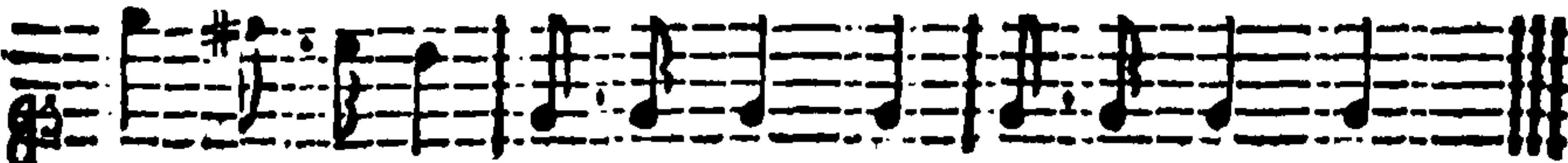
Glafs, drink fair, or drink a.—gain.

A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

By Mr. Arnold.



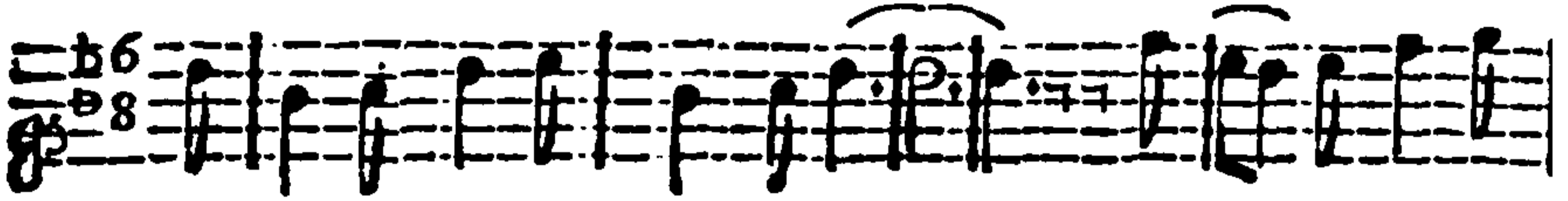
Old Chairs to mend, old Chairs to mend; new Mack-a--rel,



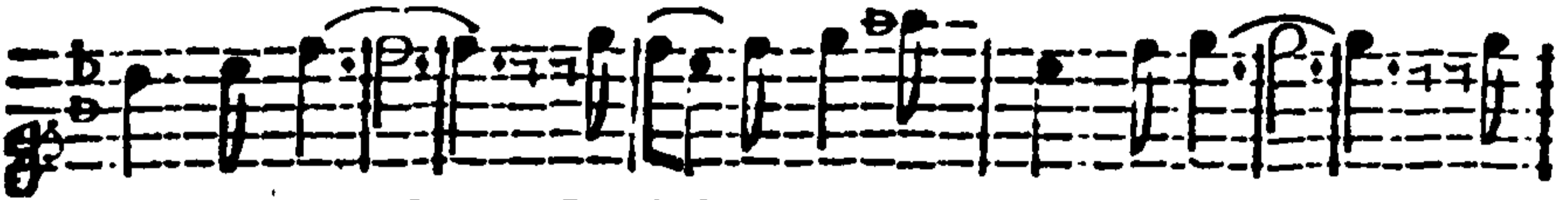
new Mack-a--rel; buy my old Cloaths, buy my old Cloaths.

A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

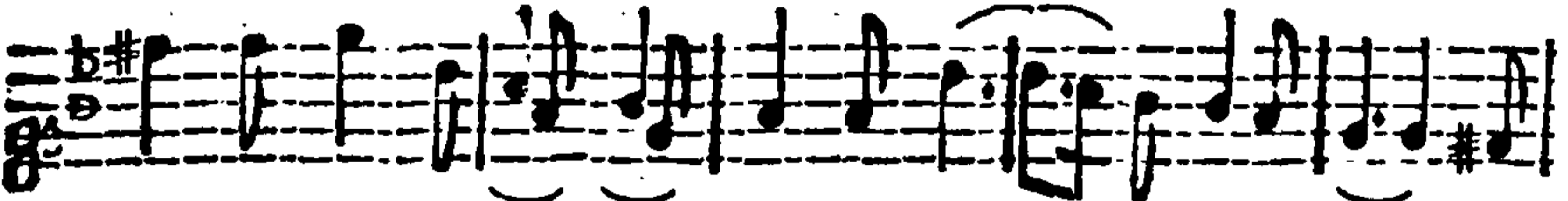
By Dr. Greene,



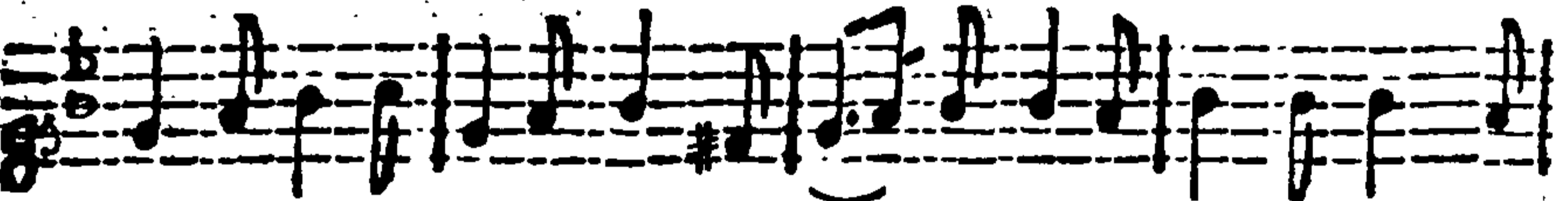
I've lost my Mistress, Horse, and Wife, I've lost my Mistress,



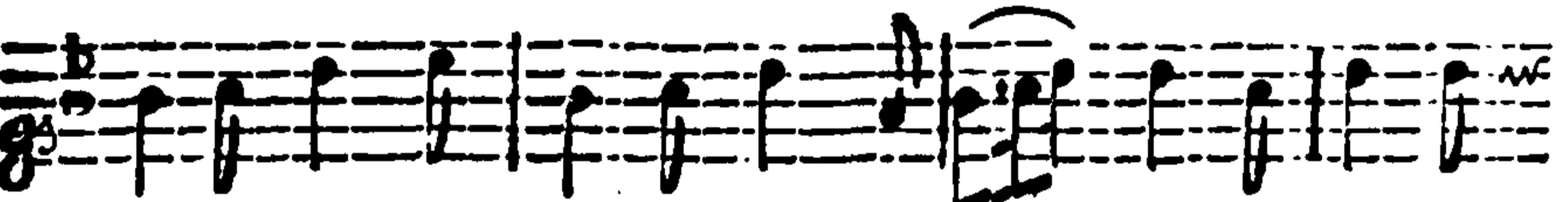
Horse, and Wife, I've lost my Mistress, Horse, and Wife: But



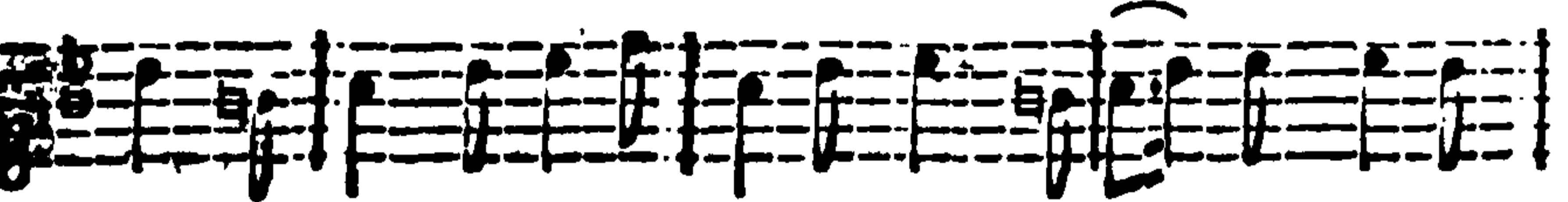
when I think on hu—man Life, am gla—d it is no worse; my



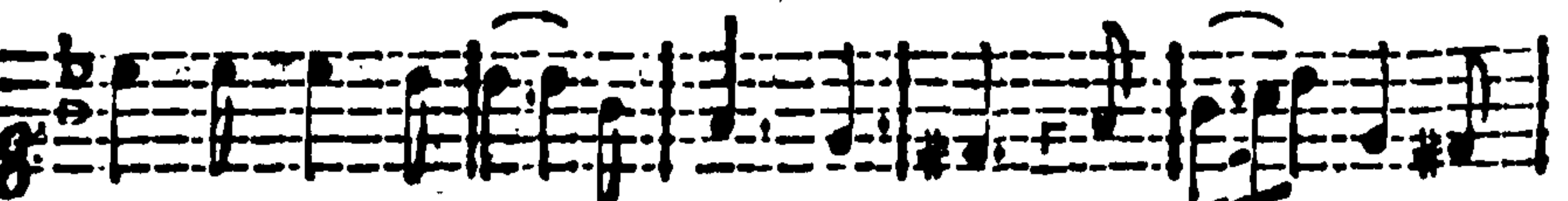
Wife was ug-ly, and a Scold, was ug—ly, and a Scold, a Scold, my



Mistress was grown lean and old, grown lean, lean and old, and



old, my Wife was ug-ly, and a Scold, was ug—ly, and a



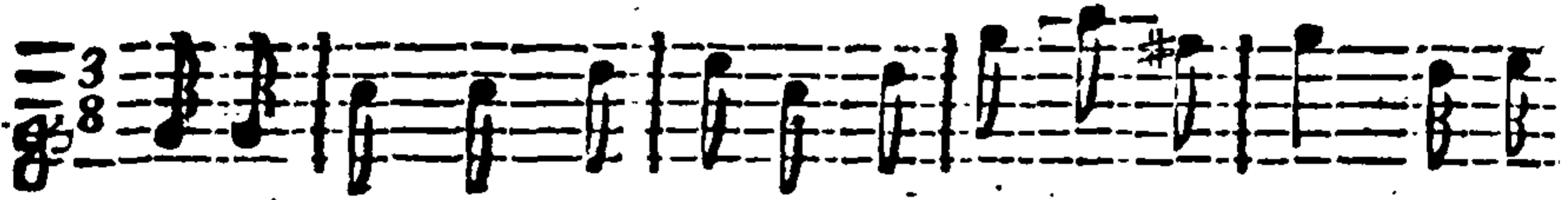
Scold, a Scold, my Mistress was grown lean, grown lean, lean and





## Epigram. A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

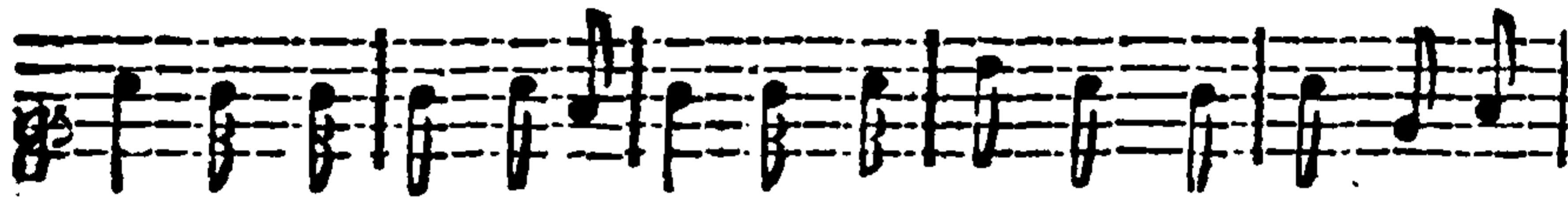
By Mr. Berg.



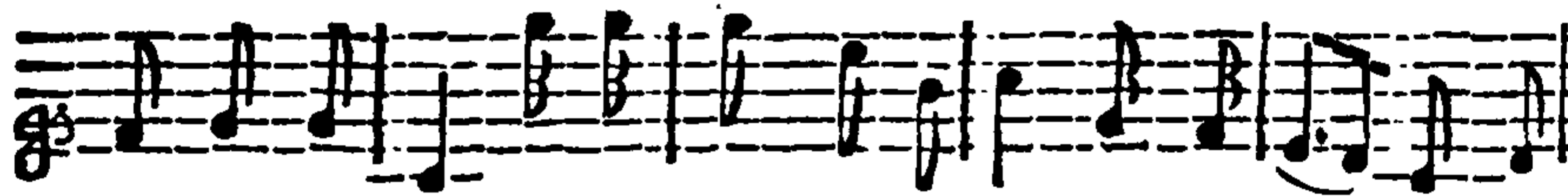
Not a Day more than thir-ty, dear Sir, on my Truth, says a



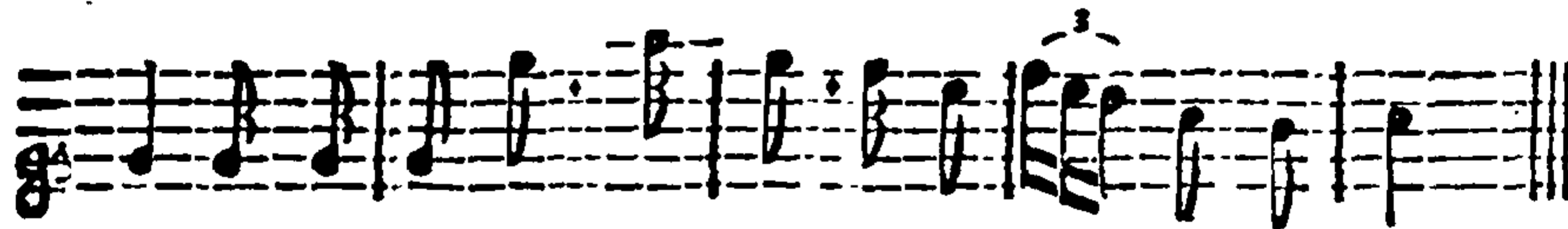
La-dy to one that com-mend-ed her Youth ; by my Troth cries a



Wag that must sure-ly be true, for these ten Years she's told me the



same she tells you ; by my Troth cries a Wag that must sure-ly be

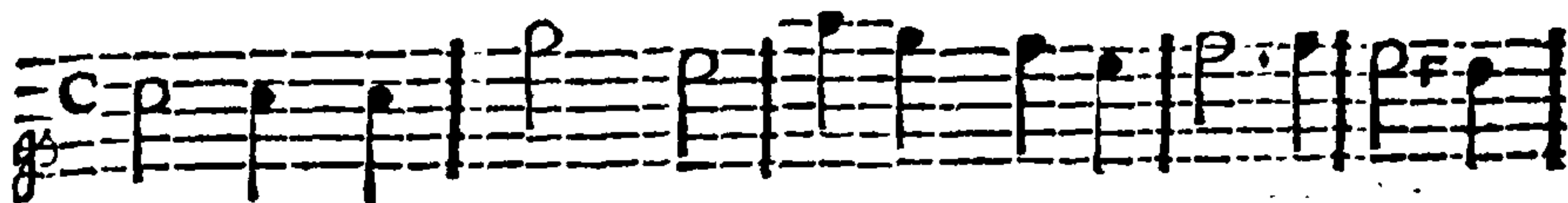


true, for these ten Years she's told me the same she tells you.

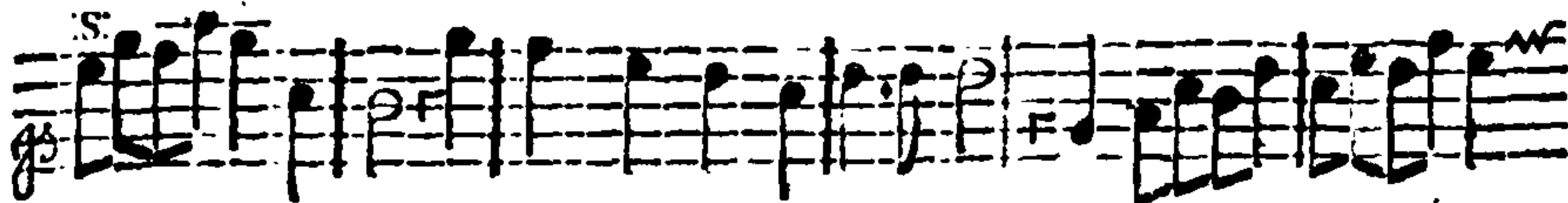
A CATCH.

A CATCH. A. 4 Voc.

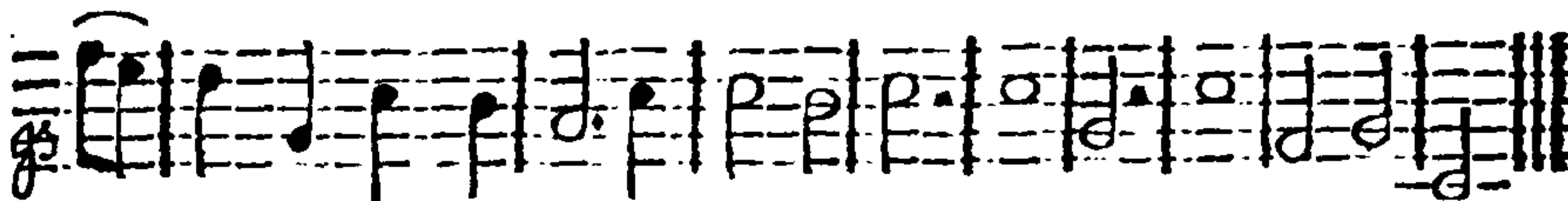
By Dr. Boyce.



Long live King George, most hap-py, hap-py Days to see, all



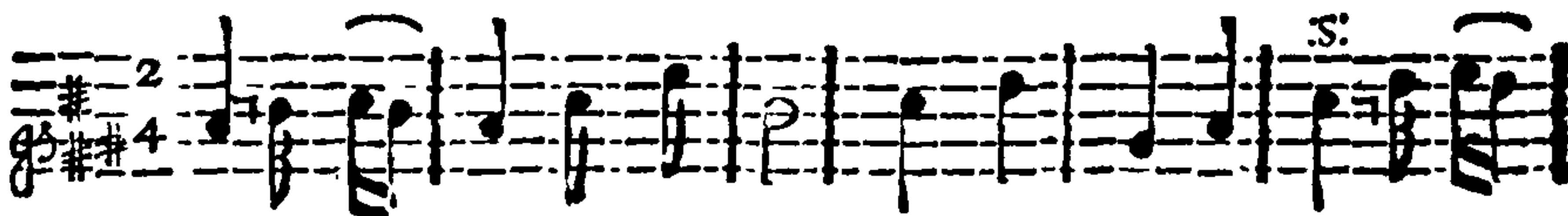
Jo—ys to him, to him, and his Pos-te-ri-ty, all Jo—ys



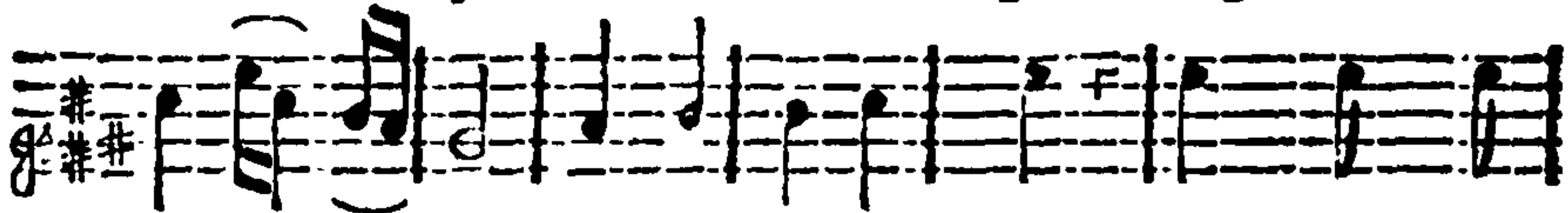
to him, to him, and his Pos-te-ri-ty. Amen, Amen, A-men.

A CATCH. A. 4 Voc.

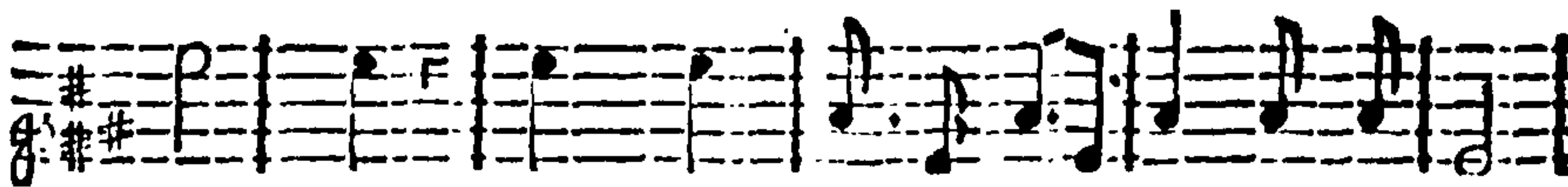
By Sigr. Marella.



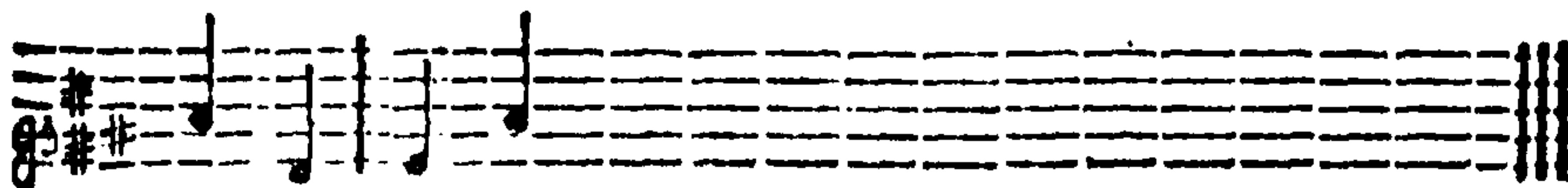
Half an Hour past twelve o'Clock, Star-light Morning, half an Hour



past twelve o'Clock, Star light Morning. Coach, Coach, Coach, Coach;

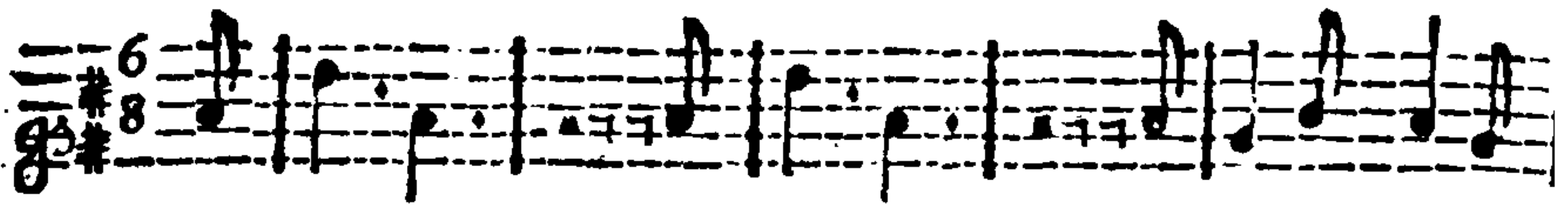


Coach, Coach, Coach, Coach, Half an Hour past twelve o'Clock,

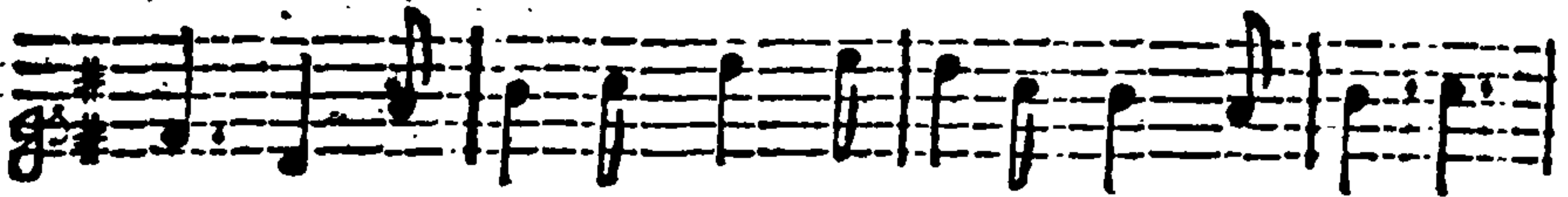


Star-light Morning.

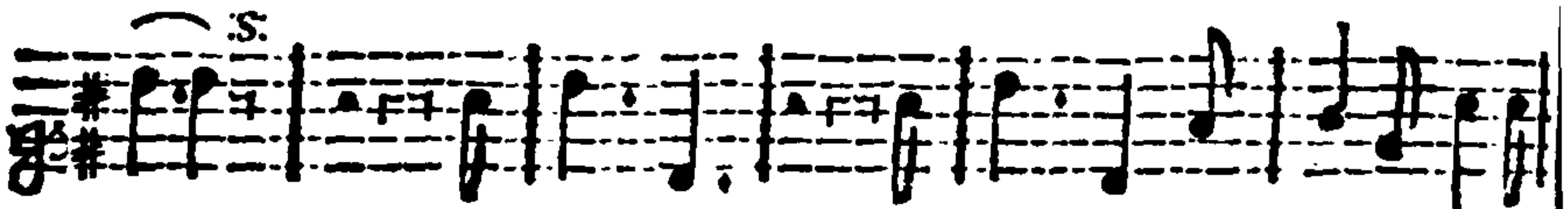
## A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.



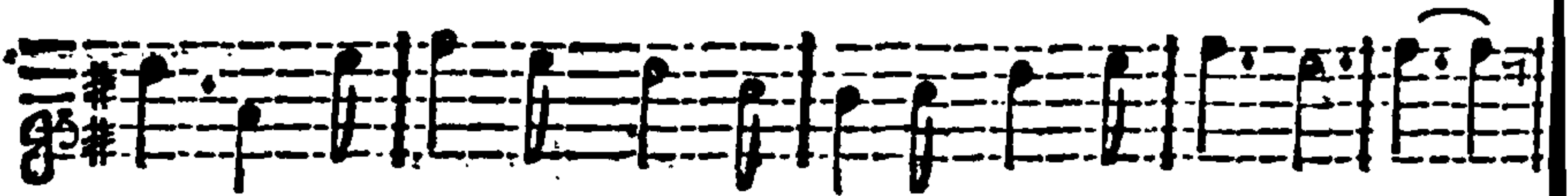
'Twas you, Sir, 'twas you, Sir, I tell you nothing



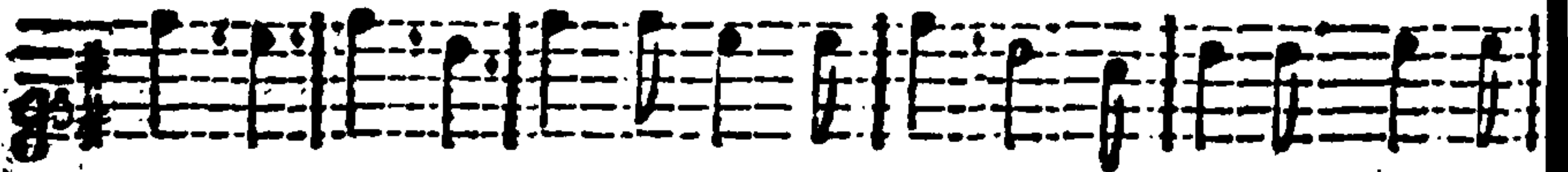
new, Sir, 'twas you that kifs'd the pret ty Girl, 'twas you, Sir,



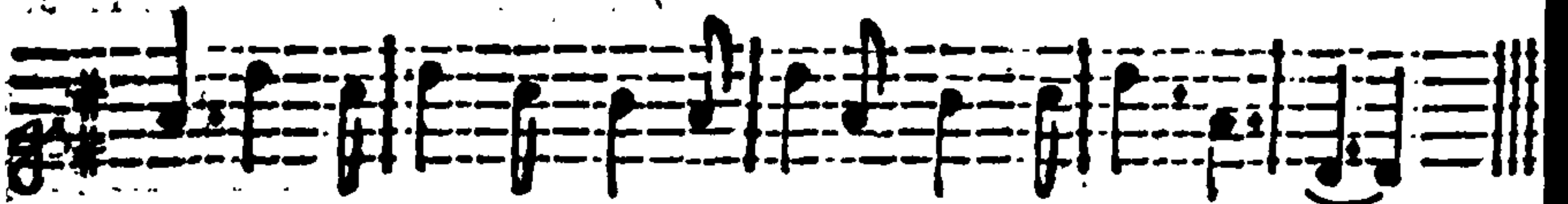
you ; 'tis true, Sir, 'tis true, Sir, you look so ve-ry



blue, Sir, I'm fure you kifs'd the pret-ty Girl, 'tis true, Sir, true.



O, Sir, no, Sir, no, no, no, no, no, Sir, how can you wrong me



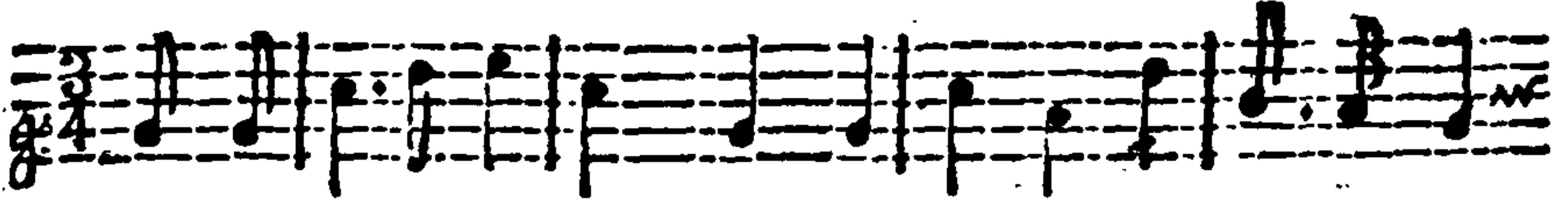
so, Sir ; I did not kifs the pretty Girl, but I know who.

A CATCH.

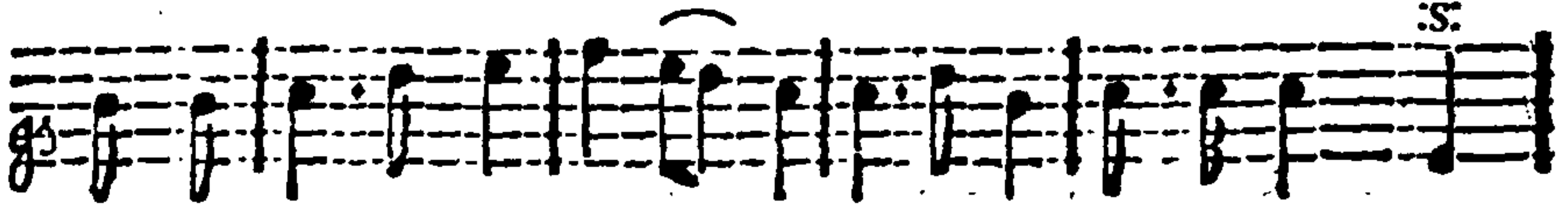


A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

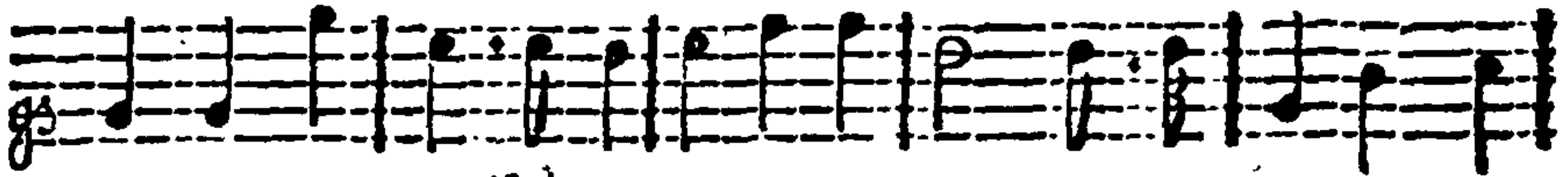
By Mr. Warren.



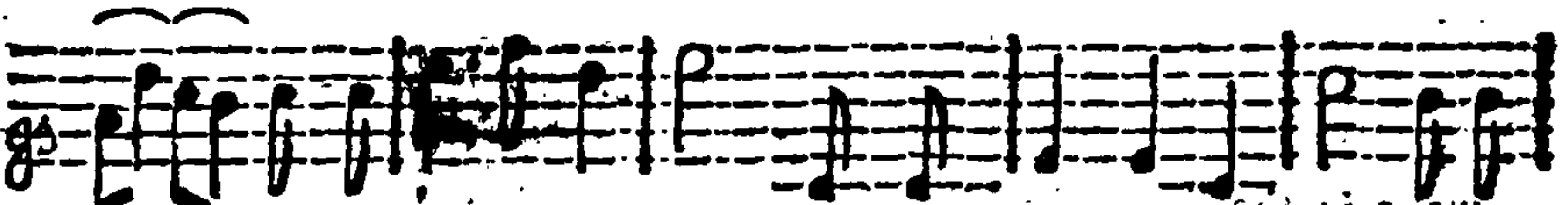
To our Mu-si-cal Club, here's long Life, and Prof-pe-ri-ty,



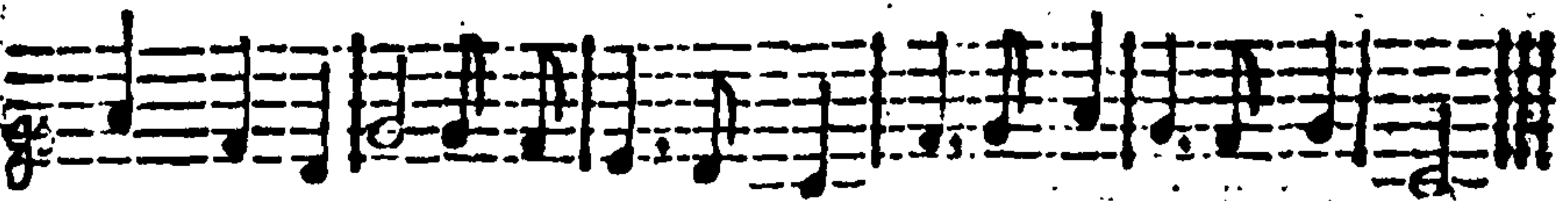
may it flou-rish with us, and so on to Pos-te-ri-ty; may



Con-cord and Har-mo-ny e-ver abound, and Di-vi-ons here



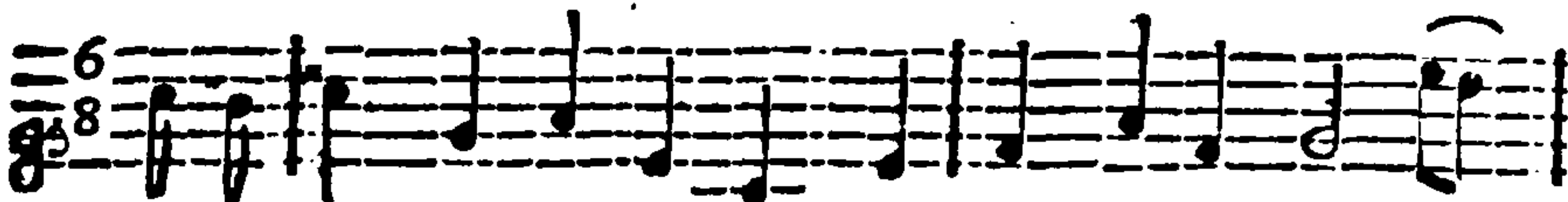
on-ly in our Musick be found; may the Catch and the Glas's



—bout, and about, and a—no—ther suc—ceed to the Bottle that's out.

## A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

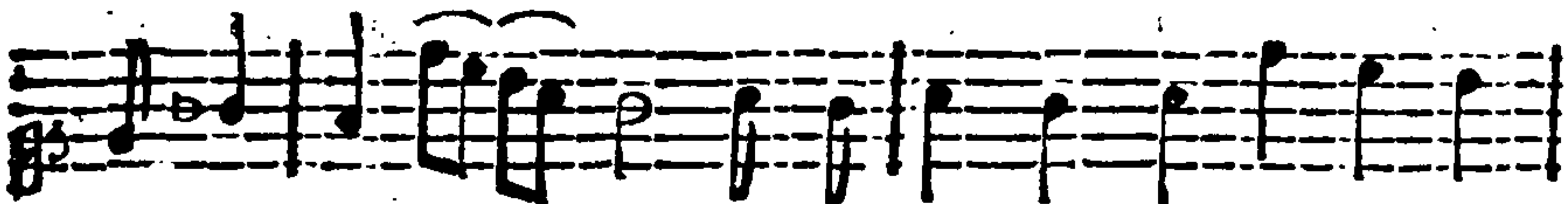
By Mr. Berg.



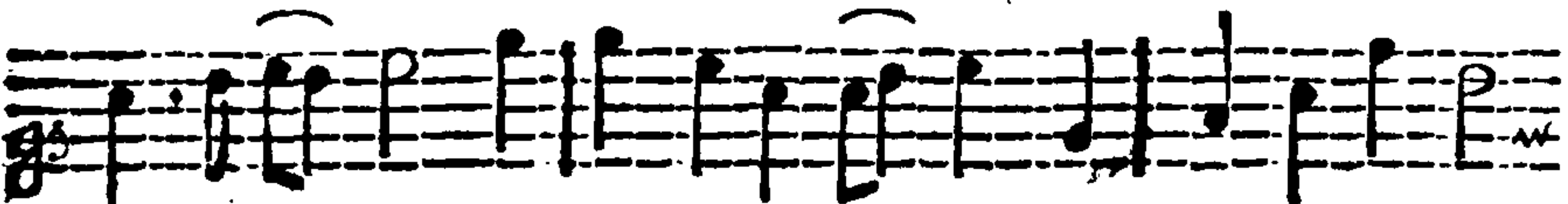
Let us drink and be mer-ry, dance, joke and re-joice, with



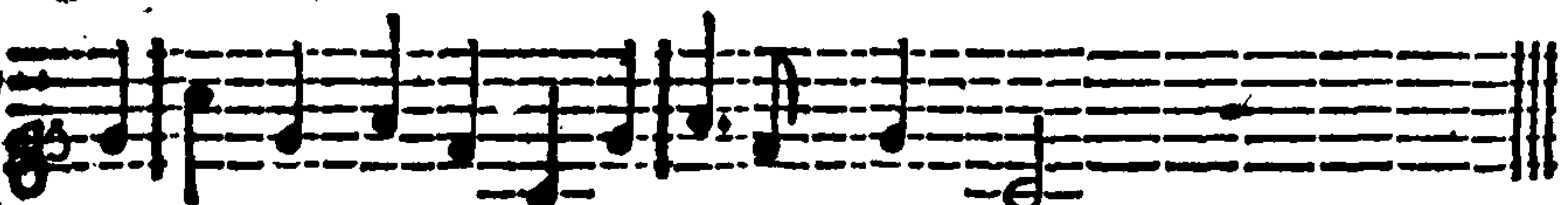
Cla-ret, Ca-na-ry, The-or-bo and Voice, the changeable World



to our Joys is un-just, and all Plea-sures are end-ed when



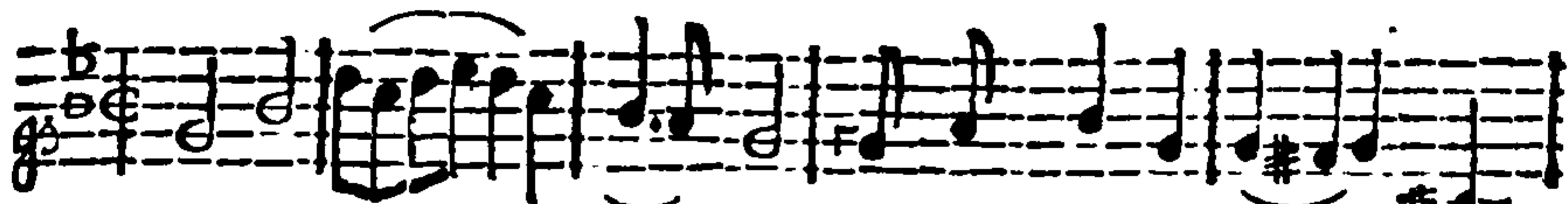
we're in the Dust. In Mirth let us spend our spare Hours and our Pence,



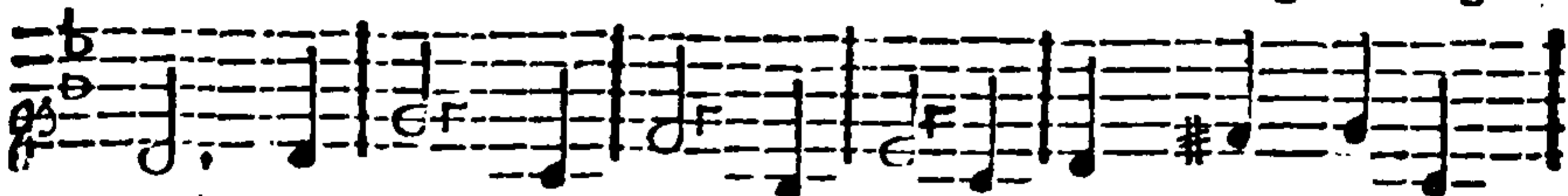
for we shall be past it a hundred Years hence.

A CATCH.

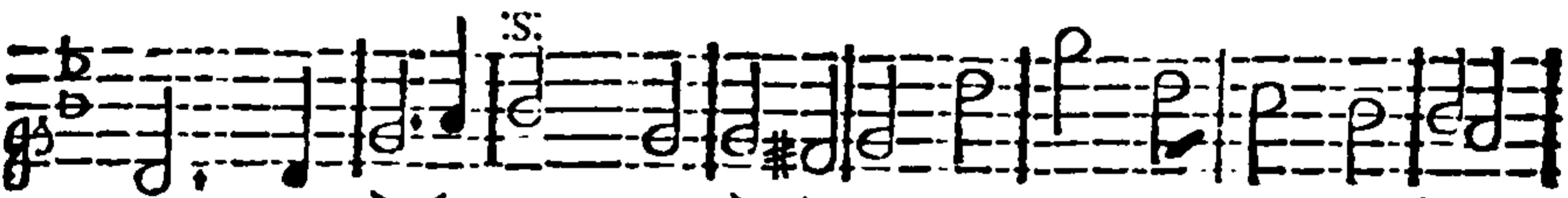
A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.



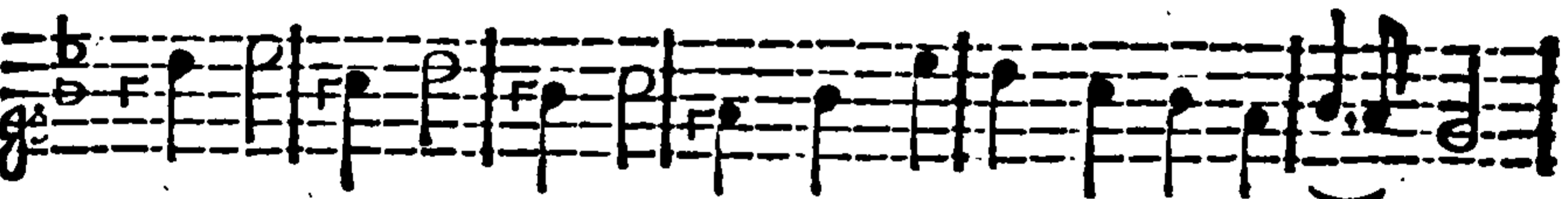
Chlo-e, Chlo—e, yield--ed; on the Morrow, figh—ing



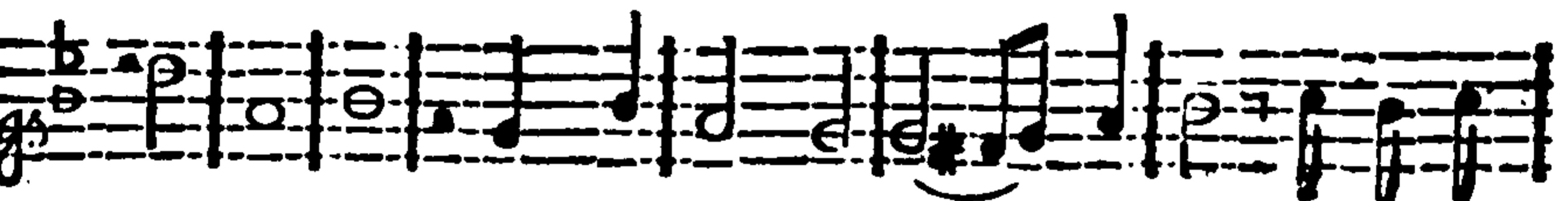
said, when left, when left, when left by Dick, when left by



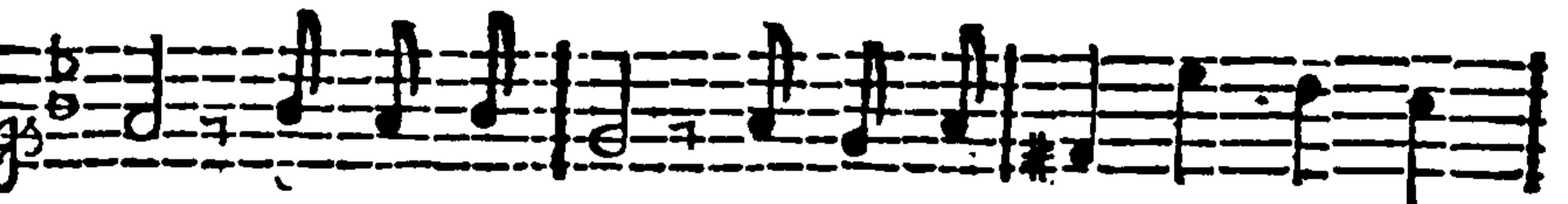
Dick. there's no Joy, there's no Joy, no Joy, no Joy, no Joy,



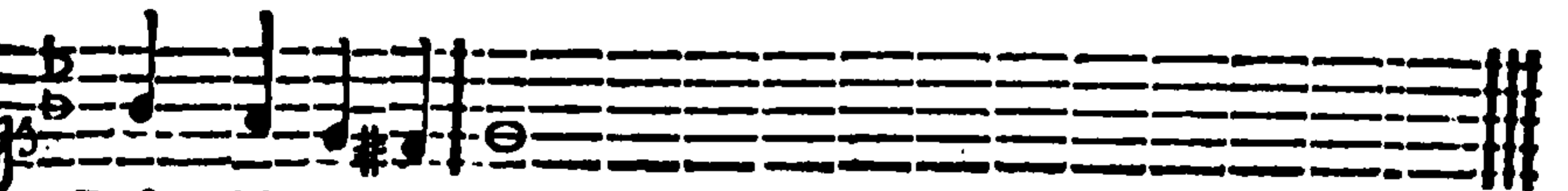
no Joy, no Joy, no Joy, no Joy, no Joy without its Sor--row ;



there's no Rose, there's no Rose with--out a Prick, without a



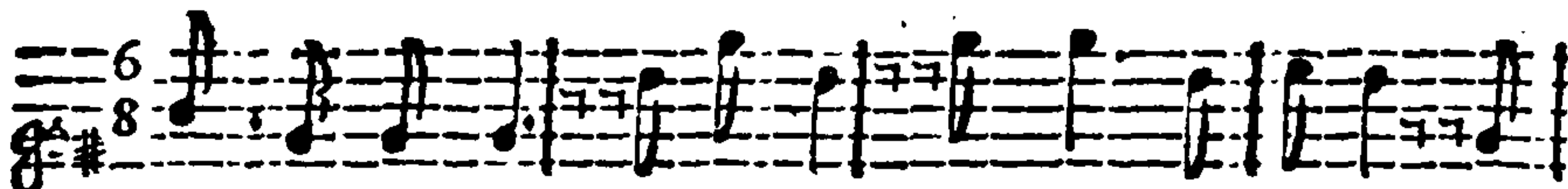
Prick, with--out a Prick, with--out a Prick, no Rose, no



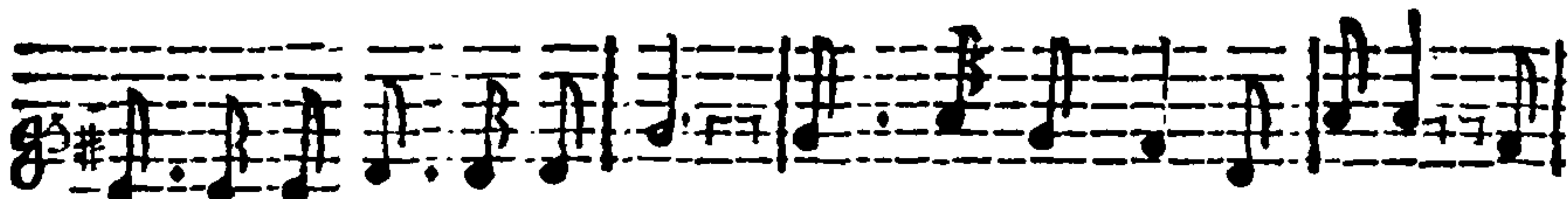
Rose without a Prick.

The Street Intrigue. *A. 3 Voc.*

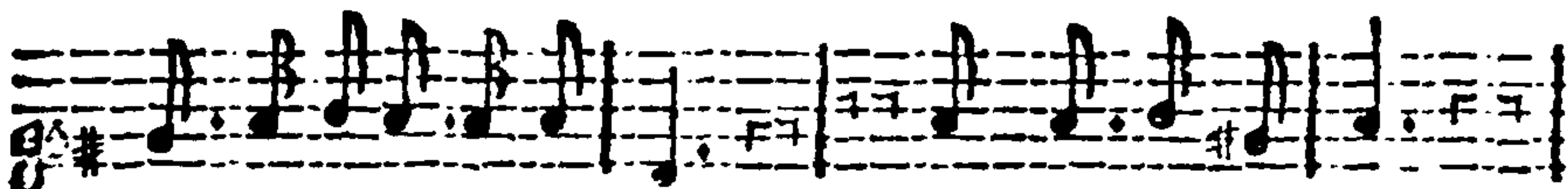
By Dr. Arne.



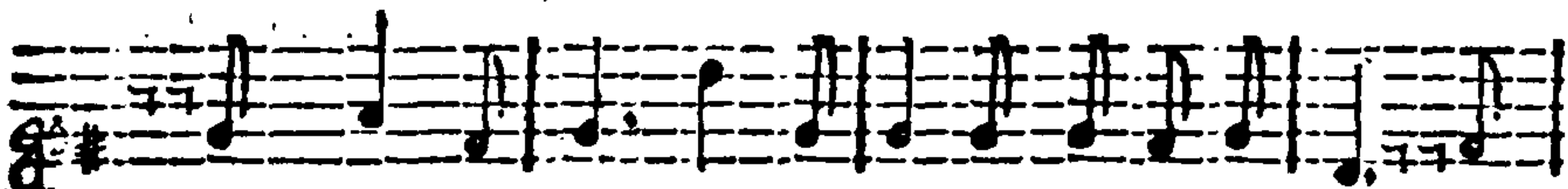
Hark, you, my Dear, come hi-ther, my Dear, come hither, af-



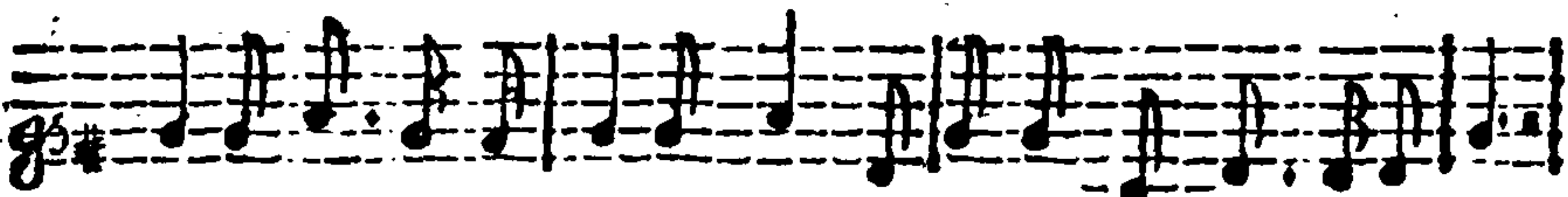
-ford me a Moments De-lay: Where wou'd you run, say, whither, shall



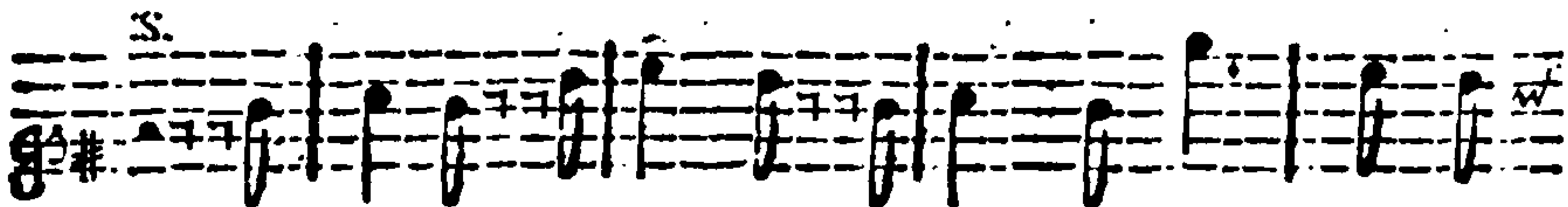
you and I go to the Play; nay, don't be a-fraid;



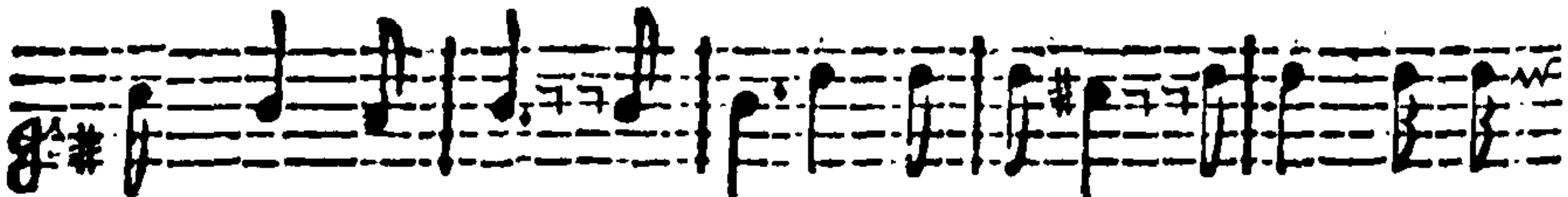
Come, come you Jade, come be-fore the Gal-le-ry's full; the



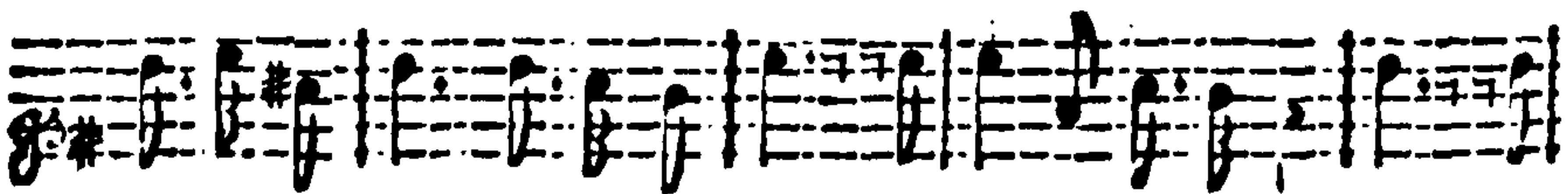
Play is fine, and the Pan to-mime's Eu-ro-pa a-stride on a Bull.



Oh! sic, Sir, I can't, Sir, I can't, Sir, Lord! What will



the Neighbours say, they'd all tell my Mother, I went with a

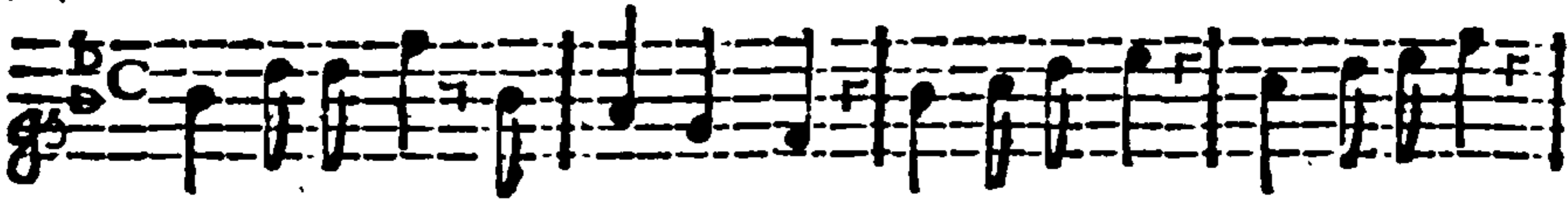
Man to the Play; let me be gone, I tremble, let me be gone, I  
Con-



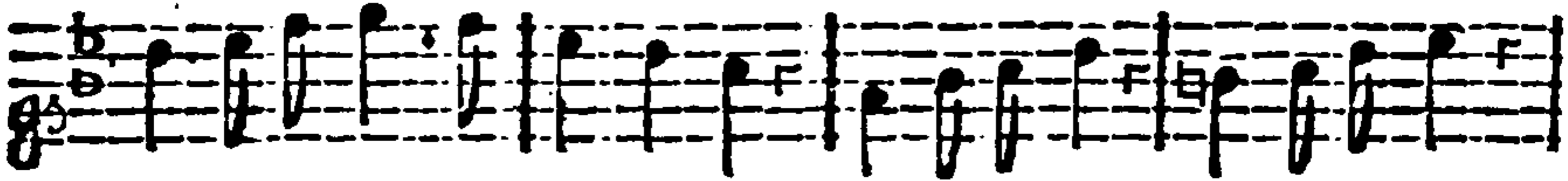


## On a Dream. A CATCH. A. 4 Voc.

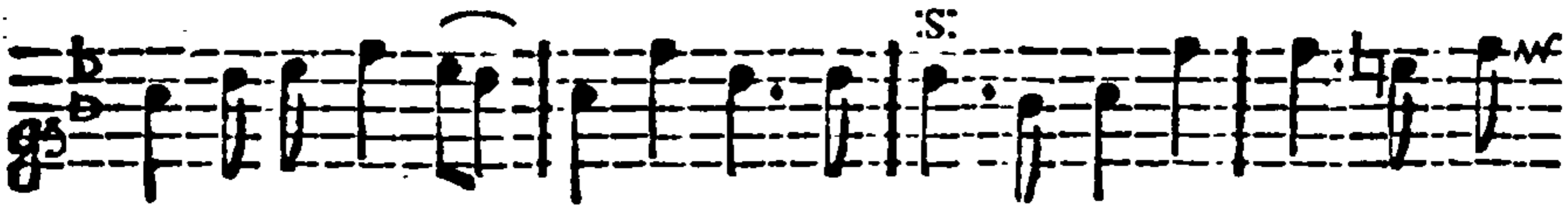
By Mr. J. Baidon.



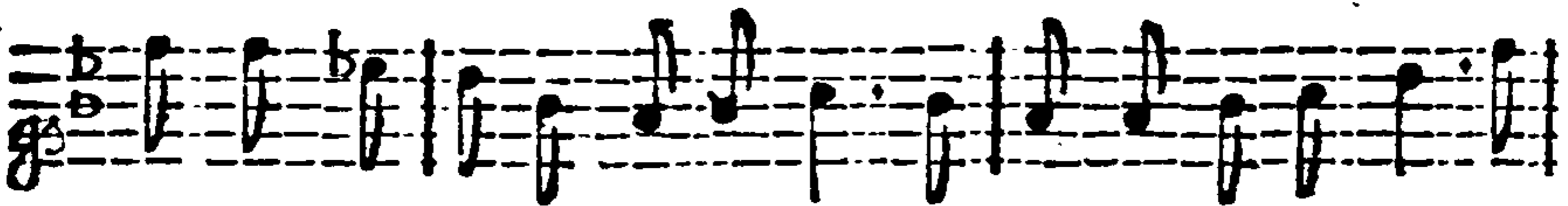
When is it best, said John to Joan, when is it best, when is it best,



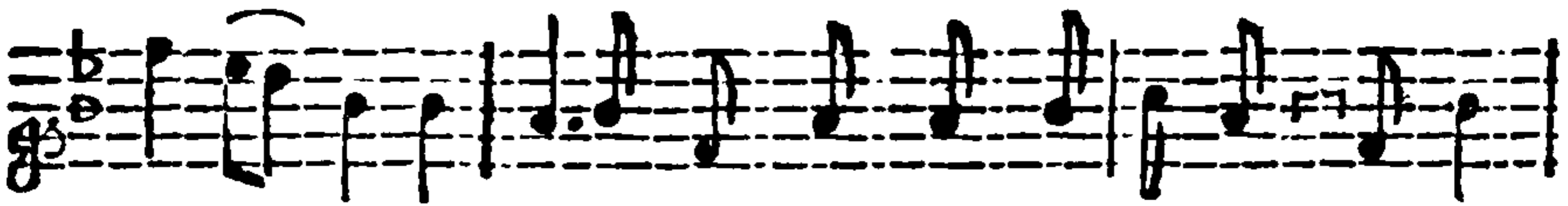
when is it best, said John to Joan, when is it best, when is it best,



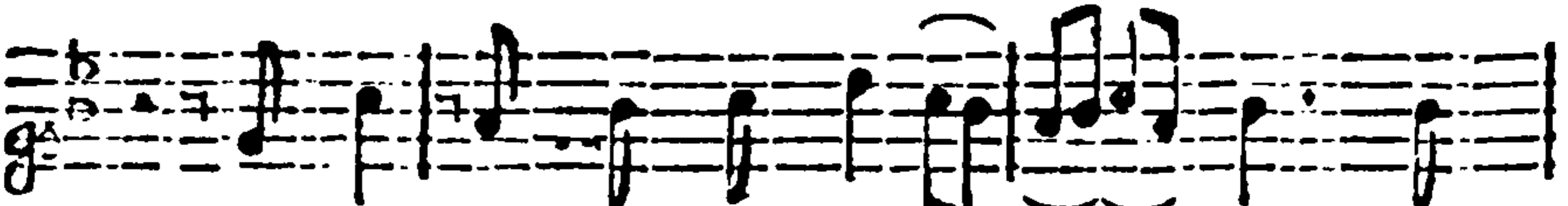
when is it best, said John to Joan, at Night, at Morning, or at Noon,



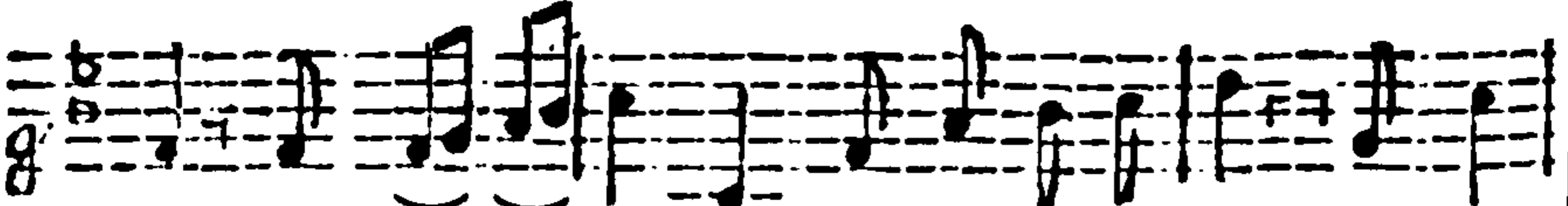
at Night, at Morning, or at Noon, at Morning, or at Noon, at



Night, at Morning, or at Noon, at Night, at Morning, at Noon,

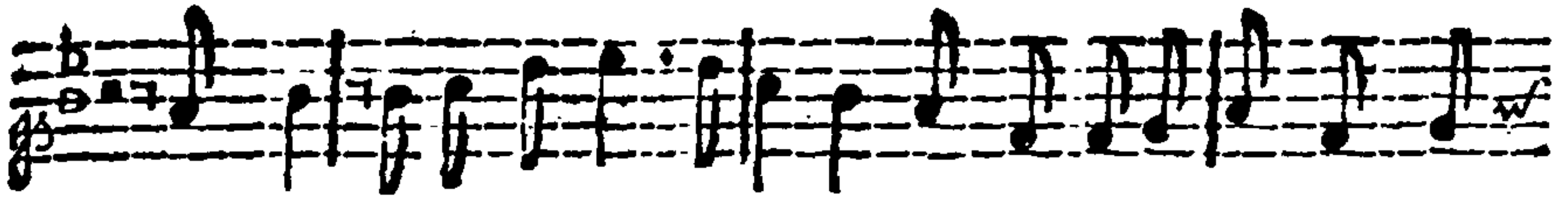


at Noon, at Night, at Morning, or at Noon. Why?

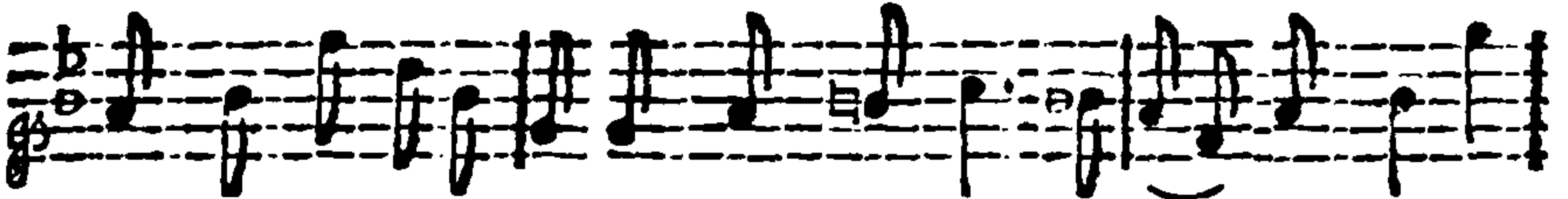


Faith, quoth Joan to tell thee Right, I like it Noon, and Night,

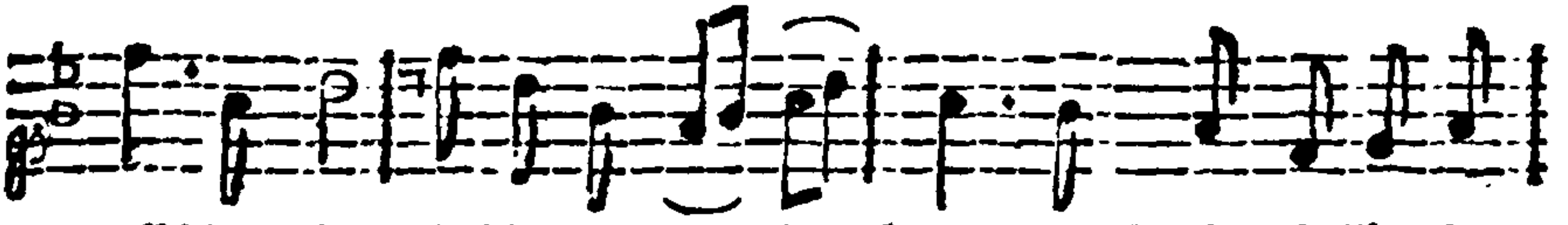
Continued.



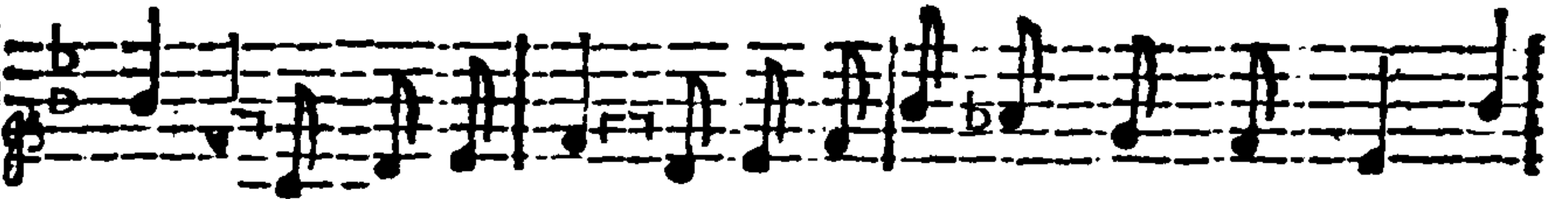
and Night, I like it Noon, I like it Night, I like it Morning, Noon,



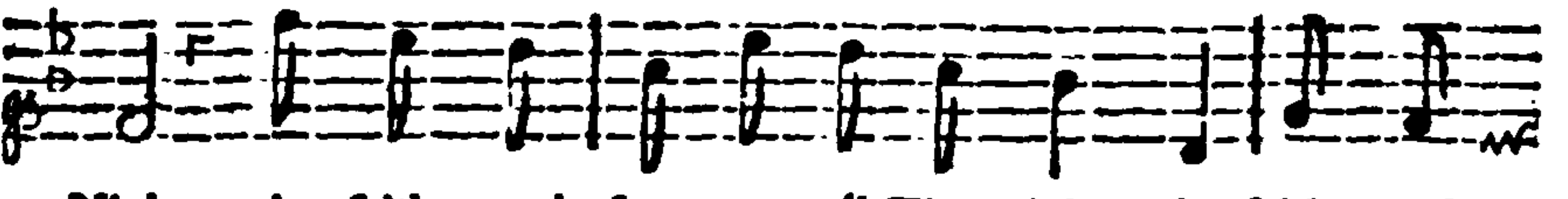
and Night, I like it Morning, Noon, and Night, to tell Thee right, to



tell Thee right, I like it Morn-ing, Noon, and Night, I like it



Morning, I like it Noon, I like it Morning, Noon, and Night, and



Night ; why faith yuoth Joan, to tell Thee<sup>e</sup> right, why faith quoth

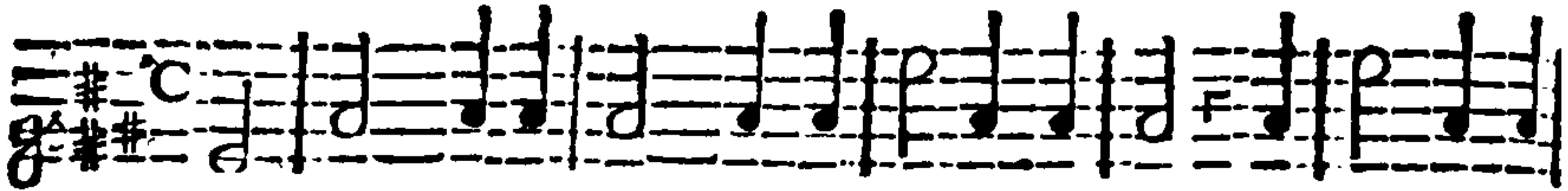


Joan, to tell Thee right, I like it Morning, Noon, and Night.

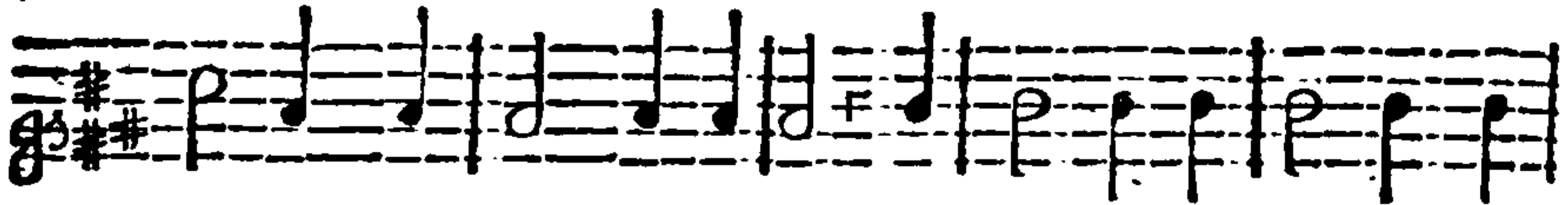
This CATCH gain'd the Prize Medal 1763.

T

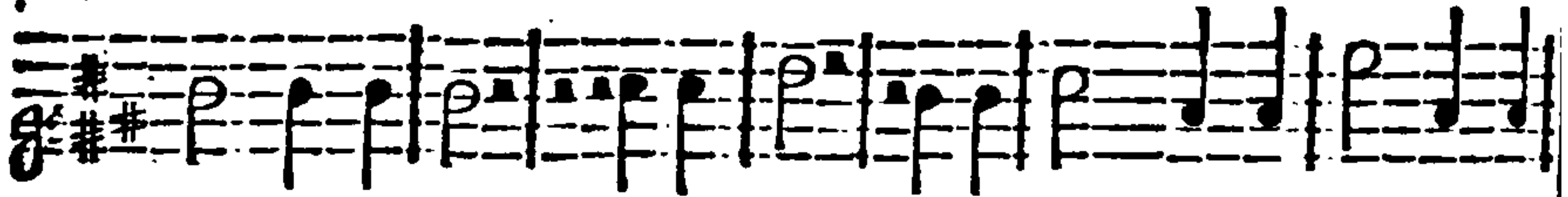
Quaker's

Quaker's CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.**By Sigr. Giardini.*

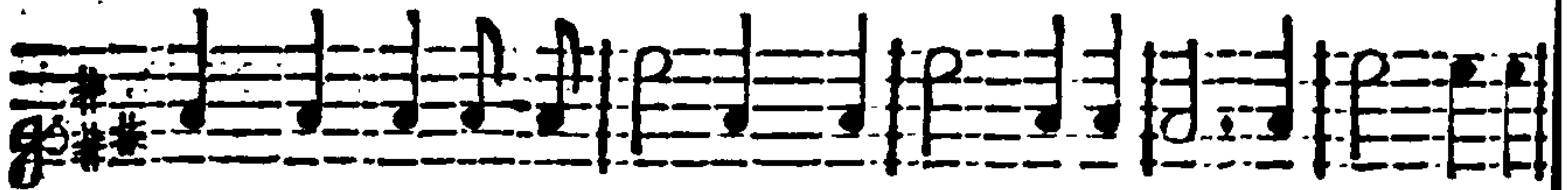
'Tis strange Sister Ruth, that the Spirit with--in, shou'd set you a



preaching, and tempt me to sin, shou'd set you a preaching, and



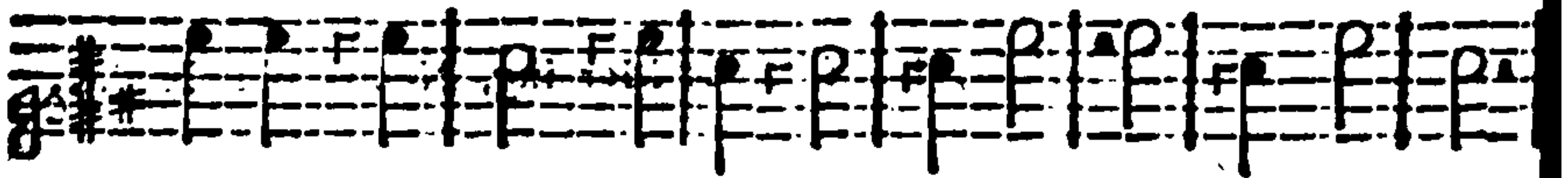
tempt me to sin. Sister Ruth, Sister Ruth, that the Spi-rit with-



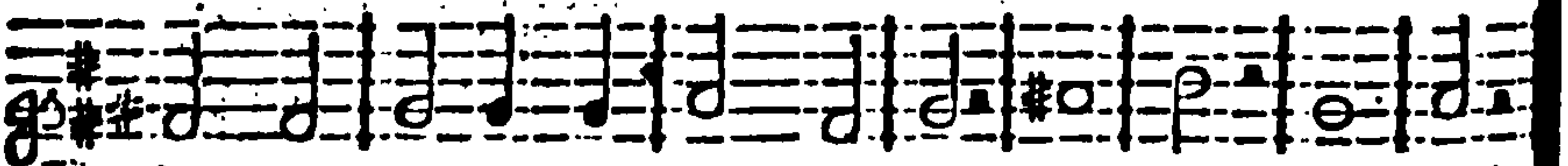
in, shou'd set you a preaching, and tempt me to sin, and tempt me to



sin. Oh! Oh! Oh! when you



mut-ter, and groan, and cry, Ah! and Oh! Ah! and Ah! Oh!



when you mut-ter, and groan, and cry, Ah! Oh! Ah! Oh!





# The ESSEX HARMONY.

The Singing Club. A CATCH. A. 5 Voc.

By Dr. Arne.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Sol Fa La Sol Fa

Adagio.

Mi La Mi Fa Mi Re Do Do Fa

for shame, Sir, in Cha-ri-ty, in Cha-ri-ty, gar-gle, gar-gle,

gargle your Throat ; the Raven ne'er croak'd, croak'd, so hor-rid a

Note ; for shame, in Cha-ri-ty gargle your Throat ; the Raven ne'er

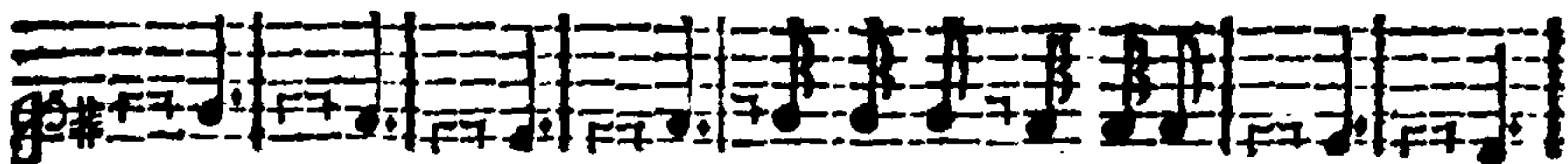
croak'd, so hor-rid a Note, Oh! Ah! Oh! Eh! Ee!

Ah! Damn your Soul, O La! Ah! O La! Damn your Soul,

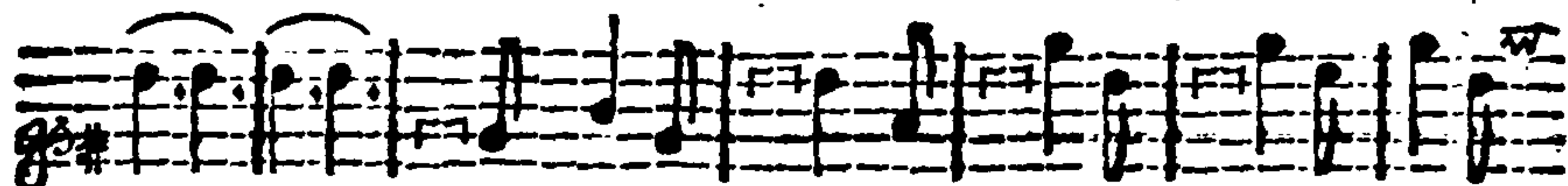
Con

Continued.

Adagio.



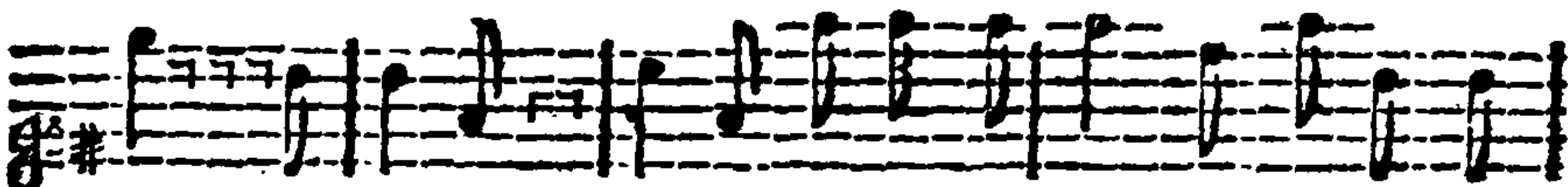
Ah! Ee! Eh! Ee! Ha ha ha! Hi hi hi! Eh! Oh!



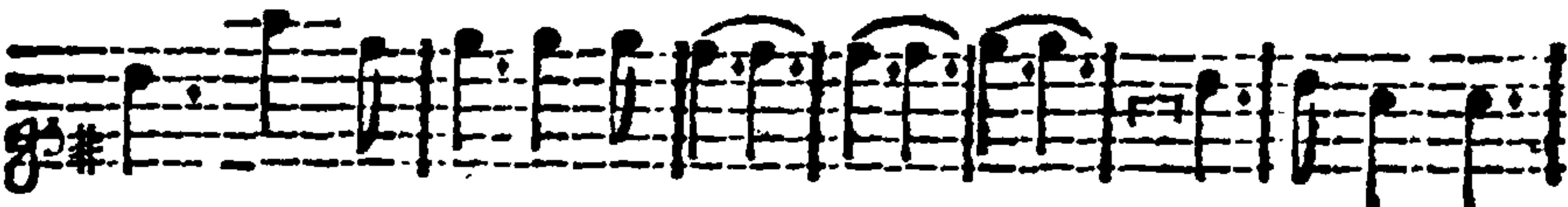
Oh! Ah! O charming, soothing, bravo, bravo, bravo,



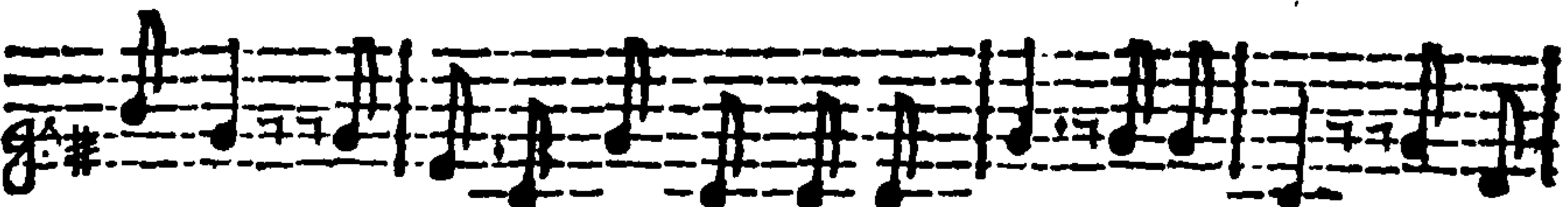
bravo, by Jove, that ravishing Voice, wakes the Passions of



Love. O charming, soothing, bra-vo, by Jove, that ra-vish-ing



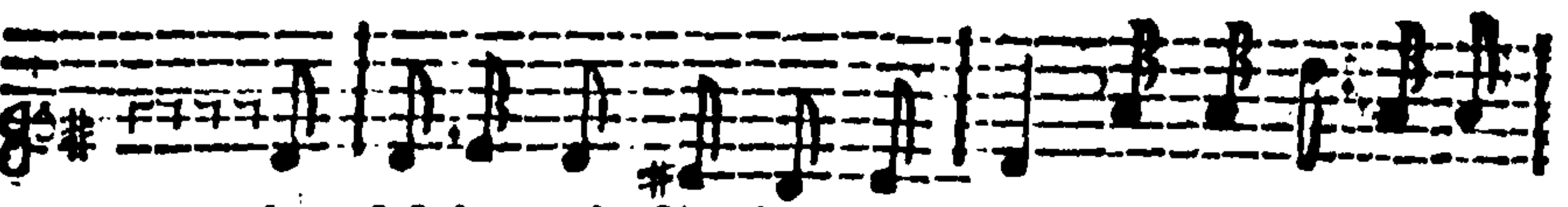
Note wakes the Passion of Love. Oh! Ah! poor Fellow, poor



Fel-low, when first he made Sing-ing his Choice, he was cut, he was



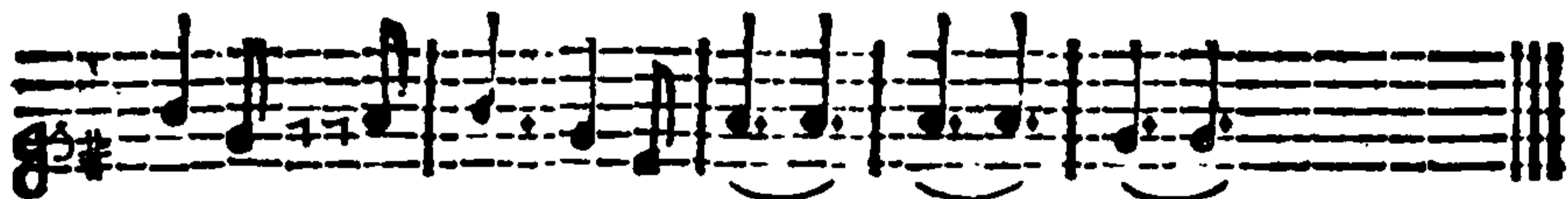
cut, cut for the Simplet, in--stead of his Voice, poor Fel-low



when first he made Sing-ing his Choice, he was cut for the



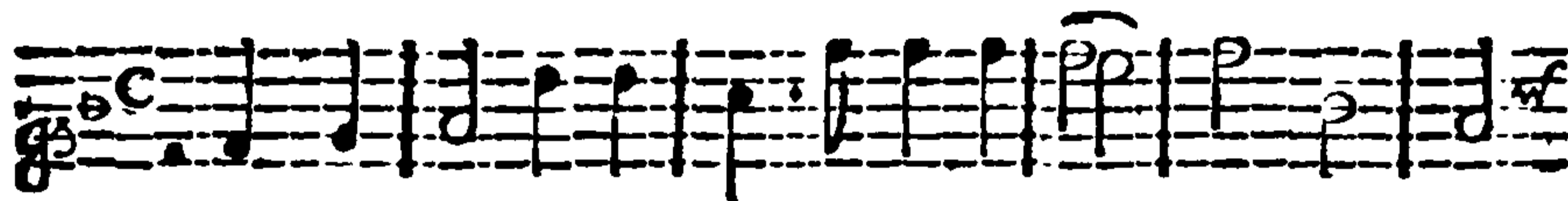
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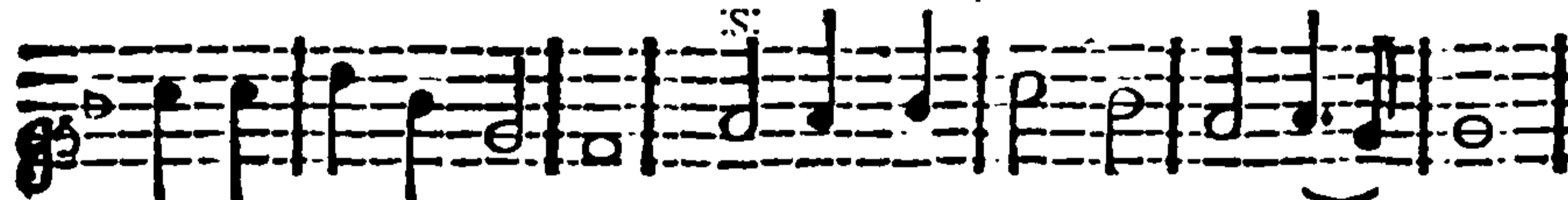
Simples, in--stead of his Voice. Oh! Ah!

A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

By Dr. Nares.



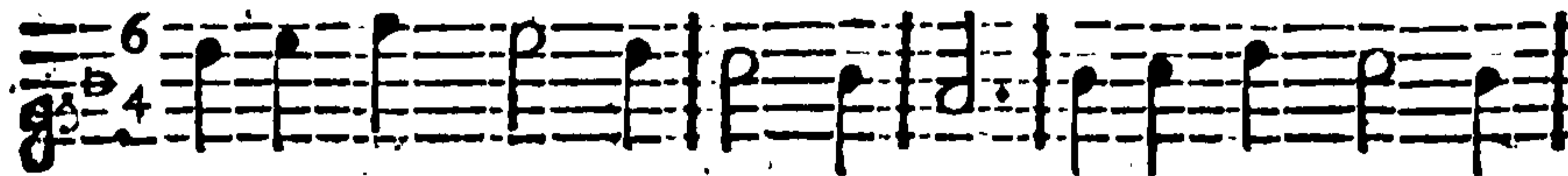
Wilt thou lend me thy Mare to go a Mile: No, she's lam'd,



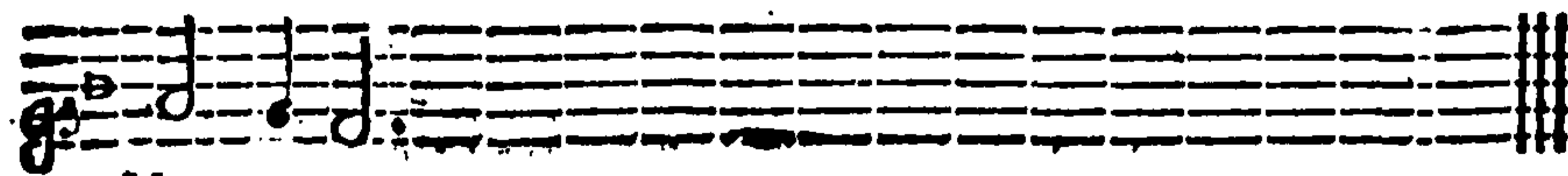
leap-ing o--ver a Stile. But if thou wilt her to me spare,



thou shalt have Mo-ney for thy Mare. Oh! ho! say you so,



Money will make the Mare to go, Money will make the



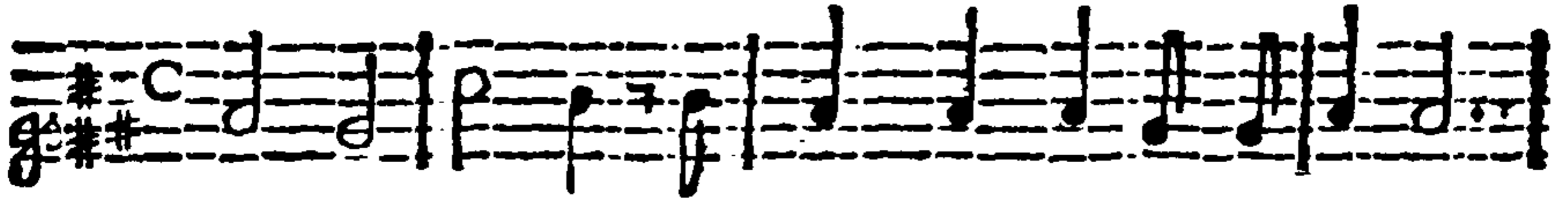
Mare to go.

EPITAPH.

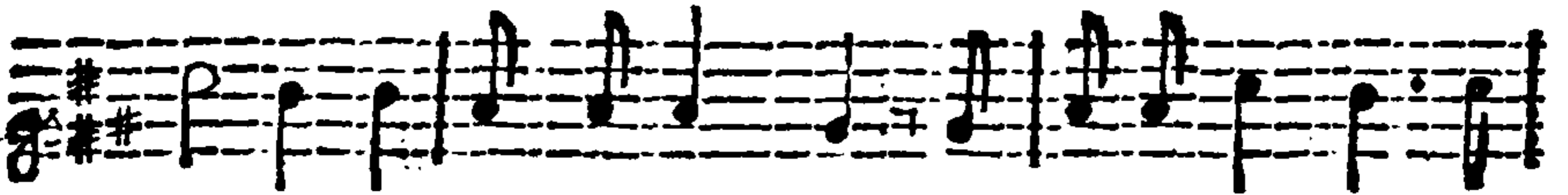


EPITAPH. A. 4 Voc.

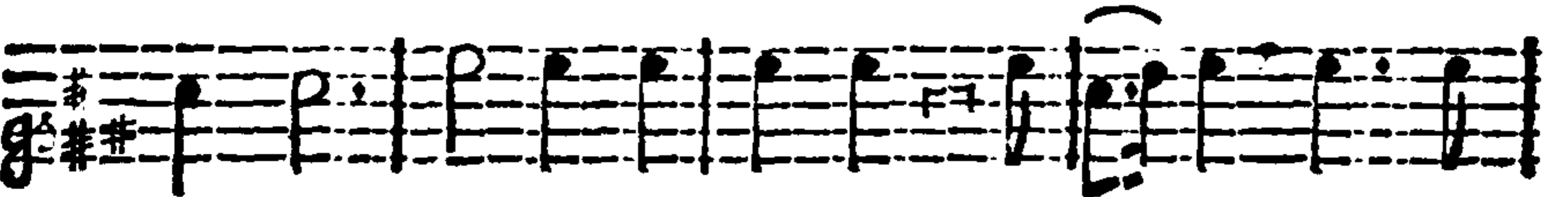
By Mr. Yates.



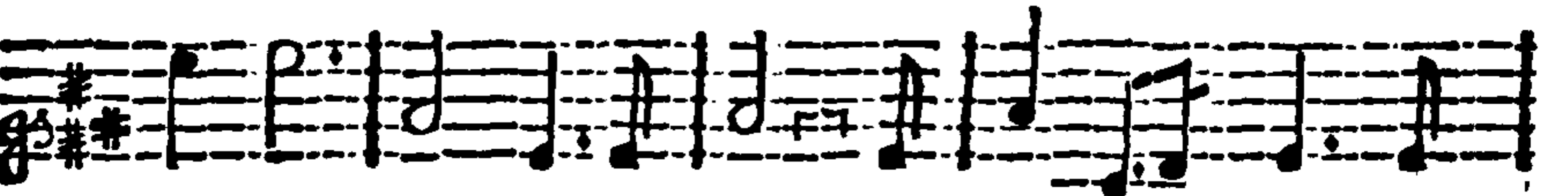
Here lies, here lies, the Lord have Mer-cy up-on her,



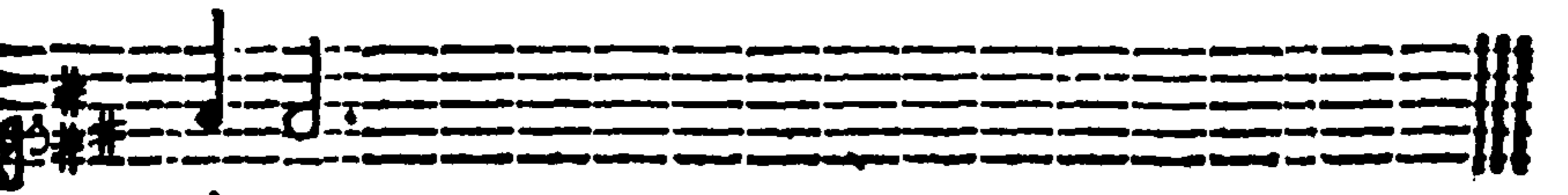
one of her Ma-jes-ty's Maids, her Ma-jes-ty's Maids of



Hon-our. She was both slen-der, both slen-der, young and



pret-ty; she dy'd a Maid, a Maid, the more's the



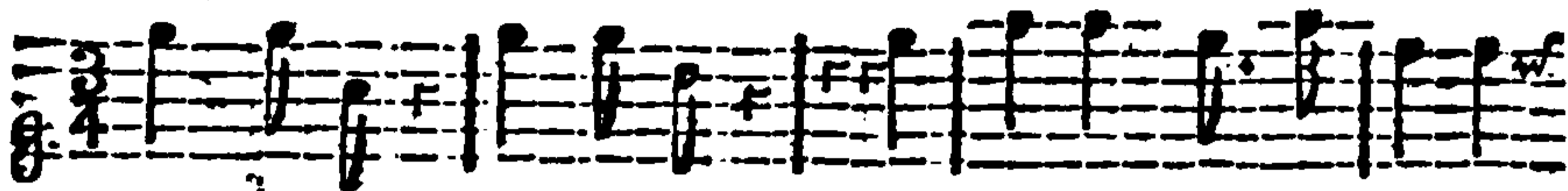
pi-ty.

♩ CATCH,

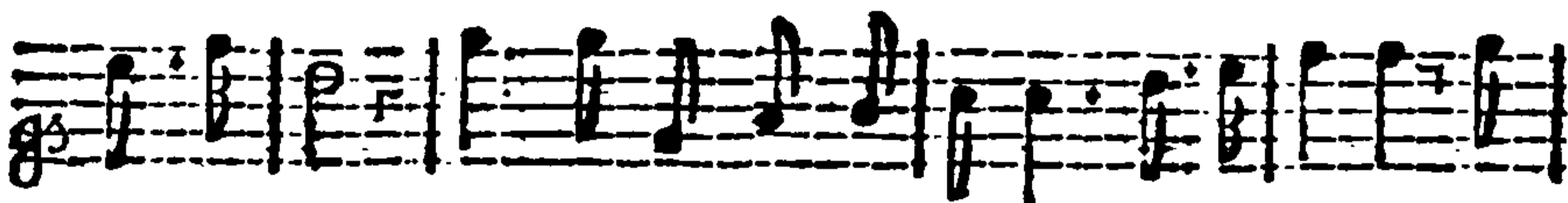
## A CATCH. A. 3 Vols.

By Dr. Hayes.

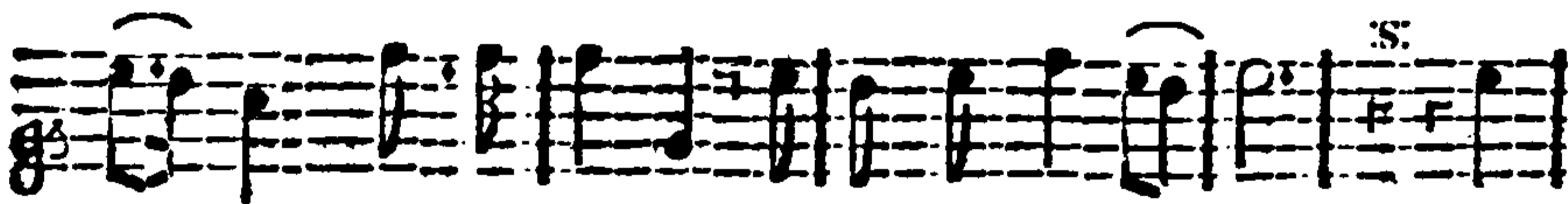
Vivace.



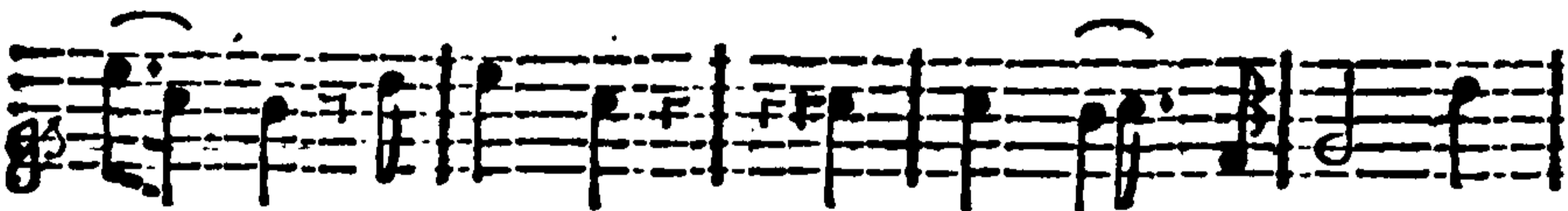
Here Waiter, here Waiter, here Waiter, bring a Bot-tle,



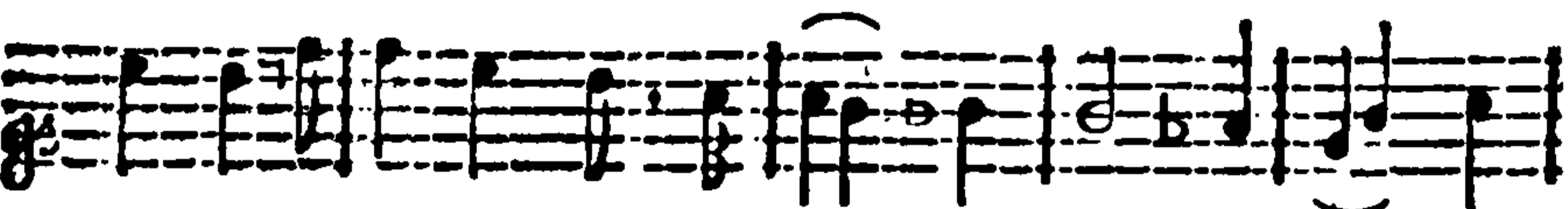
and to pay. Here Walter, bring a Bot-tle, bring a Bot-tle, a



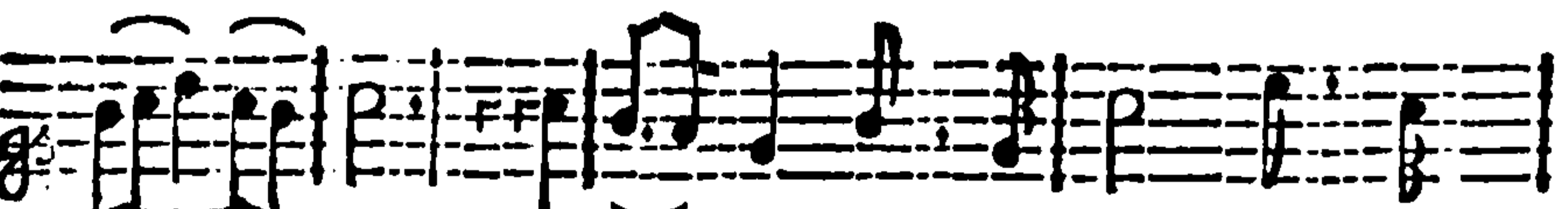
Bot-tle, bring a Bot-tle, a Bot-tle, and to pay; we'll



call him a sad Dog, who dares sneak a-way, we'll



call him a sad Dog, who dares sneak, dares sneak, dares sneak, dares



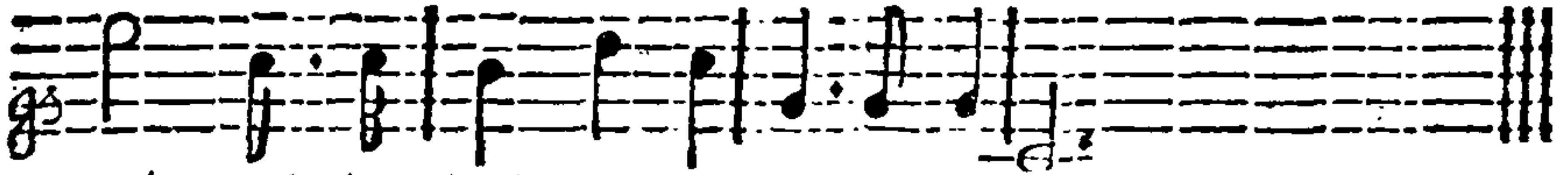
sneak a-way, or rather break his Head, break his



Head, who re-fu-ses to stay, or rather break his Head, break his

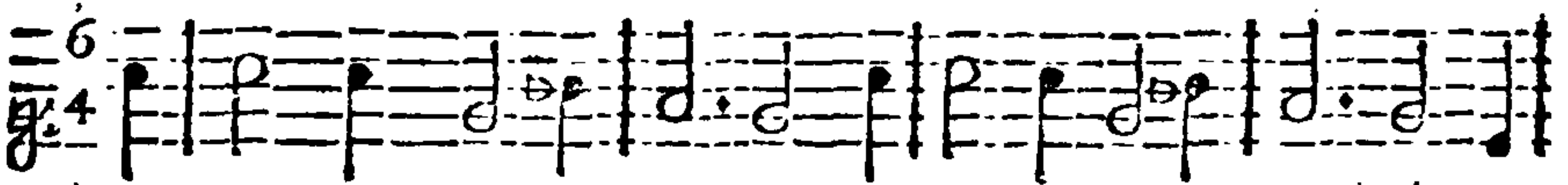
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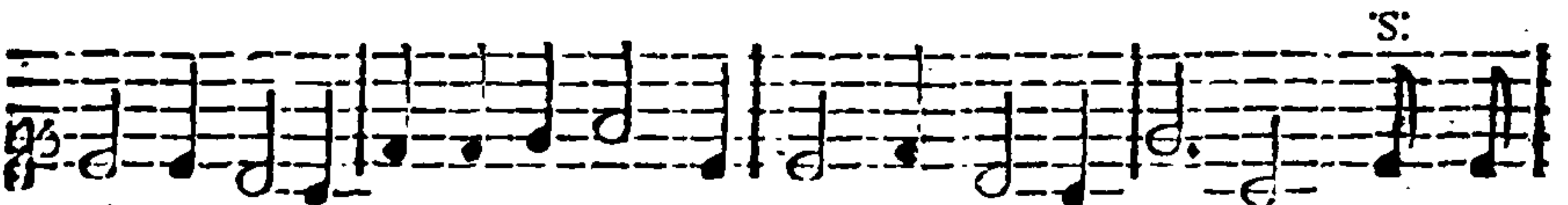


Head, break his Head, who re—fu—ses to stay.

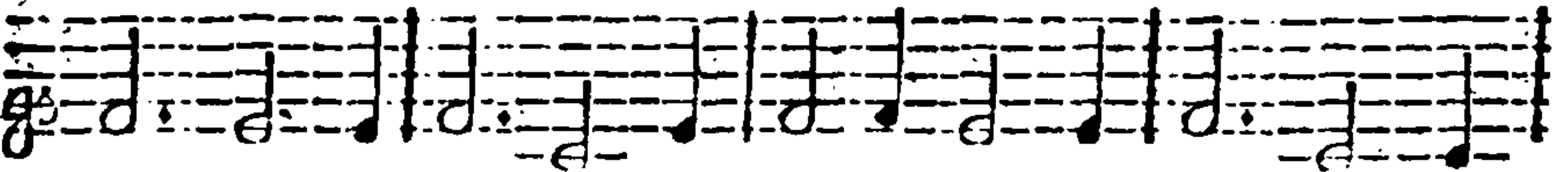
A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.



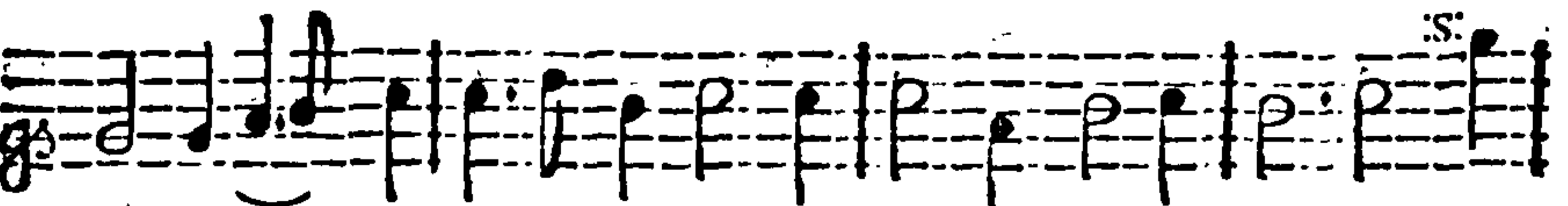
There were three Cooks in Colnbrook, and they fell out with our Cook, and



all was for a Pudding he took, and from the Cook of Colnbrook. There was



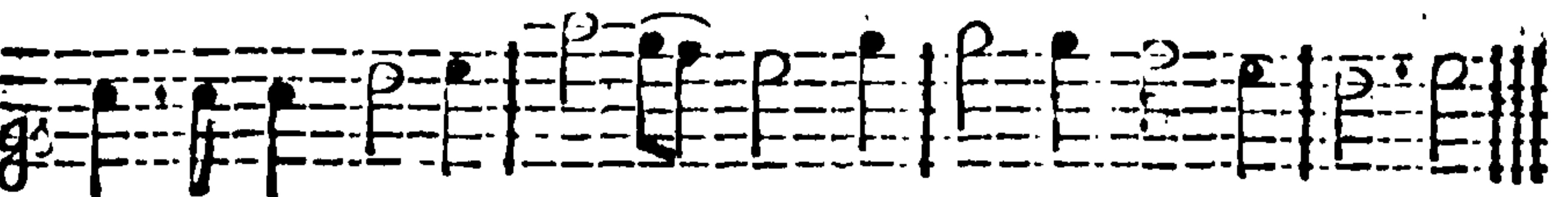
Swash Cook, and Slash Cook, and thou'rt a Rogue and Kriave Cook, and



all was for a Pudding he took, and from the Cook of Colnbrook; they



all fell up-on our Cook, and mumbled him so that he did look, as



black as the Pudding which he took, and from the Cook of Colnbrook.

## A CATCH, on Anacreon, by Antipater. A. 3 Voc.

By Dr. Hayes.

Andante Larghetto.



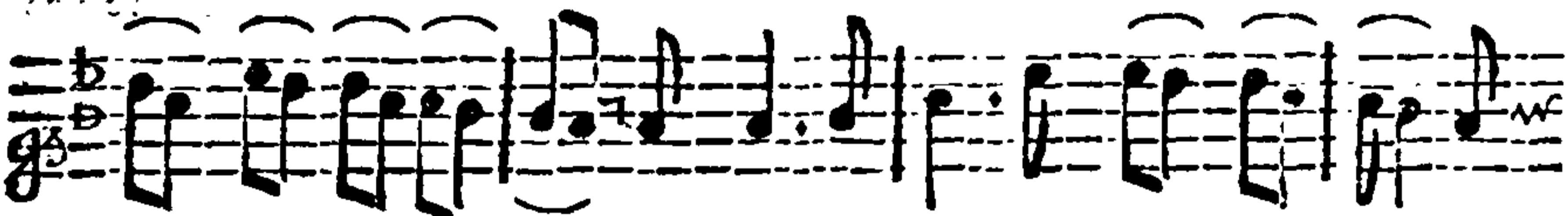
This Tomb be thine A-na-cre-on, all a-round let I—vy Wreath,



all a-round let I—vy Wreath; let Flow'—rets deck the Ground, let



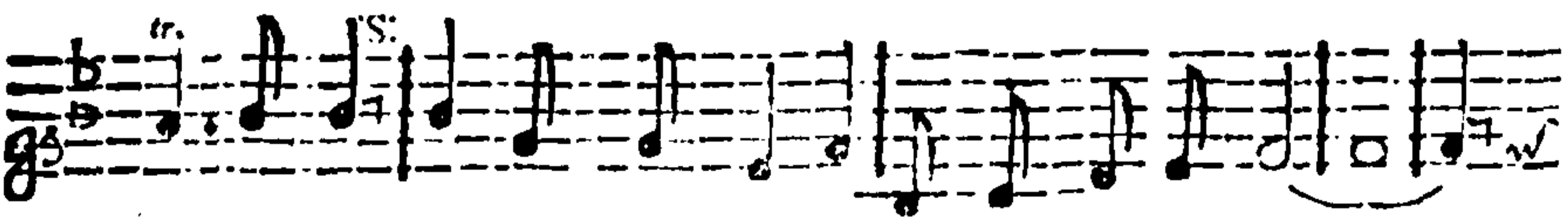
Flow'rets de—ck the Ground; and from its Earth, enrich'd with



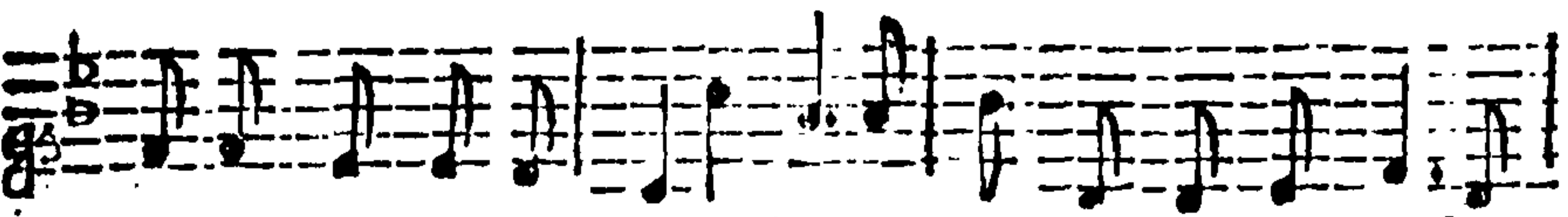
such, with such a Prize, let Wells of Milk, and Streams of Wine a—



—rise, Wells of Milk, and Strea—ms of Wine a—ri—se, of



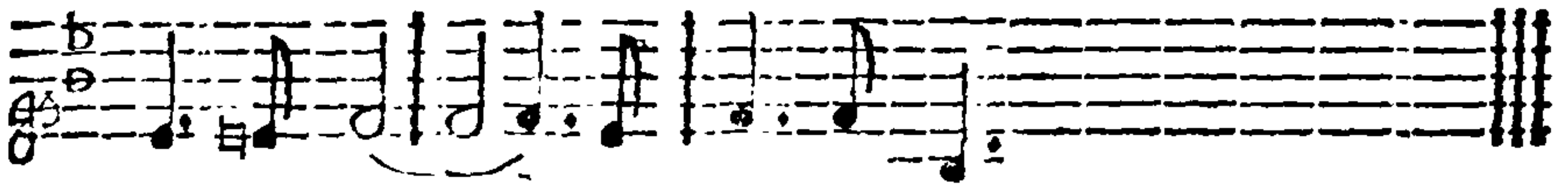
Wine a-rise. So shall thine Ash-es yet a Pleasure kno—w,



so shall thine Ash-es yet a Pleasure know, if a—ny Plea-sure

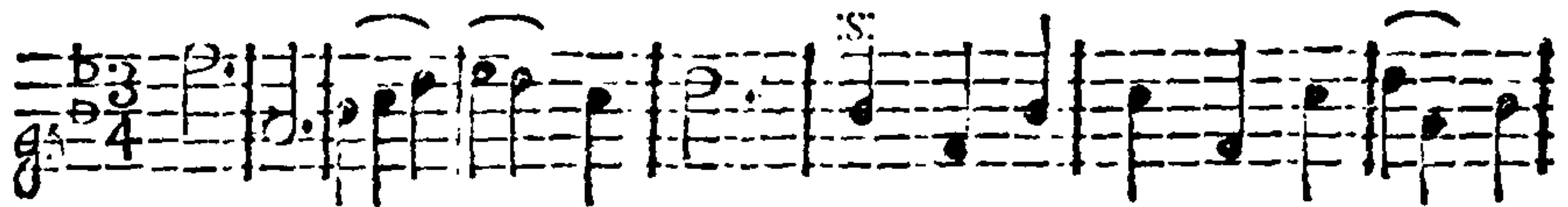


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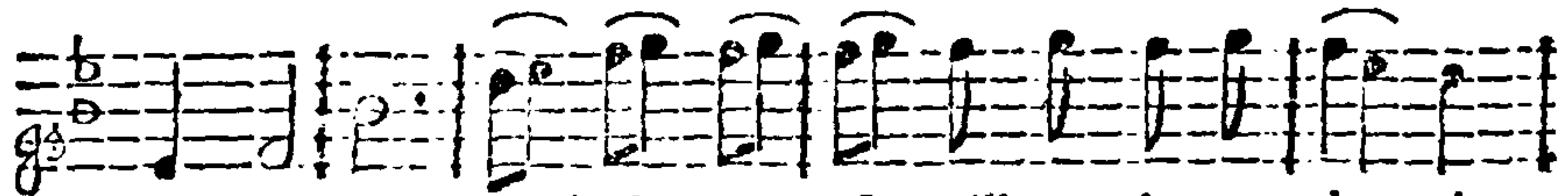


reach the Shad---es, the Shades be--low.

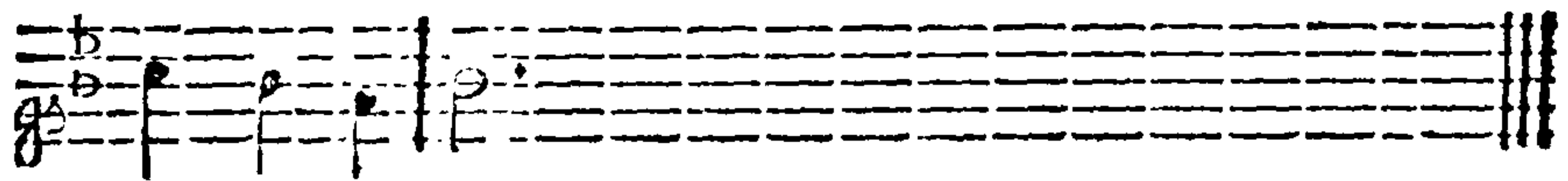
A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.



Lie still, lie still, my Dear: Don't Sir, oh! fie Sir, how can you



teize me so? Oh! fie Sir, I will no lon-ger bear it:

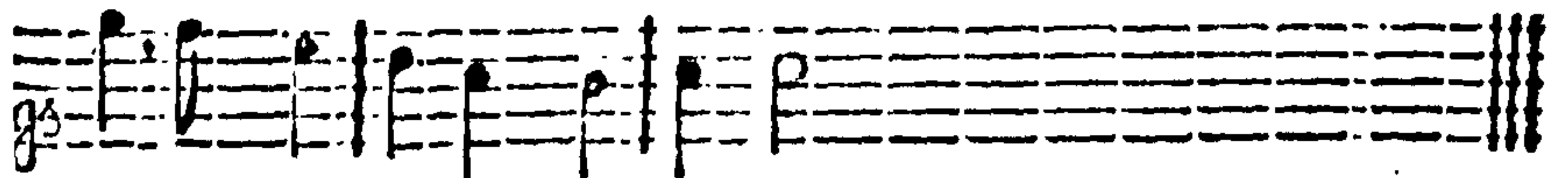


Oh! I'm un-done.

A CATCH. A. 4 Voc.



Go to Joan Glover, and tell her I love her, and at the Mid



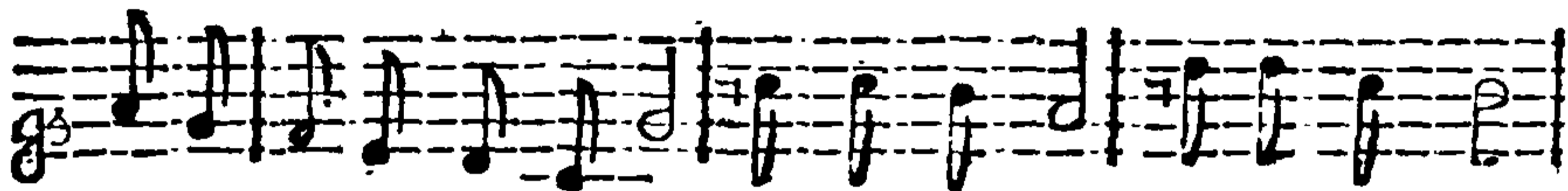
of the Moon I will come to her.

## A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

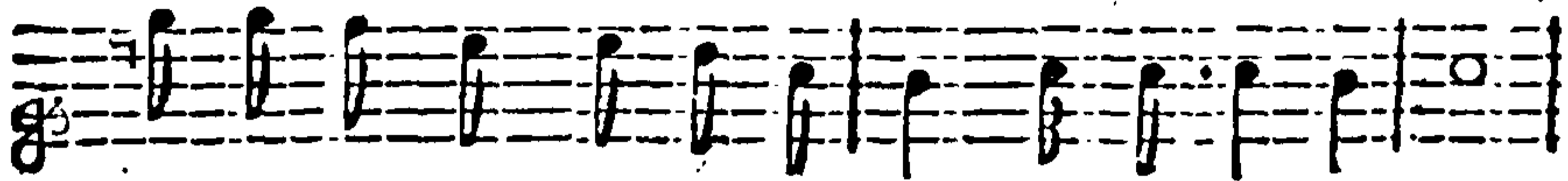
By Mr. Simon Ives.



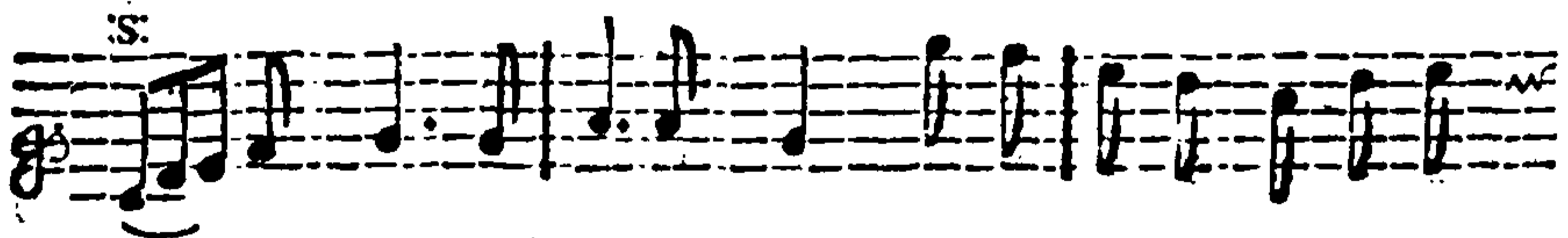
Come hon-est Friends, and jo-vial Boys, follow, follow, follow,



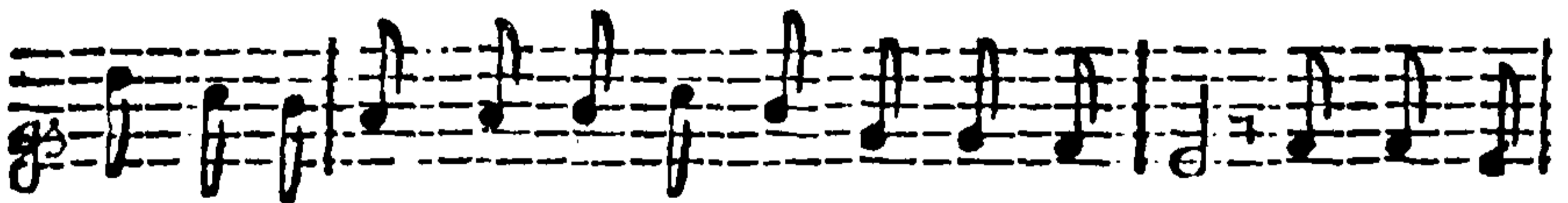
follow, fol-low, fol--low me, and sing this Catch, and sing this Catch,



and sing this Catch, and sing this Catch, mer-ry, mer-ri--ly :



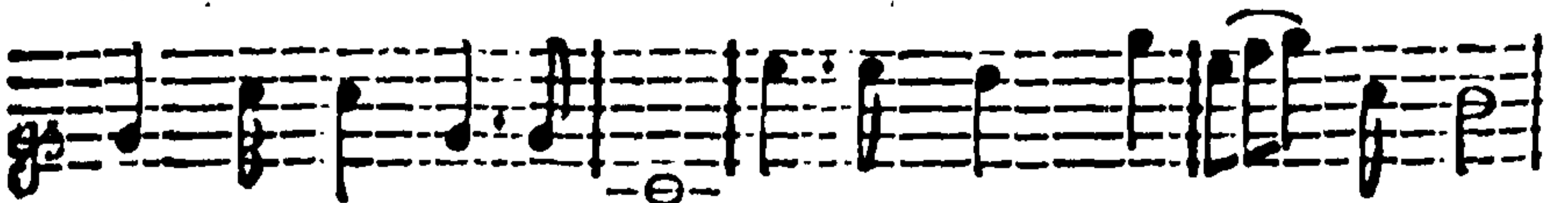
jo-vial Boys, and hon-est Friends, follow, follow, follow, fol--



--low, follow me, come fol-low me, and sing this Catch, and sing this

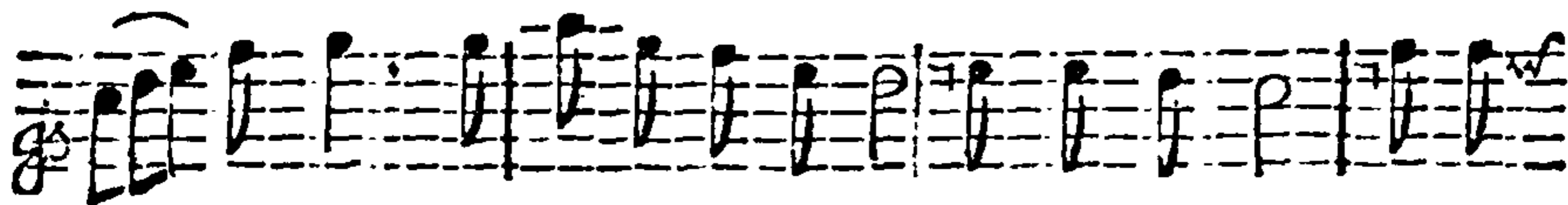


Catch, and sing this Catch, and sing this Catch, and sing this

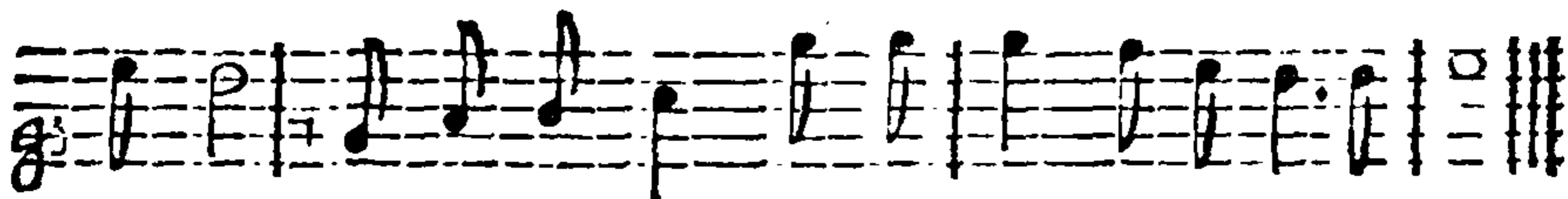


Catch, mer-ry, mer-ri--ly; hon-est Friends, come fol--low me,

Continued.



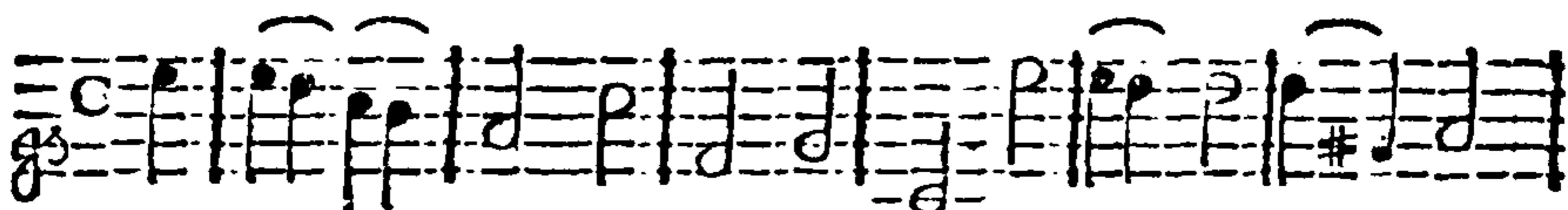
jo-vial Boys, come follow, follow me, and sing this Catch, and sing



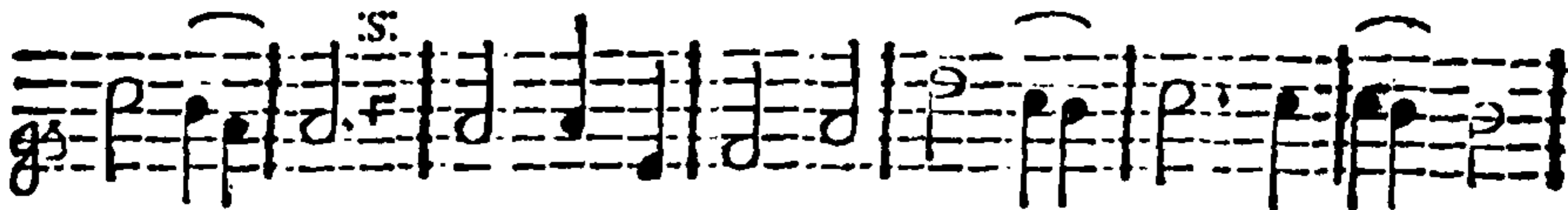
this Catch, and sing this Catch, sing this Catch merry, mer-ri-ly.

EPITAPH. *A. 3 Voc.*

By Dr. Boyce.



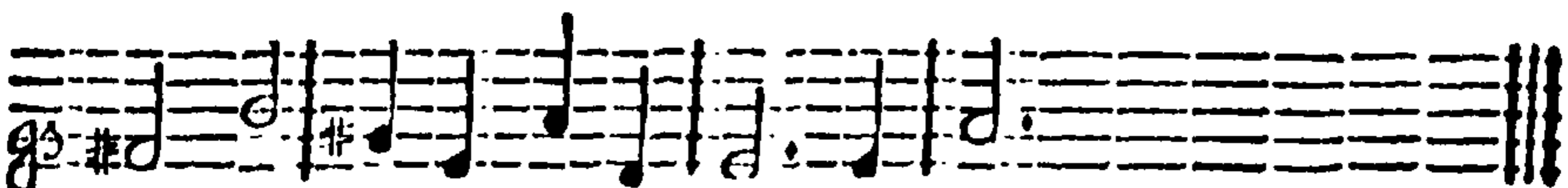
A bloom-ing Youth lies bu-ried here, Eu-phe-mus, to his



Coun-try dear: Na-ture adorn'd his Mind and Face, with ev'-ry



Charm, and ev'-ry Grace, a-bout the Marriage State to prove, but

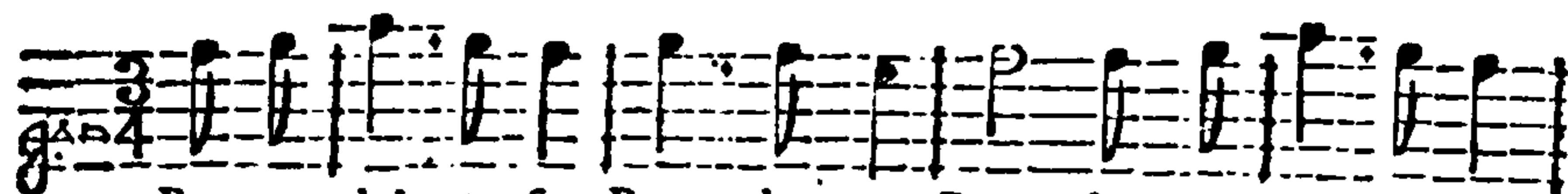


Death had quicker, quicker Wings than Love.

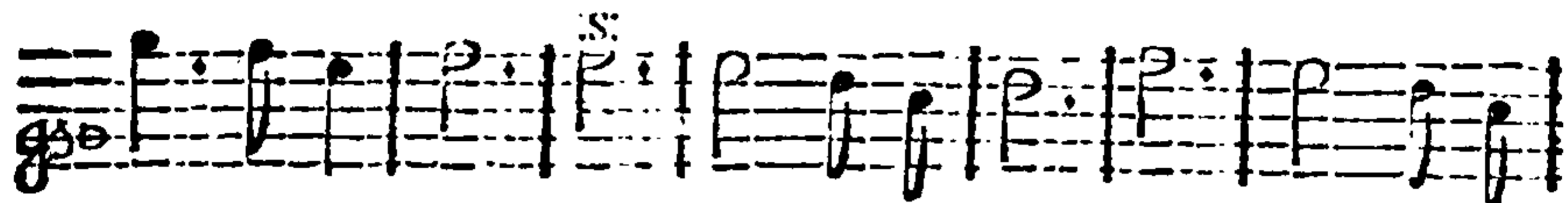
*A CATCH.*



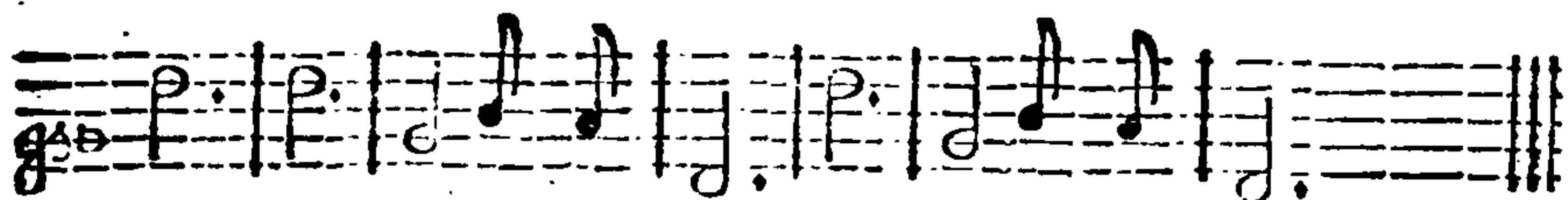
## A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.



Buy my dain-ty fine Beans, buy my Beans, buy my dain-ty fine



Beans, buy my Beans; Crab, Crab, buy my Crab; Crab, Crab, buy my



Crab; Hot Mut-ton Pyes, hot, hot Mut-ton Pyes, hot.

F I N I S.

## E R R A T A.

**P**AGE 6, end of the 2d Stave, both Parts must be a double Bar. P. 7, end of the Tune must be ditto. P. 9, end of the first Stave must be ditto. P. 10, 1st Line of the Song, for Passions, read Actions. Page 11, end of the Tune must be a double Bar. P. 14, bottom Line but one, for, to the —lidious, r. how me—lidious. Page 17, 2d Bar bottom Stave Bass, must be a Crotchet Rest. Page 18, last Semiquar. 2d Bar, 2d Stave, Treble, must be E. P. 21, for E. of Denegall, r. Donegall. The Minim in the 1st Bar, first Stave, Bass, must be D. Last Word of the second Line of the Song, Treble, for Her, r. Our. P. 36, 1st Note last Bar, 2d Stave, Treble, must be D. P. 43, 1st Note 1st Stave, Treble, must be B. P. 44, middle Note 2d Bar upper Stave, Treble, must be C #, and the Note under it, in the Bass, must be E. P. 59, last Note 1st Bar, lower Stave, Treble, must be G. P. 60, 7th Note first Bar 3d Stave, Treble, must be C. P. 69, 1st Note upper Stave Bass, must be B. P. 71, a Point is wanting to the 1st Note, 3d Bar, upper Stave, Treble. P. 76, the last Note 4th Bar, lower Stave, Bass, must be D. P. 92, 2d Note 1st Bar upper Stave, Treble, must be C. P. 96, middle 5th Bar, 2d Stave, upper Treble, must be A. P. 101, 1st Note last Bar, upper Stave, 2d Treble, must be G. P. 110, last Note 1st Bar, 5th Treble, must be B. P. 112, 2d Line, for the Catch, for Back, r. Fact. Before the first Note in the 3d Bar (same Page) third Stave must be a Minim rest, viz. in the same Manner as in the succeeding Bar. P. 113, 2d single Bar, upper Stave, must be omitted. P. 127, lower Line, for Lingsing, r. Limping. P. 131, last Note 4th Bar, 2d Stave, must be on the Cliff Line. P. 132, last Note, 2d Bar, lower Stave, must be G. P. 140, first Line, for Dream, r. Dram.

**A** Second Volume of the ESSEX HARMONY is preparing for the Press, &c.



# A TABLE of the SONGS.



	Page
<b>G</b> OD save the KING	1
Gather your Rose Buds while you may	2
The Jolly Bowl	3
Let Ambition fire thy Mind	4
He comes, he comes, the Hero comes	5
Fill, fill, fill the Glafs	6
Smile, smile, Britannia smile	7
Britons where is your great Magnanimity	8
Fame let thy Trumpet found	9
'Tis Maſonry unites Mankind	10
Happy is a Country Life	11
Britannia's Sons rejoice	12
You bid me, Fair, conceal my Love	13
The Morning is charming	14
Say lovely Peace that grac'd our Iſle	16
To Arms	18
How faint a Joy the Maid imparts	21
Busy, curious, thirsty Fly	22
Mortals wiſely learn to meaſure	23
Blooming Bacchus, ever young	24
When Cloe was by Damon ſeen	25
Ceafe the Rovers, ceafe to range	27
As I ſaw fair Clora walk alone	29
Plenty, Mirth and gay Delights	32
As Celia near a Fountain lay	35
Earth's Treasure, Love's Delight, ſweet Harmony	36
Old Chiron thus preach'd to his Pupil Achilles	41
Joy to the happy Pair	45
Cupid, my Pleaſure	48
Fly, Care, to the Winds	50
Bury Delights, my roving Eye	52
Wine does Won <sup>d</sup> ers	54
Whiſt Health and blooming Youth	58
Boaſt no more	63
My Deareſt, my Deareſt, I languish	66
I, like the Bee with Toil and Pain	70
Since Nature Mankind for Society fram'd	72
When Bibo thought fit from this World to retreat	76
Go, falſe Damon	80
Why all this Whining	84
Says Pontius in rage	89
Why thus from the Plain	92
Fair and Ugly	95
When Phœbus the Tops of the Hills do adorn	100
Ye chearful Virgins have you ſeen	104

## A TABLE of the CATCHES.

	Page
<b>C</b> URS'D be the Wretch that's bought and sold	106
Ill fares the Family	107
Had she not Care enough, Care enough	ib.
Fie! nay, prithee, John!	108
Joan has been galloping, galloping	109
Hark! the bonny Christ Church Bells	110
Soldier, Soldier, take off thy Wine	111
Here, on his Back, doth lay	112
Call George again, Boy	113
Pray remember the poor confin'd Debtors	114
If neither Brass, or Marble can withstand	115
On the poor confin'd Debtors	116
When <i>V</i> and <i>I</i> together meet	117
When Troy Town for ten Years Wars	ib.
Chairs to mend, old Chairs to mend	118
Come, let us laugh, let us drink	119
New Oysters, new Oysters, new Oysters, new	120
Come, buy my fine Wares, Plumbs, Apples, and Pears	121
Jack, thou'rt a Topper, Jack, thou'rt a, thou'rt a Topper	122
Prepare your Hearts for Mirth	124
God preserve his Majesty, and for ever send him Victory	125
O! Absalom, my Son, my Son	ib.
Ink, Ink, come buy my fine Writing Ink	126
How great is the Pleasure, how sweet the Delight	128
Let's drink, and let's sing together	129
Old Chairs to mend, old Chairs to mend	ib.
I've lost my Mistress, Horse, and Wife	130
Not a Day more than thirty, dear Sir, on my Truth	132
Long live King George, most happy, happy Days to see	133
Half an Hour past Twelve o'Clock	ib.
'Twas you, Sir, 'twas you, Sir	134
To our Musical Club, here's long Life and Prosperity	135
Let us drink, and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice	136
Chloe, Chloe, yielded	137
Hark, you, my Dear, come hither	138
When is it best, said John to Joan	140
'Tis strange, Sister Ruth, that the Spirit within	142
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La	144
Wilt thou lend me thy Mare to go a Mile	146
Here lies, here lies, the Lord have Mercy upon her	147
Here Waiter, here Waiter, here Waiter, bring a Bottle	148
There were three Cooks in Colnbrook	149
This Tomb be thine, Anacreon	150
Lie still, lie still, my Dear	151
Go to Joan Glover	ib.
Come, honest Friends, and jovial Boys	152
A blooming Youth lies buried here	153
But my dainty Son Beane	154